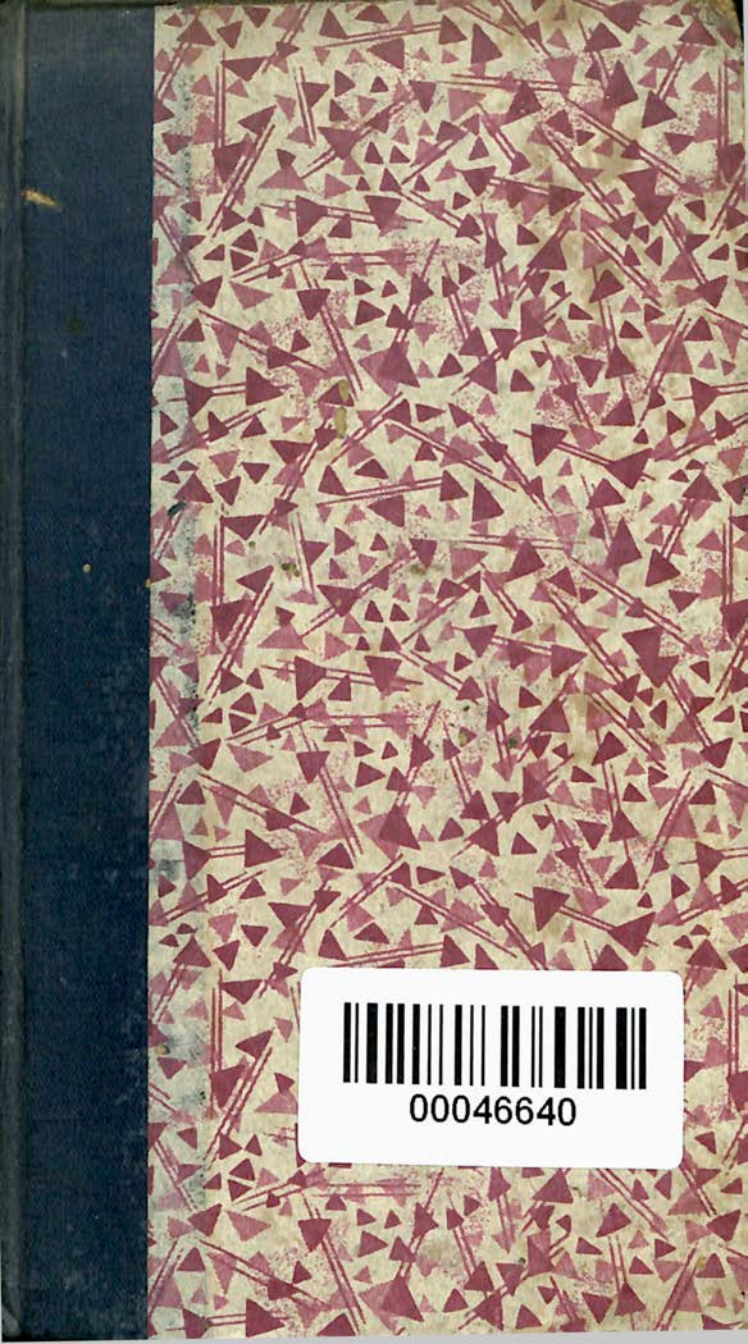
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PLAYS

Written by

Mr. *Nathaniel Lee.*

VOLUME the SECOND.

Containing

46640

MITHRIDATES KING *of* PONTUS.	CÆSAR BORGIA.
	CONSTANTINE.
	DUKE *of* GUISE.

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MITHRIDATES,

King of PONTUS;

A

TRAGEDY,

ACTED

At the *Theatre-Royal* by their Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. *NAT. LEE.*

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc Certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.
Virg. Georg. l. 4.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,

One of the Gentlemen of their MAJESTY'S Bed-Chamber.

May it please your Lordship,

WHEN I call to mind what I have observ'd of your Wit and Judgment, the truest and most impartial I ever knew, my Thoughts of Writing, after my loose manner to your Lordship, are a little dash'd; and the meanest of 'em has the Sense to tell me, I ought to be as curious and correct in a Dedication to one Man, as, in that of a Play, to a whole Nation. There is, no doubt, a Transport in every Poet who writes an Epistle; but for the most part they are dazzl'd with the Eminence of their Patrons, and at best we can but call it an awful Delight. But, I profess, what those, to whom I am disagreeable, will impute

to want of Modeſty, I make this Tragedy an Offering to your Lordſhip, with as much Freedom, Pleaſure, and perfect Satisfaction, as ever *Mithridates* receiv'd when he found himſelf in the Arms of his faireſt Miſtreſs. You ſtand equal with the Greateſt; and your Quality ſhould cauſe a Dread in the hardieſt Writers: But on the other hand, there is ſuch an innate Sweetneſs of Temper, ſuch a moſt remarkable Goodneſs in all your Actions, a Character peculiar to You more than any Man alive, that the meaneſt, modeſteſt of Poets, may approach you. Methinks, I feel a ſort of cheerful ſpringing Pride, when I ſee your Lordſhip ſtand forth to this laſt Birth; which ſure, if I had ever any lovely, is much the faireſt Child. Happy Fortune muſt attend it; and Heaven and Earth be pleas'd, where you approve. I accoſt you, my Lord, without Formality, and wou'd appear before the ſevereſt Judge in the plaineſt Garb, or rather nakedneſs of Thought; as ſome, and thoſe not of the leaſt Courage, go to the moſt bloody Teſt of Valour, all unarm'd. An Over-care in things of this nature, does often turn to Affectation; and what was meant a Guard, proves an Incumbrance: We may ſtiffen our Imaginations with making of 'em too quaint; and poliſh, till we are nothing elſe but Gloſs. I am infinitely pleas'd, to be as plain as I can; nor care I how it pleaſes others, tho I am ſure it does, that I have laid this Play at your Lordſhip's Feet. All my Acquaintance, that wiſh me well, applaud my Choice; for, I may ſafely affirm, by the Judgment of the Town, without being cenſur'd for a Dawber, there's not a Man whom all Men love but You: You are beheld in all the Company

pany you honour, as if you were the Genius of that Prince, who was call'd the *Delight of Mankind*; and are ador'd with all the Love and Admiration which e'er the Noble *Titus* found in *Rome*. *Zanares* is an imperfect Figure of yourſelf; I caſt him in your Mould, and faſhion'd him as well as my weak Fancy cou'd, to that Perfection the Court ſo univerſally allows you: When I deſign'd to draw him for the Ladies, endearing, ſoft, and paſſionately loving, I thought on You, and found the way to charm 'em. And 'tis moſt certain, he who obliges thoſe fair Criticks to be of his Party, has the ſureſt Cards that ever Poet play'd: I cannot but own the Honours they have done me; and intreat your Lordſhip to ſecure my Friends. There is yet a greater Honour I would beg of your Lordſhip, and ſo important, I cannot name it without Apprehenſion: *Mithridates*, being in your Hands, deſires to be laid at the Feet of the Queen. Her Majeſty, who is the ſublimeſt Goodneſs, and moſt merciful Virtue that ever bleſt a Land; has been pleas'd to grace him with her Preſence, and promis'd it again with ſuch particular Praiſes, the Effects of her pure Bounty, that ſhou'd he not expreſs his Gratitude almoſt to Adoration, he wou'd deſerve another Fate, when he is next repreſented, than what he has hitherto receiv'd.

I have endeavour'd in this Tragedy, to mix *Shakeſpear* with *Fletcher*: The Thought of the former, for Majeſty and true *Roman* Greatneſs; and the Softneſs and paſſionate Expreſſions of the latter, which make up half the Beauties, are never to be match'd. How have I then endea-

vour'd to be like 'em? O faint Reſemblance! as *Pizarra* ſays of the *Mexicans*,

——*And thoſe who now remain,*
Appear but as the Shadows of the Slain.

It may be objected, I broke the *Scenes* in the Beginning of the third and fifth Acts; thoſe, who are ſo nicely curious as to be offended at this over-ſight, may, for their ſatisfaction, leave 'em out, and the Play will be entire. I apply myſelf to your Lordſhip, as *Montaign* does to his Reader, in the Chapter of Books; *I will* ſays he, *love the Man that ſhall trace me!* For I have many times found fault with an Expreſſion, that I pretended was in a Play of my own, and had it damn'd by no indifferent Criticks; tho immortal *Shakeſpear* will not bluſh to own it. But I am confident your Lordſhip will find me out, and I deſire to be found a Refiner on thoſe admirable Writers; the Ground is theirs, and all that ſerves to make a rich Embroidery. I hope, the World will do me the Juſtice to think, I have diſguis'd it into another Faſhion more ſuitable to the Age we live in; for, if I cou'd perſuade myſelf, there were nothing of mine extraordinary in the Play, I wou'd not have dedicated it to the beſt of Men.

——*Mediocribus eſſe Poetis;*
Non Dii, non Homines, non conceſſere Columnæ.

Here you muſt give me leave to tell the World, that Pillars and Altars too ought to be rais'd to your Lordſhip, if the greateſt Genius of Poetry deſerves 'em. Your Thoughts, in ſome ſelect Poems I have ſeen, are rich and new as the Golden *American* World, your Expreſſions juſtly ſtrong, your Words emphatical, as choſen Men for an Enterprize of Glory: As it was obſerv'd

of

of the Army of *Alexander the Great*, every Soldier look'd like a Commander, and every Commander like an *Alexander*; ſo in your admirable Draughts, all things are ſo excellent, we knew not where to fix; we ſtand on Hills of ſo vaſt a Breadth, that the Valleys are ſeen; it looks like Heaven all about us, and Fancy is loſt in the infinite Beauty of the Proſpect: Your Writing dazzles with Clearneſs and Majeſty: You draw like *Rubin* without Shadows.

—Qui Genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, & omnes
Præſtrinxit Stellas, exortus uti Ætherius Sol.

Your Images are ſo great, we look like Dwarfs beneath you; and then ſo lively repreſented, tho of dead, low Objects, animated by your Genius.

——Credas ſimulacra moveri
Ferrea, cognatoque viros ſpirate metallo.

Whate'er you ſtamp as Royal, other Pretenders to *Satire* but file and waſh; they live by the Clippings of your Wit, and dip their Silver in your Bath, to make it paſs for Gold. Self-preſervation bids me ſay no more of your Lordſhip's Poetry, leſt I damn my own; who aim at nothing ſo much, as the Honour of being thought by your Lordſhip,

My Lord,

Your moſt Humble,

and Devoted Servant,

Nat. Lee.

PROLOGUE.

NOT careful Leaders, when the Trumpets call
Their Martial Squadrons on, to stand or fall,
Toss'd with more Doubts, than careful Poets are,
When ventr'ous Wit for Sally does prepare;
When humming Voices bid the Play begin,
And the last Flourish calls the Prologue in.
Here you like dreadful Warriors, judging sit;
And in full Council, try all Writers Wit.
To some, for Sense renown'd, our Authors bow;
And what you doom, for a just Fate allow:
But sure far less such Judges Poets dread,
Than those raw Blades, who will not let 'em plead,
But, e'er they can be heard, cry, shoot 'em dead.
These Pyrates, that both Arms and Wits debase;
Who Fields, and Poems with their Spleen disgrace,
Poets and Warriors both shou'd have in chase:
These Libellers, who noblest Fights despise,
Yet when a Pan but flashes, shut their Eyes;
Who write Lampoons, *and vilely get a Name*
By others Infamy, and live on Shame;
Fises, Whisllers, of the justest Sense, not fit
To be the Powder-Monkeys of true Wit:
Mimicks, like Apes, what's ill from Heads they drain,
And live upon the Vermin of a Brain.
Neglected these, and trusting to your Aid,
To Beauty our last Vows, like yours, are made;
Beauty, which still adorns the op'ning List,
Which Cæsar's *Heart vouchsafes not to resist:*
To that alone devoted is this Day;
For, by the Poet, I was bid to say,
In the first Draught, 'twas meant the Lady's Play.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. DRYDEN.

YOU've ſeen a Pair of faithful Lovers flie:
And much you care; for, moſt of you will cry,
'Twas a juſt Judgment on their Conſtancy.
For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in ſuch an Age
When no Man dies for Love, but on the Stage:
And e'en thoſe Martyrs are but rare in Plays;
A curſed Sign how much true Faith decays.
Love is no more a violent Deſire;
'Tis a mere Metaphor, a painted Fire.
In all our Sex, the Name examin'd well,
'Tis Pride to gain, and Vanity to tell:
In Women, 'tis of ſubtle Int'reſt made;
Curſe on the Punk that made it firſt a Trade!
She firſt did Wit's Prerogative remove,
And made a Fool preſume to prate of Love.
Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold;
But glorious Beauty is not to be ſold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a Rate ſo high,
That nothing but adoring it ſhou'd buy.
Yet the rich Cullies may their Boaſting ſpare,
They purchaſe but ſophiſticated Ware.
'Tis Prodigality that buys Deceit;
Where both the Giver, and the Taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old Half-Crown way:
And Women fight, like Swiſſers, *for their Pay.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mithridates, King of *Pontus*.		Mr. *Mohun*.
Ziphares,	His Sons.	Mr. *Hart*.
Pharnaces,		Mr. *Goodman*.
Archilaus, General under *Ziphares*.		Mr. *Griffin*.
Pelopidas,	Two Courtiers.	Mr. *Winterſhal*.
Andravar,		Mr. *Powell*.
Aquilius, a *Roman* Captive.		Mr. *Clark*.
Another *Roman* Officer.		Mr. *Wiltſhire*.
Iſmenes, Page to *Ziphares*.		
Monima, contracted to *Mithridates*.		Mrs. *Corbet*.
Semandra, Daughter to *Archilaus*.		Mrs. *Boutel*.
Prieſts, and Attendants.		
Mutes.		

SCENE, *SYNOPE*.

MITHRIDATES,

King of PONTUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Outer part of the Temple of the Sun.

A Noiſe of Muſick, and Tuning Voices, is heard.

Enter Pharnaces, Pelopidas.

Phar. TO Night, to Night, this fatal moment,
Our dreadful Father's Nuptials are preparing,
And I muſt loſe bright *Monima* for ever.
Ambition too is barr'd, Scepters and Crowns,
And all the Golden Quarries now are loſt.
Ziphares, O *Ziphares!* happy Brother,
Thou haſt diſlodg'd me by thy late Exploits;
And now uſurp'ſt my Father's Breaſt alone.

Curs'd be the Pow'r that bleſs'd thee on thy way
To overthrow *Triarius*, curs'd the Stars
That glitter'd round thy Head; when by thy Arm
So many Tribunes and Centurions fell,
As made *Rome* groan, and broke *Lucullus'* Heart.
Pelop. Hear me, my Lord.
Phar. This Morning, on a Mountain
Above the Clouds, his Triumph was perform'd,
And I aſſiſted at the Sacrifice;
Why gave I not this Body to the Flames,
To be devour'd among the tortur'd Slaves,
Rather than liv'd to ſee his Conqueſt crown'd?
I ſaw it; O *Pelopidas*, theſe Eyes
Saw *Mithridates*, with a Torch, give Fire
To the vaſt Pile, which like a Pyramid
Stood high upon the Hill, as that on Earth.
Pelop. Will you but give me leave?
Phar. I ſaw the Blaze
Of his immortal Honour, heard the ſhout
Of all the Court, which did torment the Air
To that degree, that Birds fell round us dead;
And that thin Region, where we ſcarce cou'd live,
When firſt we did aſcend, became ſo fat
With the rich ſtream of Blood, and boiling Gold,
And flowing Gums, that we were forc'd to remove:
Nay, I believe, the glutted Gods themſelves
Were almoſt choak'd with the prodigious Odours.
Pelop. Yet have you done?
Phar. To the green *Neptune* then,
Becauſe at Sea old *Archilaus* had
Been Conqueror with my Brother, in their Names
An Off'ring was decreed; a Chariot all
With Emeralds ſet, and fill'd with Coral Tridents,
Was with an hundred Horſes, wild as Wind,
From off the top of that moſt diſmal Place
Plung'd to the bottom of the ſlimy Deep.
Pelop. Let me entreat you call your Reaſon home,
And liſten to your faithful Servant's Counſel:
You cannot hate your Brother more to Death,
Than I; his Friend, the General *Archilaus*,

's got the ſtart of me in the King's Favour;
And tho without being vain, I think my ſelf
The better Soldier, he by Policies
Has puſh'd me from the Dignities I bore;
The Lion's outed by the Fox ——
Phar. But with full cry
Let us unkennel him; rather rebel,
Than bear it thus: 'Tis mine, 'tis thy Concern,
Nor let the Name of King, or Father awe us.
A Miſtreſs, and a Throne! moſt ſpecious Titles.
The God of Battel rages in my Breaſt;
And as at *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the Prophetick Maid,
The bounded Deity does ſhoot her out,
Draws every Nerve thin as the Spider's Thread,
And beats the Skin out like expanded Gold:
So with the meditation of the Work
Which my Soul bears, I ſwell almoſt to burſting.
Pelop. In all the many Changes of my Life
I have not known one equal yet to your's;
At other times ſo moderate, ſo true
A Sovereign o'er your ſelf, you ſeem'd to want
Thoſe Paſſions for your Slaves, who lord it now.
Phar. I am hush'd, if thou haſt ought of Comfort, ſpeak.
Pelop. This Night your Father has decreed to marry
The Daughter of *Palemon*.
Phar. What can hinder?
Pelop. Nothing; yet mark: My Brother *Triphon* is
High-Prieſt o'th' Sun, whom all the reſt obey:
Him have I wrought, that when the Nuptial Rites
Begin, ſome ſtrange Preſages ſhall fall out,
Diſorders unexpected, to foreſhew
The Gods are much offended at the Marriage.
How this may work with one of mighty Faith
In holy Fables, one of various Humour,
Whom every Day new Beauties ſet on Fire,
Be you the Judge.
Phar. Methinks it has a Face;
But yet there's wanting what I cou'd have wiſh'd:
Had it been *Janus*-like back'd with another,

When

When *Mithridates* frighted from his Queen,
Warn'd by falſe Oracles, ſhou'd have retir'd
Perplex'd, yet ſtruggling with the Pangs of Love,
Then to have laid a Beauty to his longing,
Some fair unknown, proud of her gaudy Bloom,
T'have quench'd his thirſty Wiſhes; that had been
A Maſter-piece! but let him marry her,
Sure Death ſhall wait upon his laughing *Hymen*;
And when the God has given her to his Arms,
Fate with unerring Force ſhall part 'em ever.

Pelop. Yet raging? 'Tis as you have ſaid, and more!
More than excelling Miſchief cou'd invent,
That is not beſt. We have already rais'd him;
Andraver my Lieutenant-General,
Scorn'd by your Brother, whom he therefore hates,
Firſt form'd the Plot. Old *Archilaus*' Daughter,
The fair *Semandra*, Miſtreſs to *Ziphares*,
Is deſtin'd to be made your Father's Prey.

Phar. Excellent Engine! now thou work'ſt indeed;
Thou haſt hit the Vein, the Life-blood of his Heart.
I can't ſee ought in the extent of Art,
Or Nature that can mend it. O *Ziphares*,
Still conquer, riſe with Triumphs, high as Heav'n,
So ſuch a Bolt as this be ſure to wait thee.

Enter Andravar.

But ſee the brave Lieutenant! come to my Arms,
And tell me, ſhall *Semandra* be the King's?

Andr. I think, my Lord, that I may ſafely ſwear it.

Phar. Thy Bluntneſs merits Praiſe, and ſays, thou'rt fit
To ſerve my beſt Revenge, Love or Ambition.

Andr. Great *Mithridates*, whom I well have ſtudy'd,
Tho he has weather'd forty Winters Fields,
Yet riſes in his Vigor, ventures more,
Nor feels Decay of Strength; none learn'd as he
In Nature's Garden: whence to his Conſtitution
Moſt excellent, he adds ſuch Helps by Art,
That by his Looks he might be thought Immortal.
The World too knows he is as amorous now

As

As when the firſt Sighs heav'd his youthful Breaſt,
And his firſt Tears bedew'd the Shrines of Love.
Phar. The Conſequence?
Andr. He often has been pleas'd
To make me honour'd with his private Thoughts.
Whereon my General and I agreed,
Knowing your Love to *Monima*,
And Hatred to your Brother, with one Blow
To drive the Buſineſs that ſhou'd crown your Wiſhes.
Therefore I daily fill'd your Father's Ears
With Praiſes of *Semandra*, rais'd his Wonder,
Deſcrib'd her Dreſs, and each particular Grace;
Her Eyes, her Hands, her Lips, with all their Beauties;
And have ſo fir'd him, that there only wants
A View to perfect all, and that will be
To Night.
Phar. How know'ſt thou that?
Andr. I learn'd it all
From a She-Slave that waits upon *Semandra*,
Who told me, that *Ziphares*, with Conſent
Of *Archilaus*, wou'd beg her of the King,
When he this Night ſhou'd *Monima* eſpouſe. [*Soft Muſick*
Nor doubt, but when he once has ſeen *Semandra*,
The Charms of his new Queen will vaniſh. Hark,
The ſacred Muſick ſounds! — The King and Queen are coming.

Enter Archilaus, Ziphares, Semandra.

See, your Brother, *Semandra*, and her Father.
Phar. Oh, my lab'ring Breaſt! how Hopes and Fears
Toſs my rack'd Heart, like a poor Bark about! (peſt.
But ſoon the Calm will come, or I muſt periſh in the Tem-
[*Exeunt* Phar. Pelop. *and* Andr.
Ziph. By Heav'n, my Love, thou doſt diſtract my Soul;
There's not a Tear that falls from thoſe dear Eyes,
But makes my Heart weep Blood —— Oh, my Father!
All is not well: I found her in the Morning,
Not like a Bride, with all her Maids about her,
Half-ſmiling, now half-ſerious with her Thoughts
Of what muſt come; nor warm, not bright, nor bluſhing:

But, Oh, the Gods! I found her on the Floor,
In all the Storm of Grief, yet beautiful,
Sighing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips,
Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'er-blown,
Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd
The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin.

Arch. Nothing, my Lord —'Tis all but Virgin's Fear:
Marriage to Maids is like a War to Men,
The Battel causes Fear; but the sweet Hopes
Of winning at last still draws 'em on.

Sem. Alas, my Lord! [*Weeping.*

Ziph. What, but alas? no more? When by the Hand
I led her to the Temple, thus she sigh'd,
And hung upon me: If thou truly lov'st me,
If I may credit my *Semandra*'s Tears,
Think 'em not drops of Chance like other Womens,
The Weather of their Souls, the Chrystal-bubbles
Which they can make at will; Oh, satisfy
The longing of my Breast, and tell my Sorrows.

Sem. That I do love you, Oh, all you Host of Heav'n
Be witness; that you are dear to me,
Dearer than Day to one whom Sight must leave,
Dearer than Life to one who fears to die:
O thou bright Pow'r be Judge, whom we adore,
Be witness of my Truth, be witness of my Love!
But yet I fear ———

Ziph. That Fear, give me that Fear, *Semandra*,
Produce it in the ugliest Form it has,
If ought that is deform'd can come from thee.

Sem. I shall, my Lord, since you are pleas'd to hear me,
Unfold my Doubts, the Cause of all my Tears:
First then, I must complain of my hard Stars,
That did not dart kind Lustre on my Birth;
For tho at present, while your young Blood boils,
Your Reason cannot get the Rein of Passion,
Yet it will come, when long Possession cloys you;
Then you will think, what Queens you might have had,
With Kingdoms for their Dower; perhaps you may
Prove so unkind, to tell me of it too;

Or

Or if you ſhou'd not, your Eyes wou'd ſpeak —— [*Weeping.*
Enough to break the Heart of poor *Semandra.*

Ziph. Why doſt thou ſtab me with the Tenderneſs
Of thy falſe Fears, and melt me into mourning?
'Tis moſt unſeaſonable on our Wedding-Day
To be ſeen thus: I know thou canſt not doubt me:
No, thou moſt lovely of the fairer Kind,
Think not a Crown can ever change my Virtue.
Ah, who wou'd leave the Warmth of this lov'd Boſom
For the cold Cares which black Ambition brings?

Sem. Spite of ill-boding Dreams, unlucky Omens,
You muſt, you ſhall, you ought to be believ'd.
And, if I weep again, it is for joy
That I this Night ſhall be your happy Bride.

Ziph. Oh, *Mithridates*, mighty as thou art,
Before whoſe Throne Princes ſtand dumb as Death,
With folded Arms, and their Eyes fix'd to Earth;
Diſhonour brand me, if I wou'd not chuſe
A private Life with her whom my Soul loves,
Rather than live like thee, with all thy Titles,
The King of Kings, without her.

Arch. Pray, my Lord,
Defer till Mid-night theſe ſtrong Ecſtaſies:
Fate yet may put a Bar betwixt our Hopes,
And then the Loſs will be more hardly borne.

The Scene draws, diſcovering the Inner Part of the Temple. Mithridates, *holding* Monima *by the Hand; his Queens, Concubines, Sons and Daughters attending. Three* Roman *Captains,* L. Caſſius, Q. Oppius, *and* M. Aquilius, *bound in Gold Chains, with many other Slaves ſtanding at diſtance.*

Mith. Not yet, O *Rome*, great Tyrant of the World,
Haſt thou ſubdu'd the *Aſian* Emperor.
In thy deſpite I hold my Glory ſtill,
Still tread upon the Necks of conquer'd Kings,
Still make thy Conſuls tremble at my Name;
And in one mightieſt Word, to ſum up all,

A Word, which like a Charm, might raiſe the Ghoſts
Of *Pyrrhus*, and the experienc'd *Hannibal*
To envy, and be dazzled at my Deeds;
A Word, a Name, that comprehends all Honours,
All Titles, Riches, Power, all Majeſty,
In ſpite of *Rome*, I'm *Mithridates* ſtill.

Aquil. The Nations muſt confeſs, that *Alexander*
Cou'd not more dreadful to the *Eaſt* appear,
Than you: ev'n *Rome* wou'd buy her Peace with Joy,
Cou'd you at reaſonable Rates afford
Your Royal Friendſhip; tho by your Command,
Moſt dreadful to *Italian* Memory,
In one dark Day, damn'd in the Book of Fate,
A hundred thouſand murder'd *Romans* fell.

Mith. Dareſt thou, Fomenter of theſe Wars, to talk?
Thou purple Source of all thoſe bloody Streams,
Which have for more than thirty Years o'erflow'd
The *Aſian* Banks, and dy'd *Euphrates* red?
Dar'ſt thou, Commiſſioner in chief to put
The Earth in Arms, and ſet the World on Flame,
Once think of Peace? Now, by the fire-robb'd God,
Thou ſhalt have Puniſhment that fits thy Crimes.

Aquil. The braveſt muſt ſubmit, when Fortune frowns.

Mith. Deſire of Wealth, the Luſt of ſhining Dirt,
And Palace-Plunder, caus'd thee with arm'd Legions
T' invade a King, whoſe Father was *Rome*'s Friend.
But, by the aſſerted Juſtice of my Cauſe,
The Help of Heav'n, and of my own Right Hand,
I conquer'd thee, and thou art now my Slave.
Guards, ſtrait convey him to the Market-Place,
Take off his wealthy Chains, and melt 'em down;
Then, for a terrible Example to
All ſordid Wretches, Souls made up of Avarice,
Pour down his Throat the rich diſſolved Maſs,
And gorge his Entrails with the burning Gold.

Mon. Not, my dear Lord, upon your Nuptial Day.

Mith. On any Day, my Queen, to do a Juſtice
Which all the Gods, and all good Men muſt like.
For *Lucius Caſſius*, and for *Quintus Oppius*,
A milder Deſtiny's in ſtore. Away with him.

And

And now proceed we to the ſacred Rites.

Aquil. Yet, e'er you join, hear me, proud Emperor,
Hear what the Fates have put into my Breaſt:
I ſee my Death, by *Roman* Arms reveng'd;
And what *Lucullus* had ſo well begun,
Pompey ſhall end; *Pompey*, thy Glory's Ruin.
This Hour that gives me Death, ſhall be the laſt
Of all thy Quiet: ſwift Domeſtick Wars
Shall overtake thee; thou ſhalt add more Blood
To that already ſhed from thy own Bowels:
And when at laſt ſubdu'd in all thy Wars,
Spoil'd of thy Queens, thy Sons and Daughters ſlain,
Thou ſeek'ſt ſome Corner of thy conquer'd Empire
To hide thy abandon'd Head in; then the Load
Of all thy Woes ſhall come, one whom thou leaſt
Shalt fear, long nouriſh'd in thy impious Breaſt,
Shall ſtab thee to the Heart, and end thy Days.
That this, all this, and more may light upon thee,
I pray the Gods; and ſo the Furies ſeize thee.

Mith. Away, to Death with the Prophetick Fool.
[*Ex.* Guards *with* Aquilius.
Tryphon, begin and let the Altar ſmoak
With ſuch rich Victims, to the well-pleas'd Gods,
That they may ſmile from Heaven, and give us Joy.

Here follows the Entertainment: After which, the King and Queen return from the Altar to ſit in State. An Image of Victory deſcends with two Crowns in her Hands, but on a ſudden the Engines break, and caſt the Image forward on the Stage with ſuch Violence, that they daſh it in pieces. Mithridates *ſtarting up,*

Mith. Ha! whence? how fell this out? now, by my (Arms,
Our Nuptials are not pleaſing to the Gods;
'Tis for ſome Fault of mine, O *Monima*,
That Heav'n denies thy Beauties to my Boſom:
Thus, when we did approach the hallow'd Vault,
A propheſying Prieſt, with ſtart-up Hair,
With rolling Eyes, and Noſtrils wide as Mouths,

Stopt

Stopt us i'th' way, and ſaid, we were no Match.
As well the nobleſt Salvage of the Field
Might tamely couple with a fearful Ewe,
Tigers ingender with the timorous Deer,
Wild muddy Boars defile the cleanly Ermin,
Or Vultures ſort with Doves, as I with thee.
'Tis a croſs Thought, and much diſturbs me here.
Mon. Command me die, e'er give your Majeſty
Cauſe of the leaſt Diſturbance. O my Lord!
Think you, that I wou'd lie within your Arms
To hear you ſigh, and give me Tears for Love?
Or think you, 'tis to Empire I aſpire?
Rather diſmiſs me from your Breaſt, the Haven,
Where I had hoarded all my Happineſs,
And caſt me out to a wide Sea of weeping.
Mith. Howe'er the Pow'rs above ſhall deal with me,
Racking my Heart with what they have ſet down,
Thou art our Queen.
Mon. O, 'tis an empty Name,
A ſenſeleſs Sound, except I am your Love:
I find, I find, that I am loſt for ever.
I have but ſlept, charm'd with a golden Dream,
And now am wak'd to Beggary again.
Why did you take me from my Father's Wing?
Who, tho a petty Prince, was yet a World
Of Warmth to me; Why did you tempt me forth
With burning Love, and the bright Comet, Power?
Mith. Fright not thy tender Heart with falſe Suſpicions;
I will be ever thine: but give me leave
A little to digeſt with ſerious Thoughts,
The Anger of the Heav'ns——*Andravar.*
Andr. My Lord?
Phar. They whiſper, General. [*To* Pelop.
Ziph. Coming forward. Stars, by your leave;
Ill Omens may the guilty tremble at,
Make every Accident a Prodigy,
And Monſters frame, where Nature never err'd:
May the ſear'd Conſcience ſtart at falling Meteors,
And call the Scream of every hooting Owl,
Or croaking Raven, Fate's moſt dreadful Voice:

For

For me, I laugh at 'em; ſhou'd now the Heav'n
Flame with a thouſand Fires, ne'er ſeen before,
And Thunder beat the Winds from every Corner,
Not for the Calm of all the Univerſe
Wou'd I put off my Joys a Moment longer.
Stand back, my Love; and, when I call, come forth:
A Minute makes us bleſt, or wretched ever.
[*Comes to the middle of the Stage, and kneels.*
Mith. Is there in all the Space of our wide Empire
Ought of that moſt ineſtimable Value,
To make *Ziphares* kneel?
Ziph. There is, my Lord,
Thus to adore you.
Mith. O celeſtial Powers!
Mark me your Subject out for all Misfortunes,
The Curſes of the *Roman Mannius* fall
Heavy upon me; Fortune's giddy Wheel,
Which we have fix'd with our majeſtick Weight,
Turn round with me; when I deny him ought
That he can ask with Honour. Riſe, my Son.
Ziph. riſing. Since on the great Requeſt which I ſhall make
The Peace or Trouble of my Life depends,
The Torment or the Pleaſure of my Soul,
Eternal Griefs, or everlaſting Joys,
I wou'd recal to your Remembrance, Sir,
The Toils and Hardſhips which my early Valour
Has undergone; the many Fields I have fought
And conquer'd too: and, as of old the *Romans*,
Who ſought the Conſulſhip, made bare their Breaſts,
Lac'd with long Scars, and ſtudded o'er with Thruſts,
The noble Wardrobe of the ſcarlet War;
I wou'd, with bolder mention of my Deeds,
Diſplay my Wounds to move your Royal Favour,
And offer, to the Blood which I have ſhed,
All my Heart holds for ſealing of your Promiſe.
Mith. O, hadſt thou fought ſo poorly as thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy Actions, all the Laurels that lie green
Upon thee, ſtreight wou'd wither, and be Duſt.
To mention but thy laſt, thy laſt of Wars,
Which ev'n the Breath of Majeſty makes vile;

So

So much below thy Valour is all Language——
Ziph. The Glory of that Battel is your own.
Mith. To thee we owe the Day, our Life and Empire!
When ſix Centurions bore me from my Saddle,
And laid me groveling, for the violent Horſe
To tread my Soul out; how did my brave *Ziphares*
Break thro their Walls of Steel, leap o'er the Ramparts
Of the dead Bodies that fenc'd me in,
On his own Courſer mounting me to Life!
Pious even in the Mouth of Slaughter; while
On Foot himſelf, he with his Battel-Axe
Bore down the Legions, drove whole Troops before him,
And brought their Eagles drooping from the Field!
Demand, I ſay; ask me moſt royally,
I will be laviſh to thy vaſt Ambition,
And crown thy Wiſhes like a giving God.
Ziph. In Thankfulneſs I bend me to the Earth;
Once more fall proſtrate to your Majeſty,
And pray the Gods to give you Length of Days.
Come forth, come forth, my Faireſt; break, my Day;
Appear, and charm, dazzle the whole Aſſembly.
[Semandra *comes forward.*
Mith. A Wonder! ha!
Ziph. She is, my Lord, the Boaſt;
The lovely Chance-word, Maſter-piece of Nature,
Who bluſh'd to ſee what her own Hands had made;
As if miſtaking Moulds, ſhe unawares
Had caſt *Semandra* in a Form Divine.
Sem. Theſe Praiſes, breath'd from any Lips but yours,
Lord of my Life, and Idol of my Love,
Wou'd make me ſink with ſhame, or ſcorn the Flatterer.
But as they come from you, from that lov'd Mouth,
The tender Off'rings of your fond Deſires,
I take 'em all, and die upon the Sound:
To the driven Air my flying Soul is faſten'd;
Each Word, each Syllable you ſpeak is mine;
Yes, I am Fair, a Queen, a Goddeſs, any thing
That my dear Lord is pleas'd to have me be.
Mith. She talks——

Ziph.

Ziph. And with ſo good a Grace,
That nothing but her Wit can charm beyond it.
Late in the Camp I languiſh'd with a Fever,
And ſure had dy'd, but for this Phyſician;
Who, in the midſt of all my fiery Pains,
When Art was at a loſs, and I lay gaſping,
Wou'd quite beguile my Sufferings with her Song,
Her welcome Pity, and her ſoft Endearments:
Now, laying her chaſte Cheek cold with her Tears,
To mine, ſhe wou'd abate the raging Fire;
Now, with warm Sighs, kindle my fading Spirits;
And when I fainted, with a Kiſs recal me.

Mith. By Heav'n ſhe weeps, and I cou'd drink the Dew.

Phar. He takes the Poiſon, faſt as I cou'd wiſh.

Pelop. And Prince *Ziphares* forces her upon him.

Arch. Hold, you are gone too far; ſpeak to the purpoſe.

Ziph. Ambition therefore was not my Requeſt,
In *Colchis* or in *Boſphorus* to reign:
Leave to my Brothers all your Empire; and
To me, this only Beauty for Reward.

Mith. Reward! Wert thou on *Mithridates'* Throne,
Poſſeſs'd of all his Kingdoms, were thine Eye
Like his who guides the Day, as thou cou'dſt call
In all thy Journeys, what thou ſaw'ſt thy own;
Her Eyes would match thy Luſtre: All thy Glories
Wou'd be but Shadows, when this Face appear'd.

Ziph. They wou'd, my Lord.

Mith. They wou'd, my Lord! Yet more;
By all my Royalties, a God might wed her,
And be a Gainer by the beauteous Bride.

Ziph. Such as ſhe——

Mith. Not Heav'n it ſelf can mend Her.
Had I as many Tongues as I have Languages,
Skill'd in all Speeches of the babling World,
And cou'd at once ſpeak to as many Nations,
With ſuch a Grace as might make *Athens* bluſh;
By *Mercury*, and by the Father of
The *Muſes*, I ſhou'd never ſpeak *Semandra*.

Mon. Oh, he is gone! his vow'd Fidelity
Is gaz'd away!

Mith. Tell me her Birth, *Ziphares:*
She muſt be more than Royal.
Ziph. Fate, thy worſt:
Let me be dumb for ever from this Moment.
Arch. In me your Majeſty may pleaſe to read
Her Father: What I want in Dignity,
Be pleas'd to fill up with my Services.
Mith. Thy Daughter!
Arch. Yes, my gracious Lord, my Daughter.
Mith. O pity, that ſo fair a Star ſhou'd be
The Child of Night; that ſuch a Stream of Chryſtal
Shou'd have her Spring ſo muddy!
Thou dy'ſt, thou ſaucy, old, ambitious Dotard,
Who dar'ſt to match thy Lees of Blood with ours,
And daub the Throne of the Immortal *Cyrus.*
Ziph. Hold, hold, moſt awful, give *Ziphares* Death,
Impale me, burn me, bury me alive;
But do not wrong this innocent old Man,
Theſe Hairs, which were made Silver in your Service;
O the good Gods! whom Fear cou'd never ſhake,
Your bitter Words have caus'd to tremble: See!
With the Diſgrace, he weeps; his Springs of Life,
Which had been dry for fifty Years, this laſt
Affront has water'd:
Oh my poor Father!
Mith. Ha! that Name again,
Thou art no more my Son. For thee, *Semandra,*
Thou ſhalt attend our Queen; to Court, my Fair,
Where I muſt learn you to forget *Ziphares,*
And match you equal to your Birth.
Sem. My Lord —— *Ziphares* —— Father.
Mith. Look not back.
Conduct the Queen, *Pharnaces:* Oh, *Semandra!*
'Tis to your Tears I ſacrifice my Juſtice;
To them, your Father's Life I'll not deny,
Who for Ambition did deſerve to die.

[*Exeunt all but* Ziphares *and* Archilaus.

Arch. Dotard! and ſaucy! nay, the Lees of Blood!
Now, by the Gods, 'tis ſprightly as his own:
Oh, 'tis too much to bear. Forgive me, Prince;

It

It breaks the very Neck of Loyalty:
Perhaps, he whores my Daughter too. But firſt,
Rather than ſee him wear my Glory's Spoils,
Thou, my good Sword, that haſt ſo oft been drawn,
And dy'd thy ſelf in *Roman* Bowels, to
The very Guard, for this ungrateful King,
Be faithful to me, as thou ſtill haſt been,
And pierce the Heart of thy diſhonour'd Maſter.
Ziph. Oh, *Archilaus!* Oh, my kinder Father!
If you are ſtir'd thus at an angry Word,
What ſhould I be; I, who am loſt indeed,
I who am ſhunn'd, I who ſuſtain'd the Stroke
Of all the Anger of the Fates at once?
Semandra, O my Love!
Arch. Reſtrain your Grief,
As I my Rage; and let us think apace,
Tho for my Daughter's Virtue I wou'd ſtake
My immortal Part, my Fame ſo dearly bought,
Yet Force, which he may uſe, will have its way:
Conſider that.
Ziph. Conſider! how ſhou'd I
Conſider, who grow mad with crouding Thoughts;
Where every one endeav'ring to be foremoſt,
Stops up the Paſſage, and will choak my Reaſon?
Arch. Once more ſpeak humbly to him,
Perhaps 'tis but a ſudden ſhort-liv'd Fit,
A guſt of Paſſion that may ſoon blow over.
But if you find it rooted in his Heart,
Eat your way thro him to your Happineſs;
Or periſh, like your Brother *Mithridates*.
Ziph. By Heav'n, I think it greateſt Happineſs,
Never to have been born; and next to that,
To die: For who that wears his Fleſh can bear
The Curſe of Accidents, a Change like mine?
I who, ſome Moments paſt, wou'd not have chang'd
Condition with the Bleſſed Gods themſelves;
Now in all probability am loſt,
And ſtand upon the very Brink of Ruin.
Arch. Your Deſtiny's uncertain; Fate, as yet,
Holds the Scale doubtful: Let us haſte to Court,

Where we ſhall learn which way the Balance falls.
Ziph. Not half an Hour ago, methought ſecure
I hugg'd myſelf, and almoſt cou'd have wept,
In mere Compaſſion to th' hard-fated World,
Thinking how much my State was happier.
Arch. Yet all the while you did not ſpy the Danger,
Which crept inviſible, and undermin'd you.
Ziph. Alas, I did not; without fear I ſtood:
Like one who on the Beach deſcribes from far
A labouring Bark, with which the Billows war,
Pities its State, wiſhing the Tempeſt gone,
But views not the near Sea come rolling on:
So did with me my unſeen Fortune play,
Till the Waves came, and waſh'd me quite away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pharnaces *and* Pelopidas.

Phar. I'LL hear no more; get me a hundred Horſe
To be our Guard, I'll bear her hence to Night,
And raviſh her, by all the Fire that acts
This fearleſs Frame: I will. Declare the diff'rence?
Is not the Blood of Queens and Princeſſes
Like other Womens? Souls alike infus'd?
Their Banquets richer, and the Drinks they taſte
The very Spirits of the purple Vine?
Yet we muſt think 'em cold as candy'd Ice,
Not a Thought ſtarting free from warm Deſires;
As the bleak Girl upon the Mountain's Top,
Cover'd with Snow, beaten with conſtant Winds,
That feeds on Herbs and Roots, and drinks the Dew.
Pelop. What, would you have her fall like mellow Fruit,
Whom

Whom yet no Sun has ſhone upon, no Warmth
To open? 'bate a little of this Fire.

Phar. Pelopidas, I oft have told you, that
She knew my Love, before ſhe ſaw my Father;
For in the Plunder I firſt lighted on her:
Tho afterwards he took my beauteous Spoil,
As now he does my Brother's. I alledg'd,
As late I led her weeping to her Chamber,
My conſtant Paſſion, and his Breach of Faith,
All that a Love moſt violent cou'd put
Into a Lover's Mouth, like mine; but ſhe unmov'd,
Inſenſible reply'd; The King, 'twas poſſible,
At laſt might kill her with his Cruelty;
Yet to the utmoſt Moment of her Life
She wou'd adore him with ſuch ſpotleſs Love,
Such moſt romantick Faith, and ſuch a deal
Of whining Grief, that in a Rage I flung
Away, and left her talking to her ſelf.

Pelop. And do you think this Haughtineſs will carry't?
He that will win a moſt exalted Beauty,
Muſt bend his Soul low, as he bows his Body,
Watch every Glance, obey her e'er ſhe ſpeaks,
Caſt up his Eyes at each affected Word,
And ſwear —— Beſides her Honour, Sir, her Honour,
Obliges her to ſtand a while at diſtance.

Phar. 'Tis almoſt empty; Honour, Courtſhip, all
But gaudy Nonſenſe. O *Pelopidas*,
Rather than buy my Pleaſure with ſuch Baſeneſs,
I'd be a Brute: Now, by my Life, methinks,
The happier Creature caſt before my Eyes;
The generous Horſe, looſe in a flow'ry Lawn,
With choice of Paſture, and of Chryſtal Brooks,
And all his chearful Miſtreſſes about him,
The White, the Brown, the Black, the Shining-Bay,
And every dappled Female of the Field;
Now, by the Gods, for ought we know, as Man
Thinks him a Beaſt, Man ſeems a Beaſt to him.

Pelop. Be more conſiderate, leſs raſh and hot;
I have thought of an Expedient to gain her.

Phar. Thou art my better Genius, and ſhalt flouriſh,

When *Archilaus*, like a blaſted Tree,
Lies rotting to the Ground.
Pelop. Did *Mithridate*
Know of your Love to *Monima*?
Phar. He did:
As publickly I ſhew'd it as *Ziphares*:
Yet he, who like the *Heſperian* Dragon, thinks
The Golden Fruit of Beauty all his own,
Flew at me as a Thief, who, while he ſlept,
Had ſtol'n his Prize, and made me pay it back;
Or ſwore, my Life ſhou'd be the fatal Forfeit.
Pelop. 'Tis as I cou'd have wiſh'd: Thus then, the King,
Whoſe Heart *Semandra* kindles into Flame,
Cools every Hour to his New-marry'd Bride,
And will not bed yet till the Coronation.
A mere put-off, wading in deep Diſguſt,
And wiſhing for pretence to part for ever.
Phar. Which he ſhall have; this Head of thine has (thought it.
Pelop. I, and the neeſul *Andravar*,
Who feels the Pulſe of his Affection,
Will ſwear boldly,
As Witneſſes who had both ſeen and heard
The jealous *Monima*, inrag'd with Love,
But more for what her vaſt Ambition loſt,
Strove to revive the Paſſion that you bore her:
But you moſt generouſly oppos'd her Charms,
Which with unwillingneſs you ſhall confeſs,
And beg your fiery Father to forgive her.
Phar. Pithy, and ſhort; thou art the Soul of Counſel.
Pelop. The very breaking of the Buſineſs throws
Her into Priſon; where, while I guard the Door,
Your Highneſs may, with as much eaſe, perform
Your Pleaſure, as your faithful Servant thought it.
Phar. In thanks the vileſt, fawning, lying Slave
Wou'd ſpeak thee fairer than *Pharnaces* ſhall;
But let my Deeds be grateful to my Soldier.

Enter Andravar.

What News, my *Andravar*?
Andr. Your Guardian-Spirit
Now lays about him, and invisibly
Acts Wonders for you, madding all the Court;
Semandra weeping, and your Father burning;
Monima, like a Widow'd-Turtle, mourning;
Old *Archilaus* pushing on his Fate;
And amorous *Ziphares*, led by Love,
To tumble from the Top of all his Hopes.
Defiance from the *Roman* Consul *Glabrio*,
I sent, and the third *Pontick* War renew'd.
But Love so rocks your Father's drousy Brain,
That all the Trumpets of the thundring Legions
Can scarce awake him. See where he comes!

Enter Mithridates *attended.*

His haughty Courage scarce submitting to
The Weight which presses him; but striking out.
Mith. She must be mine, this admirable Creature,
Her Charms are now inevitable grown;
And, while I seem to fright her from my Son,
I talk and gaze, and dote, to my undoing.
See her no more; lose her with weighty Thoughts,
And drown her in the Ocean of thy Power:
In vain I strive with Cares to keep her down,
In vain does Business sink her to the bottom:
This Bladder Love still bears her up again.
Phar. Like a caught Lion, raging in the Snare,
He plunges in his Passion, spends his force,
And struggles with the Toil that holds him faster.
Mith. See her no more —— and live! impossible!
As well I might bid Meteors keep their Lustre,
When all the shining Exhalation's spent
That fed their short-liv'd Glory.

Enter Monima.

Mon. O *Mithridates!* O my cruel Lord!
I come with all the violence of Grief,
To take my laſt Farewel.
Mith. What means the Queen?
Mon. The Queen! O Mockery of State!
Pageant of Greatneſs! wondred at awhile,
But ſtreight neglected like a common thing.
I come, my Lord, to beg (O Heav'ns!) your Leave,
Your Royal Licence, to retire from Court;
And ſince my Father by your Bounty reigns
At *Epheſus*, I there wou'd go to mourn,
And languiſh out my wretched Life's remain.
Mith. Why will you add new Troubles to my Boſom,
Already burden'd with the Wrath of Heav'n,
By your unneceſſary Grief?
Mon. From Earth, I fear,
And not from Heav'n, thoſe cloudy Cares are drawn.
Mith. No matter whence, they're dangerous to partake:
The tender Face of Beauty cannot bear 'em;
For, if from Earth they come, their Damp will ſtifle;
And, if from Heav'n, their Influence is blaſting.
Mon. Were you but kind, my Lord, as once you were,
What blaſting cou'd I fear? what Dangers, droſt
In all the Horrors of moſt dreadful Death?
But you are pleas'd, that I ſhould not complain.
Andr. Semandra, by your Majeſty's Appointment,
Attends without.
Mith. Fair *Monima*, retire:
You will oblige me by a Confidence;
I cannot be but yours; Affairs of State
Now take me from you.
Mon. Say the Affairs of Love.
I wou'd, my Royal Lord, but cannot blame you:
I feel a Spirit within me, which calls up
All that is Woman wrong'd, and bids me chide;
But you are *Mithridates*, that dear Man
Whom my Soul loves; elſe, were you all the Kings,

All

All Winds, all Gods, I cou'd let looſe upon you,
For thoſe deep Injuries which I muſt ſuffer;
Cou'd, like the fighting Winds, diſturb all Nature
With venting of my Wrongs; but I am huſh'd
As a ſtill Wave, and all my fiery Powers
Are [illegible]ench'd, when I but look upon your Eyes,
Where, like a Star in Water, I appear
A pretty Sight, but of no Influence,
And am at beſt but now a ſhining Sorrow.

[*Ex.* led by *Pharnaces*.

Mith. O Love! if that the Face of ſuch Affection,
Such modeſt Sweetneſs, and ſuch humble Virtue,
As my Queen bears, fix not my wandring Heart,
Break, break thy Bow, and burn thy uſeleſs Arrows:
By Heav'n, her Kindneſs ſtrikes my troubled Soul.

Enter Semandra *with* Andravar *attending*.

But ſee, ſhe's loſt again, *Semandra* comes,
Who drowns like bluſhing Noon her paler Dawn,
And ſhews like Summer to the infant Spring.
Semandra, what, ſtill weeping? will not all
The Wealth which the Sun ſees throughout the Eaſt
Dry up your Tears? methinks, an Empire might
Suffice for any Loſs. I give you all my Power;
And, with it, ſuch a Heart, as nought but Love
Cou'd bow: I throw it bleeding at your Feet.
Behold, behold, *Semandra*, while I bluſh,
The great Effects of your commanding Beauty.

Sem. Were you yet greater than you are, which ſcarce
The Gods can make you; tho no Bounds but Heav'n
Did limit your large Sway; tho in your Perſon all
The Graces met that every Man ador'd,
The Bluſh of riſing Youth, the conquering Eyes,
The noble Smiles, and thoſe moſt paſſionate Beauties,
Which drew my Heart to idolize your Son;
I cou'd not love you.

Mith. Oh, unmerciful!

Sem. You ſaid, my Lord, but now,
You bluſh'd to think of your degraded Power;

How then ought I to blush? I, who shou'd be
The daily Curse of your repining Subjects?
I, who am bound by Oaths and solemn Vows,
To love *Ziphares*, by my Father's Order,
And by the tendereſt Inclination too?
Mith. You strike me dead
Sem. Oh, do but think, my Lord,
How wou'd Mankind when they shall read my Story,
Tear all the Rolls, or throw 'em to the Flames!
How wou'd the weeping Maids curse my Remembrance,
Shou'd I for Pride of Power, a golden Promise,
A gaudy Nothing, prove ingrateful, perjur'd!
Leave all the Goodneſs of the Earth to languiſh,
And break for ever with his matchleſs Virtue!
Mith. You have said, and I confeſs it to be heavenly:
I know, and till I saw your Eyes, I lov'd
The Virtue of my Son; I lodg'd him near
My Heart, and set him down my Succeſſor:
But now, oh hear, and wonder at your Power,
Spite of his noble Acts, tho to his Arm
I owe my Life, tho Juſtice speaks so loud,
And the ſoft Tongue of Nature pleads so well,
I hate him more than I did ever love him.
Sem. Alas! wou'd I had dy'd, when firſt you saw me.
Mith. Had he conſpir'd my Death, uſurp'd my Throne,
Perhaps I might have doom'd him to be slain,
Yet sure I shou'd have wept to see him die;
But now, since he muſt raviſh that lov'd Gem
I prize above the World, tearing you from me,
Giving me twenty Deaths, and cutting through
My very Soul, shou'd I my Empire give
To buy his Fate, I'd think it vaſtly sold.
Sem. Then blaſted be the Form that charm'd your Eyes.
His Fate! Oh, Gods! then you deſign his Death,
To reap the bloody Harveſt of his Life,
And, *Atreus*-like, to feed on your own Bowels.
But know, proud Monarch, there are Powers, who see
And punish Crimes like yours: nor can I doubt,
But they will save from your moſt impious Rage
My poor lov'd Lord, the innocent *Ziphares*. [*Weeping*

Mith.

Mith. Thoſe Waters more inrage my jealous Flame,
And thoſe heav'd Sighs but ſpread my Anger's Wings:
Your fatal Kindneſs haſtens on his Death;
And that untimely Doom, which I forbore
To execute, ſeems neceſſary now:
Give him all your Stock of richeſt Love,
Your Tears, your longing Looks, your Smiles, your Groans,
And over-bleſs him with your laviſh Kindneſs;
But niggardly to me, you will not ſpare
A pitying Glance, one pearly Drop to ranſom
The Soul of this deſpairing *Mithridates*.
Andravar, go, and bear the Prince to Priſon.

Sem. Stay, *Andravar*; the King has call'd you back:
See, he repents: Nay, I muſt hold you then,
And, if you ſtir, you take *Semandra* with you.
O *Mithridates!* O ungrateful Prince!
What was it you did order? But behold,
His Eyes are fix'd upon the Ground, he bluſhes
To think he cou'd ſo monſtrouſly decree
To murder the ſweet Hopes of all his Kingdoms;
The Gods be prais'd for this ſerene Repentance:
Yet, with the fright, I fear I ſhall not ſleep
Till Death does cloſe my Eyes.

Mith. O riſe, *Semandra!*

Sem. Never, I never will.
Oh, all you pitying Powers, will not my Cries
And piercing Woes move you to melt his Soul?
Can you be deaf? Oh cruel *Mithridates!*
Did you but know the Workings you have made,
The heavy Plight, the panting Paſſions here
If you had but a Grain of all that World
Of Love, you ſwore you had once for *Semandra*,
You cou'd not ſee me thus: Miſery diſtracts
My Reaſon; ſhou'd you turn to a new Rage,
(Which I muſt fear, unleſs you vow to ſave him)
I cou'd not bear it; you ſhou'd ſee me fall
Cold, pale, and with my Death's Convulſions graſping
Your water'd Feet, but never more ariſe.

Mith. Give me your beauteous Hand; I ſwear upon it,
By all thoſe Powers we worſhip, by your ſelf,

When

When e'er *Ziphares* dies, *Semandra* kills him:
She ſhall alone have Power to give him Death,
Or to recal his moſt untimely Fate.

Enter Ziphares *and* Archilaus.

Thus dearly do I buy the red Impreſſion
Which my Lips make; but take, take it from me;
My Blood boils up again, my Spirits kindle,
That lovely Brand has lent my Wiſhes Flame,
And I am loſt again in vaſt Deſire.
Ziph. Semandra! Live I once to ſee thee more,
Tho in my Father's Arms? 'Tis Heav'n, to gaze
On thy aſſaulted Honour, thus to ſee thee,
Thus tempted from me with the Charms of Empire,
Yet not conſenting! no, I'll not think the World,
Laid at thy Feet,
Cou'd win thy Faith!
Yet, O dread Sir, forgive me;
If that my boding Heart ſuſpects you more
Than all that Heav'n cou'd ſend down great and charming,
Or Hell cou'd raiſe up horrid to deſtroy me.
Mith. O Glory!
Arch. O, conſider, Sir, on that;
Think how the *Romans* will deſpiſe your Wars,
If Love now drive you——Speak, my Lord: he yields.
Ziph. Oh, Royal Sir, or if the Name of Father
Can move you more, by that I will conjure you;
By all the Charms of *Stratonice*'s Eyes,
When firſt they drew you to adore their Luſtre;
By all the Pains you gave her, when ſhe bore me;
By all the Obedience I have paid you long,
And by the Blood I yet intend to loſe
In your behalf; Oh grant me my *Semandra*.
Sem. Ev'n by the Paſſion my unhappy Beauty
Firſt kindled in you, (but I hope is dying)
Give me *Ziphares*, give him to my Longings.
Mith. 'Tis done; the Conqueſt is at laſt obtain'd,
And manly Virtue lords it o'er my Paſſion:
It ſhall be ſo; away, thou feeble God,

I banish thee my Bosom; hence I say,
Be gone, or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
And stab thee in thy Heart. The Wars come on;
By Heav'n, I'll drown thy laughing Deity
In Blood, and drive thee with my brandish'd Sword
To Rome. I will, yes, to the Capitol;
There to resume thy God-head once again,
And haunt thy Majesty without controul;
But never reign in *Mithridates* Soul.

Arch. O wonderful Effect of highest Virtue!
O Conquest, which deserves more Triumphs than
A hundred Victories in Battel gain'd.

Ziph. You must, you shall be now the Lord of *Rome*;
Her Fate shall bow beneath your awful Scepter.
O let me not enjoy the Life you promis'd,
The vast Possession of the rich *Semandra*,
If I strike not *Rome*'s Eagles to the Earth,
Take the Imperial Standard, chase their Legions,
And bring in Triumph all their Leaders bound.

Mith. Andravar, haste, proclaim throughout the City
My Son *Ziphares* General against the *Romans*. [*Ex.* Andr.
Come to my Breast once more, my dearest Son;
In spite of Love, thou art again my Child:
Thus with a Father's Bowels I receive thee,
Thus melting o'er thee with the tenderest Nature,
I pray the Gods to crown thy Youth with Glory.

Ziph. Oh Happiness! Oh Joy! Oh blessed Tears!
Reward this Goodness, Heav'n; for poor *Ziphares*
Is now so lost, he knows not what to say.
Let me devour your Hands with filial Dearness:
Were my whole Life to come, one Heap of Troubles,
The Pleasure of this Moment wou'd suffice,
And sweeten all my Griefs with its Remembrance.

Sem. Oh happy Hour! if I not set thee down,
The whitest that the Eye of Time e'er saw,
Let me ne'er smile when I remember thee,
Nor ev'n in Wishes offer at a Joy. [*Shouting within.*

Mith. Hark, with loud Cries the Soldiers send their Joys:
Go then, with the best Blessings I can give thee,
Conduct my chearful Subjects to the Field;

Take

Take all the ſighing Virgins Wiſhes with thee,
Subdue the Conſul, and receive *Semandra*.

Ziph. O do not doubt me, my moſt Royal Lord;
If now I conquer not, thus help'd, thus promis'd,
Thus prais'd, encourag'd, and thus over-bleſt,
I am the Mark for all
The Synod of the Gods to ſhoot their Fires at.

Mith. Semandra, veil your Beauties from my Eyes,
I wou'd not truſt their Influence, tho I thank
The Pow'rs above, ſo ſtrongly reigns my Virtue,
I think I might, and fear not a Relapſe:
In an Apartment, proper for your Grief,
You ſhall be plac'd, till yours and my *Ziphares*
Return in Triumph; where no Eyes ſhall ſee
Your private Walks, nor mark your ſecret Sorrow.
I thus divided you, that your Meeting may
Be yet more grateful. Haſte, my Son, to Battel:
Be ſhort in parting, for there is no End
Of Lover's Farewels. The Powers above preſerve you.

[*Ex.* Mith. *with* Pelop. *and* Andr.

Ziph. Farewel, *Semandra*; O, if my Father ſhou'd
Fall back from Virtue, ('tis an impious Thought!)
Yet I muſt ask you, cou'd you in my Abſence,
Sollicited by Power and charming Empire,
And threaten'd too by Death, forget your Vows?
Cou'd you, I ſay, abandon poor *Ziphares*,
Who midſt of Wounds and Death would think on you;
And whatſoe'er Calamity ſhou'd come,
Wou'd keep his Love ſacred to his *Semandra*,
Like Balm, to heal the heavieſt Misfortune?

Sem. Your cruel Queſtion tears my very Soul:
Ah, can you doubt me, Prince? a Faith, like mine,
The ſofteſt Paſſion that e'er Woman wept;
But as reſolv'd as ever Man cou'd boaſt:
Alas, why will you then ſuſpect my Truth?
Yet ſince it ſhews the Fearfulneſs of Love,
'Tis juſt I ſhou'd endeavour to convince you.
Make bare your Sword, my noble Father, draw.

Arch. What wou'dſt thou now?

Sem.

Sem. I ſwear upon it, Oh,
Be witneſs, Heav'n, and all avenging Pow'rs,
Of the true Love I give the Prince *Ziphares:*
When I in thought forſake my plighted Faith,
Much leſs in Act, for Empire change my Love;
Let keen Sword by my own Father's Hand
Be guided to my Heart, rip Veins and Arteries;
And cut my faithleſs Limbs from this hack'd Body,
To feaſt the ravenous Birds, and Beaſts of prey.
Arch. Now, by my Sword, 'twas a good hearty Wiſh;
And, if thou play'ſt him falſe, this faithful Hand
As heartily ſhall make thy Wiſhes good.
Ziph. O hear mine too. If e'er I fail in ought
That Love requires in ſtricteſt, niceſt kind;
May I not only be proclaim'd a Coward,
But be indeed that moſt deteſted thing.
May I, in this moſt glorious War I make,
Be beaten baſely, ev'n by *Glabrio*'s Slaves,
And for a Puniſhment loſe both theſe Eyes;
Yet live and never more behold *Semandra.* [*Trumpets.*
Arch. Come, no more wiſhing; hark, the Trumpets call.
Sem. Preſerve him, Gods, preſerve his Innocence;
The nobleſt Image of your perfect ſelves:
Farewel; I'm loſt in Tears. Where are you, Sir?
Arch. He's gone. Away, my Lord, you'll never part.
Ziph. I go; but muſt turn back for one laſt Look:
Remember, O remember, dear *Semandra,*
That on thy Virtue all my Fortune hangs;
Semandra is the Buſ'neſs of the War,
Semandra makes the Fight, draws every Sword;
Semandra ſounds the Trumpets; gives the Word.
So the Moon charms her watry World below;
Wakes the ſtill Seas, and makes 'em ebb and flow.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Field.

Enter Ziphares *bloody, with Soldiers.*

Ziph. ARE theſe, are theſe the Maſters of the World?
AO, my brave Friends, how have you fought to day!
You fought, as if you all had Miſtreſſes,
Who from ſome Battlement beheld your Valour,
And from your Arms expected all their Fortune.
Oh! had you heard 'em clap their tender Hands,
Beat their white Breaſts, and rend the wond'ring Heav'ns
With their ſhrill Cries, you cou'd not have done more;
Your Looks were Baſilisks to *Roman* Blood,
Your very Breath was as the furious North,
And drove the Legions, like the Chaff, before you.
Nor was I idle; witneſs the Wounds I feel,
Tho *Glabrio*, at diſtance, ſhunn'd the Force
Of my far darted Javelin, yet it ſtruck
A Tribune down, and did not uſeleſs fall.
What more remains, but that we haſte to meet
Victorious *Archilaus*, plunder their Tents,
And loaded with the Laurels we have won,
March to *Synope*, ſhouting all the way,
Long live the King of Kings, great *Mithridates*?

Enter Archilaus, *attended.*

Arch. O Prince! thou Life, thou Soul of all the Army,
To whoſe dear Hand thrice I did owe my Life,
Whe thrice this Day my Horſe was kill'd beneath me:
O renown'd Day! this one Day of thy Valour

Has

Has drown'd in dark Oblivion all my Wars:
Like Time itſelf, thy Glory ſhall run on,
While mine, my fifty Iron Years of Battel,
Lies ruſtar'd in Duſt, and moulders into Aſhes.
Ziph. Yes, Father, now I cou'd grow proud of Conqueſt,
Since it muſt give your Daughter to my Arms.
Methought to day, when I had given the Word,
Semandra, Victory declar'd herſelf,
E'er yet a Death by any Hand was given:
Ev'n now my Blood more heats my youthful Veins,
My Cheeks grow redder, with the Expectation
Of Love's dear promis'd Joys, than when I ſtrove
In Flame of Fight, with all my Toil upon me,
To cut my way, and win the famous Field.
Arch. Grant me, you Gods, before the Hand of Death
Comes, like eternal Night with her dark Wing,
To bar the comfortable Light for ever
From theſe my aged Eyes, O let me ſee
A Grandchild of my Prince's ſacred Blood,
To call him mine, to feel him in my Arms,
To hear his innocent Talk, and ſee him ſmile,
While I tell Stories of his Father's Valour,
Which he in time muſt learn to imitate:
Grant me but this, you Gods, and make an end,
Soon as you pleaſe, of this old happy Man.
Ziph. I feel a Gladneſs lightning in my Breaſt,
The kindled Joy diſperſes quickly thro me,
And ſays, e'er yet the ſetting Sun has quench'd
His Love in his cold Miſtreſs' Bed,
Semandra ſhall be mine; ev'n all *Semandra:*
The Thought is Ecſtaſy! theſe Arms ſhall hold her
Faſt to my throbbing Breaſt; theſe raviſh'd Eyes
Gaze till they're blind, with looking on her Bluſhes;
Theſe ſtifling Lips ſhall ſmother all her Smiles,
And follow her with ſuch Purſuit of Kiſſes,
That ev'n our Souls ſhall loſe themſelves in pleaſure.
Arch. Firſt ſending a flying Meſſenger, with News
Of your great Victory.
Ziph. Ziphares ſelf
Muſt be the Harbinger of his own Joy;

I'll

I'll go with the beſt-mounted Cavalry,
While you behind conduct, on eaſy March,
The weary'd Army. Once more let me lock
My Father thus.

Arch. My Heart bodes Happineſs.

Ziph. 'Twere ſin to doubt, ſince Fortune had no hand
In what our Swords by dint of Valour won:
She to the Brave was ever a kind Foe;
But I at laſt have bound her to my Chariot,
By conquering Virtue to be dragg'd along;
And while her broken Wheel is proudly born,
She ſhall be forc'd our Triumph to adorn.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *The Palace-Garden.*

Enter Pharnaces *and* Andravar.

Axdr. Then there is hope, my Lord, th' unſettled King
May yet relapſe, and fall to Love again.

Phar. 'Tis certain that the End will crown our Wiſhes.
Late I ſpy'd about *Semandra's* Gardens,
Mad that our Plot a-ground, ſo plough'd to bear,
Shou'd yield no Fruit, ſtill thoughtful how to work him,
And watch for ſome Accident to fit
Our Purpoſe, and redeem the loſt Deſign;
I chanc'd to ſpy the fair *Semandra* ſleeping;
But, in that Poſture, ſhe appear'd ſo lovely,
Bold as I am, ſhe charm'd me into wonder:
But ſtrait thy General came to reſcue me,
Who took the Hint immediately, and went
To ſee the King.

Andr. I gueſs the good Deſign,
To draw him on to ſee our beauteous Foe.

Phar. You have it; and 'tis more than half effected.
I ſaw 'em walk: *Pelopidas*, by his Action,
I know did kindle him with wondrous Praiſe
But once to view the bright *Semandra* ſleeping;
But the King ſtops, as if he fear'd to go;

Then

Then side-long glanc'd, and sigh'd, and walk'd again,
Rubbing his Hand upon his Face to hide
The rising Blushes: but, behold 'em here!

Enter Mithridates, Pelopidas.

Mith. What are her Charms to me?
Pelop. 'Tis true, they are not;
And yet, methinks, the Sight might draw down *Jove*——
Yet, I'd not ask you, for the World, to see her;
But that I think you're Master of your Promise:
I thought your godlike Frame, your Strength of Mind,
Not to be shook, therefore I woo'd you, Sir,
In Curiosity, to see a Wonder;
But, if you doubt yourself.
Mith. I think I need not:
I think my Virtue is resolv'd; but yet,
I fear, and therefore I will go no farther.
Pelop. 'Tis well resolv'd; and yet, methinks, 'twou'd raise
Your Pity, more than Love, to see the Tears
Force thro her snowy Lids their melting Course,
To lodge themselves on her red murm'ring Lips,
That talk such mournful Things; when strait a
Of starting Sighs carries those Pearls away,
As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flowers.
Mith. 'Tis wondrous pitiful; by Heaven, it is!
I feel her Sorrow working here; it calls
Fire to my Breast, and Water to my Eyes,
And, if I durst——
Pelop. If you the least suspect
Your Temper, if the smallest Breath of Love
But stir your Heart; let me conjure you, Sir,
Not to go on: the dazzling manner will
Disturb your Quiet, and confound your Reason.
Mith. 'Twill be as well, tho I believe no Power
Can change my Virtue; yet 'twill be as well,
If you relate exactly what you saw.
Pelop. Behold her then upon a flow'ry Bank,
With her sad Sorrows, lull'd into a Slumber;
The Summer's Heat ha[illegible] her natural Blush,

Added

Added a brighter and more tempting Red;
The Beauties of her Neck and naked Breaſts,
Liſted by inward Starts, did riſe and fall
With motion that might put a Soul in Statues:
The matchleſs whiteneſs of her folded Arms,
That ſeem'd t' imbrace the Body whence they grew,
Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love;
While to my raviſh'd Eyes officious Winds,
Waving her Robes, diſplay'd ſuch handſome Limbs,
As Artiſts wou'd in poliſh'd Marble give
The wanton Goddeſs, when ſupinely laid
She charms her gallant God to new Enjoyment.
Mith. Something there is ſtirs mightily in my Breaſt;
'Tis Pity, ſure, it can be only Pity:
Who knows, but that her multiplying Fears,
And cruel Griefs, in time may give her Death?
'Twere moſt inhuman therefore not to go,
And comfort her with Praiſes of *Ziphares:*
I'll tell her how he conquers, how he comes
Triumphant from the Conſul's Overthrow,
To take the noble Wreaths he has deſerv'd,
Embraces from her Arms; Circles more rich
Than all the Crowns my fruitleſs Valour won.
Yet, ſtay; I will not ſpeak of him: 'Twere rude
To break her Reſt; I'll ſee her when ſhe wakes.
Pelop. Then you dare truſt your Heart?
Mith. 'Tis ſure I dare:
By Heav'n, my Friends, I dare: I feel ſuch ſtrong
Collected manly Virtue, that I'll on.
Pelop. Oh, ſacred Sir, turn back: if conquer'd by
Her Beauties you ſhou'd love again, I know
Pelopidas muſt bear the blame of all;
Therefore, my Lord.
Mith. Away; by Heav'n, I'll go.
Pelop. Oh, 'tis impoſſible, if once you lov'd,
But you muſt certainly relapſe:
Therefore your fearful Servant kneels and begs
You wou'd turn back: Alas, he's conſcious now
What a groſs Fault his fooliſh Tongue committed,
By tempting unawares your Reaſon forth.

Mith.

Mith. I'll ſee her; yes, it is reſolv'd, I'll ſee her,
With all that World of Charms thou haſt deſcrib'd;
Therefore ariſe, and lead the way.
Pelop. Alas!
My Lord, I fear you; but it is your Pleaſure,
And I'm your Slave.
Mith. Reply not; but obey. [*Exeunt* Mith. Pelop.
Phar. I feel a pleaſant Expectation breeding;
His Starts, his Stops; by *Mars*, he loves her ſtill:
Join then the much prevailing Circumſtance
Of Time, and Place, the Abſence of my Brother,
To make Guilt bold; the Loneneſs of her Manſion;
Both ſtrong Incentives to a violent Lover.
Andr. Then Love has bleſt you on the other hand,
Since by our ſubtile Practices we brought
Monima to Diſgrace; with whom you may
Divert, till we have gain'd our full Revenge.
I have the Guard of her.
Phar. I'm glad thou haſt.
Then, to compleat the Ruin of *Ziphares*,
I hear his Mother, fearful of th' Event
Of this long War, and loving him as Life,
With *Pompey* holds private Intelligence,
And has, to *Rome*, giv'n all thoſe Caſtles up,
Which ſhe had charge of, to preſerve her Son.
Andr. This, when occaſion calls, I'll aggravate,
To mad your Father more! But ſee, the General.

Enter Pelopidas.

Pelop. He's gone, he's ruin'd, quite tranſported with
The extaſy of Love; I left him kneeling
Cloſe to her ſide, winding about his Heart
Such Nets of Beauty, he muſt hold him faſt;
Therefore, when he approaches us for Comfort,
Shewing his Griefs, and ſeeking ſhroud for Guilt,
Let us encourage, to our utmoſt Power,
Whate'er his violent Love dares put in Act.

Enter

Enter Mithridates.

Mith. Torment of Heart! Oh, feeble Virtue! hence,
I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage;
To build in Hearts of Hinds, bleſs their rude Hands
With thy lean Recompence of endleſs Labour:
For me, ſince I have burſt th' ungrateful Chain
That held me to thee like a ſhackled Slave,
I will enjoy whate'er the Gods have given,
And ſurfeit on the Beauties of *Semandra*.
Oh, my dear Son, my beſt, my own *Pharnaces*;
By Heav'n, thou never didſt oppoſe my Pleaſure,
As does *Ziphares*: But I'll caſt him out,
That Boſom Wolf, who laps my deareſt Blood,
And lodge thee there; thou wilt not rack me thus.

Phar. The Gods forbid. But why, Sir, will you bear it?

Pelop. I cou'd not think you lov'd her at this rate;
Therefore, I hope, forgotten Virtue yielded
To bolder Pleaſures, and you quench'd your Fires.

Mith. Drawn by reſiſtleſs Love, I put one Knee
To Earth, and gently bowing down my Head,
Firſt took at diſtance the ſweet wafted Breath;
Which blew my Flames to ſuch a raging height,
That ſtreight I fell upon her balmy Lips,
And glew'd my own ſo fiercely, that ſhe wak'd;
And ſtarting up, ſoon vaniſh'd from my Sight,
Leaving me dumb, pale, languiſhing, and dying,
Rent with her Charms, diſtracted with the Rage
Of my Deſires, and torn with cruel Love.

Pelop. Why ſtopt you there? I wou'd have follow'd
Into her inmoſt Cloſet; pardon me,
If I prove paſſionate to ſee you thus:
Better a Million of ſuch ſlight [illegible]
Were raviſh'd, maſſacred, than *Mithridates*
Suffer one moment's Care.

Phar. I have no Patience.
By your great Glory, 'twas not nobly done:
I'th' midſt of Groans, and Cries, and guſhing Tears,
& wou'd have raviſh'd her; —— your Royal Hand,

Lo[illegible]

Lock'd in her Amber-Hair, ſhou'd then have forc'd her;
Who knows, but Oppoſition mounts the Joy?
Like that *Athenian* Tyrant, who ne'er took
His Barge for Pleaſure, but in the higheſt Storms;
Then wou'd he ſtand like *Neptune* on his Deck,
And laugh to ſee the Dolphins back the Billows.
Andr. Say but the Word, I'll fetch her from the Altar
To your Embraces: Never did I ſee
So ſtrange an Alteration; your fierce Eye,
Which, like the Sun at Noon, none cou'd behold
But with a ſnatch of Light, and then be dazzled,
Now, like a cold and drouſy Winter's Star,
Bears a bleak Brightneſs. O Decay of Luſtre!
Mith. I am not as I was——Ha! Whence this
Noiſe? [*Shout within.*
[*Ex.* Peſop. *and* Andra.
Phar. My Lord, this Paſſion has unmann'd you quite:
Forgetful of the glorious Fields you won,
You loſe your dear-bought Honours in a Day,
And ſell your Fame to your ambitious Son.
The Coward *Glabrio*, whom by flying Agents,
I hear, in divers Skirmiſhes he vanquiſh'd,
Has ſwell'd him ſo, and blown him to that height
He rides upon the Shoulders of his Army:
They heave him as he were a God, in Air,
And dance before him, ſhouting in their Songs,
You are their Saturn, *but the Prince their* Jove!
All that their waning Faith can give Ambition;
And he too laughs, to hear the thundring Titles.
Mith. And, for a Recompence, ſhall I beſtow
Upon this Traitor, all I love on Earth?
No, my *Pharnaces*, I have mark'd him dead,
If that *Semandra*'s Loſs can bring his Ruin:
Not but the Thought of her, with, ſhews me juſt
To what I ſhall appear: The noble Wife
Kills by her ſeeming Infidelity.
Monima too muſt periſh for Diſhonour;
Rather to make way for my new Love,
And fix the giddy People on my Side. [*Shouts again.*
Again theſe Shouts!

Phar.

Phar. I gueſs, *Ziphares* comes.
Mith. Down, ſtruggling Nature;
Die, die, thou Raviſher of my Repoſe;
Be ſtrangled in me all Remorſe, all Thoughts
Of Pity; yet I will be calmly cruel;
Nor ſhall he find the depth of my Revenge.

Enter Andravar.

Andr. Your Son has conquer'd, mightieſt of Kings;
But by a way ſo infamouſly baſe,
I fear my Doom will ſcarce be leſs than Death
For the Relation.
Mith. Monſtrous! May it be?
For I ſo hate him now, I wiſh for Crimes
Of deepeſt Grain, for colour to his Fate.
Andr. His Royal Mother, the falſe *Stratonice*,
To whom you gave in cuſtody *Inora*,
The ſtrongeſt, richeſt Fort of all the Eaſt,
E'er he with *Glabrio* join'd, to *Rome* did yield
That wondrous Maſs of Treaſure, with her Honour.
Mith. Curſt State of Monarchs! Let the judging World
Now weigh our Pleaſures with our mightier Troubles,
And find us happier than the reſt of Men!
Falſe Beauty, thou ſhalt die, thou Bane of Greatneſs;
Or if I cannot reach thy fickle Being,
I'll puniſh thee by ruining *Ziphares*.
Andr. This have I learnt by frequent Meſſengers,
Who warrant with their Lives, how by Conſent
Glabrio but skirmiſh'd with the Prince your Son,
And was by *Stratonice* brib'd before.
Mith. Plots, Treaſons, horrid black Conſpiracies!
Mother and Son, Oh Parricides! combine;
But if you ſcape me, may I keep my Reign out.

Enter Pelopidas.

What ſays *Pelopidas*? What of *Ziphares*?
Bring'ſt thou more Matter for my Curſes? Speak.

Pel.

Pelop. He comes, my Lord, and with a Port ſo proud,
As if he had ſubdu'd the ſpacious World;
And all *Synope*'s Streets are fill'd with ſuch
A glut of People, you wou'd think ſome God
Had conquer'd in their Cattle; and they thus rank'd,
That he might make his Entrance on their Heads:
While from the Scaffolds, Windows, tops of Houſes,
Are caſt ſuch gaudy ſhow'rs of Garlands down,
That ev'n the Croud appear like Conquerors,
And the whole City ſeems like one vaſt Meadow,
Set all with Flowers, as a clear Heav'n with Stars.

Mith. Ungrateful Slaves! By *Mars*, when I return'd,
Worn with the Hardſhip of a ten Years War,
My Armies heavy gaited, bruis'd, and hack'd,
With cutting *Roman* Lives;
They ne'er receiv'd me with a Pomp like this.

Pelop. Nay, as I heard, e'er he the City enter'd,
Your Subjects lin'd the Way for many Furlongs;
The very Trees bore Men: And as our God,
When from the Portal of the Eaſt he dawns,
Beholds a thouſand Birds upon the Boughs,
To welcome him with all their warbling Throats,
And prune their Feathers in his golden Beams;
So did your Subjects, in their gaudieſt trim,
Upon the pendant Branches ſpeak his Praiſe.
Mothers, who cover'd all the Banks beneath,
Did rob the crying Infants of the Breaſt,
Pointing *Ziphares* out to make 'em ſmile;
And climbing Boys ſtood on their Father's Shoulders,
Anſwering their ſhouting Sires with tender Cries,
To make the Conſort up of general Joy.

Mith. What, will you bear your part too? Oh the Gods!
He is tranſported with the ample Theme,
And plays the Orator! Plagues rot thy Tongue,
And blaſted be the Lungs that breath'd his Welcome;
Periſh the Bodies that went forth to meet him,
A Prey for Worms to ſtink in hollow Ground.
Oh, Viper! Villain! not content to take
My Love, but Life! wilt thou unthrone me too?
Shall *Mithridates* live to be depos'd,

A Stale, the Image of what once he was;
The very Ghoſt of his departed Greatneſs;
A thing for Slaves to be familiar with,
To gape, to nod, and ſleep in my ſcorn'd Face?
Awake, awake, thou ſluggard Majeſty,
Rouze thee to Act; tho all the Elements,
Tho Heav'n and Hell, Subjects and Sons conſpire
With Fate thy Empire's Foe, oppoſe their Will:
Dare to the laſt, and be a Monarch ſtill. [*Exit.*

Pelop. What think you now?

Phar. I think, for my Revenge,
For any Act that witty Horror asks,
Thou art an Inſtrument ſo black and fit,
The Furies join'd in Council cou'd not match thee.
But ſee, *Ziphares* comes. With what a Train
Of Prieſts! nay, then the God muſt be ador'd.

The Scene being drawn, repreſents Ziphares's *Triumph; which is a Street full of Pageants, crouded with People, who from the Windows fling down Garlands: Others dance before him, while the Prieſts ſing;* Ziphares *reſting under a Canopy of State.*

Ziph. Enough, my Friends, my noble Countrymen,
I am indebted to your Bounties ever;
But let me now conjure you, ceaſe the Noiſe
Of your loud Thanks, leſt we diſturb the King:
We're near the Palace, and my boding Heart
Says, He interprets rudely this our Triumph,
Which you, againſt my Will, have forc'd upon me.
Therefore *Ziphares* begs you to retire.
By the ſmall Victories my Arms have gain'd,
If you have any Love, as much you ſhew,
Let me intreat you all, by that Affection,
Ev'n now, upon this inſtant, to diſband.

All. Long live our King, and noble Prince *Ziphares.*

[*Exeunt ſhouting.*

Phar. Welcome, *Ziphares*, welcome to *Synope*;
Still, when Fate calls thee forth, mayſt thou return,
Thus ſwell'd, thus Lord Triumphant o'er the *Romans.*

Ziph.

Ziph. Had I ſubdu'd the World, I ſhou'd deteſt
The Title of Triumpher, and ſcarce think
That Man my Friend, who praiſes at your rate.
Pelop. Had not the Monſter Multitude receiv'd you, Sir,
With ſuch a monſtrous State, methinks,
Like *Hercules*, you ſhou'd have ſlain the *Hydra*.
Antlr. Heard you but, Sir, how with an hundred Mouths,
It worſhip'd, as you were already crown'd:
Long live our King, the noble Prince *Ziphares*?
Ziph. What, Villains! Ha! Gods, have I Fleſh and bear
Pharnaces off; by my juſt Wrath they die. (it?
[*Exeunt* Pel. *and* Andr.
Phar. The King! Remember how this Rage will ſound.
Ziph. O the curſt Traitors! Brother, beware of 'em,
Howe'er they crouch at preſent to your Fortune;
For I perceive your Favour warm'd the Snakes
To ſtir; they have no Senſe of Gratitude:
I found 'em baſe, and therefore did diſcard 'em;
For which the Slaves have ſworn me mortal Hate;
But if I live, I'll cruſh 'em.
Phar. You'll to the King?
Ziph. I will. Methinks this Meeting was unlucky,
My Heart mi[illegible]gives me more, and higher Hopes
With this laſt Heat, than all the Toil of War.
Perhaps they move the King; but ſure not much:
Or if they do, tho our great Father frowns,
One Smile, one Tear of Joy from my *Semandra*
Will waſh the Anger of the Gods away. [*Exit*
Phar. Go, and the Welcome that I wiſh attend thee.
Of all my elder Brothers, he remains
To croſs my Hopes, and bar me from the Crown:
Whom yet I doubt not, by my Engines help,
To burſt in ſunder, and then gild my Brows.
Methinks, I ſhou'd become the golden Hoop
That circles in one Quarter of the Globe:
I have it juſt; my Scepter waving thus,
The ſtarting Princes run to clear my way.

Enter Mithridates, Semandra, Pelopidas, Andravar, *Guards.*

But hold, my Father comes, with sad *Semandra!*
Weep on; while I go laugh my Cares away
With *Monima*, who must or yield or die. [*Exit.*
Mith. Has not the Traitor won my Subjects Hearts?
Has not his Mother basely too betray'd me?
Has he not dar'd to triumph without leave?
Which, when my faithful'st worthiest Counsellors
Rebuk'd him for, with mild and gentle Language,
He redned with proud Anger, drew his Sword;
Then, like a monstrous Parricide came on
Here to my Palace, heading the wild Croud:
So thro the Bodies of my Friends to pass,
Till with his barbarous Hand he reach'd my Bosom.
Sem. 'Tis false; 'tis all most horrid Perjury;
And the curs'd spotted Souls of these vile Traytors
Shall burn for this beneath: I know they hate
The gallant Prince, and now conspire against him;
With Words made up with all the Blasts of Hell
They strike your sacred Ears, bewitch your Senses,
And with these Spells that foulest Treason hatch'd,
Stagger your royal Reason. O yet hear me!
Mith. From what I have decreed, no Charm, no Power,
No Eloquence, not Mercy's self, adorn'd
In all *Semandra*'s Beauties, in her Tears,
Prostrate upon the Earth, and hanging on
My Knees, nay, dying with her Grief, shall move me.
Sem. I now believe you are not to be mov'd;
Therefore with my undaunted Innocence,
I stand to hear the Doom you have decreed.
Mith. If when *Ziphares*, at your first appearance,
Runs to your Arms, fir'd with expected Joys,
You thrust him not away and slight him strangely,
With all the marks of the most proud Disdain,
That a most faithless and ambitious Woman
Cou'd shew to gain the Empire of the World;
He shall be stab'd, be murder'd by my Guards,
Before your Eyes.

Sem.

Sem. Oh, 'tis not poſſible,
That you can mean the dreadful thing you ſpeak:
You ſpake it but to try the poor *Semandra.*
Mith. Mark me more heedfully, for 'tis moſt true;
And ſooner ſhall a dooming God recal
His *Stygian* Oath, than I renounce my Vow:
He dies, I ſay, if you receive him not
With all the coldneſs of a fair Apoſtate,
Whoſe Chaſtity, the Poiſon of ſweet Power,
Had brought to ruin, whoſe proteſted Faith
The Charms of Empire had quite turn'd to Air.
Sem. Gods! do you hear the Tyrant?
Mith. Do you hear me?
If to your Words, which muſt make plain your Falſhood,
Your Looks ſhou'd give the Lye, by amorous Glances,
And Languiſhings; for Lovers Eyes will talk;
Or, as you ſpeak your Hate, mixt Signs ariſe,
Or faultring Speech, or any other Mark,
To ſhew that you are forc'd to what you ſay;
Then, from the place where I ſhall ſtand conceal'd,
I'll give the Signal to my waiting Guards,
Who in a Moment ſhall deſtroy your Lover,
When all your Tears and Sighs ſhall not recal him.
Sem. I'll die, I'll die, ten thouſand Deaths I'll die,
Rather than meet him thus. What after all
The dreadful Imprecations that I made him,
And ſwore upon my Father's Sword, a Faith,
A ſpotleſs Love, for ever to endure;
Shall I abjure my Oaths, and to his Face
Proteſt a Falſhood, and belye my Heart?
Mith. Take your own courſe; I have ſworn.
Sem. O Tyranny!
What, ſhall I meet him after all his Hardſhips,
After the Heats, and Colds, and ſmarting Wounds,
Which for my ſake he patiently has endur'd,
Still chearing up himſelf, that after all
The Blood he loſt, he ſhou'd enjoy *Semandra,*
His gentle Miſtreſs, one Day ſhou'd reward him
For the long Miſchiefs of a cruel War?

Mith. I have not leiſure now to hear Complaints:
Either reſolve t'obey, and ſpeedily,
Or you and I muſt never ſee him more.
Sem. Stay, Royal Sir, come back: Ne'er ſee him more!
And if I die, rather than ſee him thus,
Will you not ſpare his Life?
Mith. Your Death, *Semandra!*
The very mention haſtens on his Fate.
Sem. Alas, alas! I fear, if I but look,
As if I knew him not, or had forgot him,
So nice and tender is his Love,
So ſoft his Diſpoſition, 'twill be fatal.
Mith. Then you reſolve his Death?
Sem. It cannot be,
No, I will ſee him, tho I muſt be cruel;
But bate a little of your Impoſition;
An unkind Word will kill the poor *Ziphares*,
As ſure as all the Hate which you enjoin me.

Enter Iſmenes.

Iſmen. The Prince *Ziphares* begs
Admittance of your Majeſty.
Mith. You muſt retire, *Semandra.*
Sem. O Torment! Oh the Racks of Love, diſtreſt
Like mine! Of Paſſion at a loſs like mine!
Help me, you Gods, or I ſhall faint with bearing. [*Exit.*
Mith. Call in the Prince ——
What, Nature yet again?
I charge thee, trouble my repoſt no more.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. 'Tis well, you Powers that pry into our Hearts,
Well have I loſt my dearest Blood in Battel,
Since once again I ſee my Royal Father.
Mith. Ziphares, riſe: I hear you have fought well,
Too well, perhaps, for *Mithridates'* Peace:
You triumph, too, I hear.

Ziph.

Ziph. Alas, my Lord,
I fear *Pelopidas* and *Andravar*,
Have been too busy with your Ear.
By my best Hopes, by your most sacred Life,
I would not triumph, till your Orders came;
At least, they told me, that they came from you:
If they were false ——
Mith. They were your Friends, who brought
Those Orders; therefore, you are not in fault,
Nor ought you share the Crimes of *Stratonice*.
Ziph. Of *Stratonice!* Ah, what has she done?
Ah, Sir, what Villain has traduc'd my Mother?
Give me to know ——
Mith. Perhaps you're ignorant;
Wou'd I had been so too: but to the purpose;
I promis'd, when the Consul was o'ercome,
To give *Semandra* to you: —— Seem not sad,
You love your Father well; but, Prince, I know
Your Passion for *Semandra* is the highest:
I'll send her to you; if you please, retain her. [*Exit.*
Ziph. Is this then thy Reward, unnecessary Virtue?
Why do we wear thee thus to our undoing?
O inauspicious Stars! thy Father hates thee,
Because thou art too good! Went it not so?
I fought too well! His Eye disdain'd me too,
And held my high Desert at hateful Distance:
But let it be, there's Satisfaction still
In Innocence: And conscious Glory tells me,
My Griefs shall fly, like Clouds, before *Semandra*.

Enter Semandra.

But see, the Sun that drives 'em! O my Star!
Thou Day, that gild'st my little World of Comfort,
Give me thy Warmth; let me, upon thy Bosom,
Breath all my Victories. Alas, the King,
My cruel Father, —— Ha! what now, *Semandra?*
Not fly into my Arms! O all you Pow'rs
That nurs'd our tender Loves, she turns away!
Hast thou too caught the coldness of my Father?

Clear me, you Gods, and fix my Underſtanding
To this one View, leſt I miſtake all Meaſure,
And run to Madneſs. What, not look upon me?
By Heav'n, if thus, if thus I ſhou'd behold thee,
Tho' in a Dream, 'twou'd make me wiſh to sleep for ever.
O my dear Life! thou ſhalt not hide thy Kindneſs;
But to diſſemble thus a Moment longer,
Wou'd quite deſtroy the paſſion of *Ziphares*.
I'll force thy Hand thus, to my trembling Lips.

Sem. The Kiſs you raviſh, Prince, is dangerous;
And let me now conjure you, by your Love,
If you can love after what I enjoin you,
Upon your Life, offer the like no more.

Ziph. O man me, Reaſon, with thy utmoſt Force;
Or Paſſion with the dreadful Starts it makes
Will ſoon divorce my Soul from this weak Body.
What haſt thou ſaid? And, Ah! What have I heard?
Fair, cruel, faithleſs, for the Blood I loſt,
Doſt thou thus meet me? Raiſe my Eyes from Earth,
And tell me, Have I, Ah, have I deſerv'd
This uſage from my dear ador'd *Semandra?*

Sem. You deſerve all things; but you muſt not ask
My Love, unleſs you wiſh me moſt unhappy.

Ziph. Oh, you good Gods! Is it then come to this?
Shall I, ſhall I —— but ſpeak it once again:
Unhappy! didſt thou, coud'ſt thou ſay, unhappy?

Sem. I'd have you ſtrive, my Lord, to love me leſs.

Ziph. If you wou'd have it ſo, be witneſs, Heav'n,
If for your quiet you enjoin me this,
I'll ſtrive, but (oh!) 'tis moſt impoſſible:
Ah, may I not preſume to ask, if this
The Reaſon be, why I ſhou'd love you leſs,
That the too happy King may love you more? ——
Your Silence does confirm *Ziphares* loſt:
And all that I cou'd fear, come upon me
Ah, barbarous King! I'll bear thy Bonds no longer;
But caſt off Duty, as thou haſt all Love,
Thou bloody Author of this wretched Being.
Tyrant ——

Sem.

Sem. Take heed, *Ziphares*, how you wrong your Father:
I've heard you give another Character,
So diff'rent from this laſt, of *Mithridates*;
Methinks you ſcarce appear the ſame *Ziphares*
[illegible]m once I knew.
Zi[illegible] is moſt ſure, I do not:
[illegible] convince me more, quite to complete
The cruel Sum of all my deſperate Woes,
And ſink me ever; what, Madam, have you heard
Me ſay? or, rather, what is't you would ſay,
In ill-tim'd prais'd, of this inhuman Father?

Sem. Have I not heard you ſpeak the tender'ſt things,
How, but for ſome few Faults, ſo ſmall, that ſcarce
The Eye of Envy or of Hate cou'd find 'em,
He wou'd be perfect as the Gods themſelves?
A King ſo awful, that the *Romans* fear'd him?
A King ſo merciful, *Barbarians* lov'd him?
A King ———

Ziph. No more; I am confirm'd: She's loſt:
The King! ſhe's gone; the Beauty of the Earth,
All that in Woman cou'd be Virtue call'd,
Is loſt.
Corrupted are her noble Faculties,
The Temper of her Soul is quite infected:
Inconſtancy, the Plague that firſt or laſt
Taints the whole Sex, the catching Court-Diſeaſe,
Has ſpotted all her White, her Virgin-Beauties.

Sem. You think me falſe — Ah, 'tis but juſt you ſhou'd:
But, Prince, I ſwear, I am not what you think me;
Yet never can be yours.

Ziph. O Confuſion!
Never! O horrid! never can be yours!
Thou tear'ſt my Heart! Call back thoſe dreadful Words;
Tho thou art going, yet thou art not gone:
Ah, e'er it be too late, behold me gaſping.
Come to my Arms, Oh, leave me not for ever:
Fall on my Boſom, I'll forget thy Weakneſs;
Try to deceive my ſelf with ſpecious Reaſons,
Never upbraid thee that thou once wert falſe,
But with my Tears waſh all thy Stains away.

Sem. Since Tears (O help me Heav'n!) are vain, take, take my Counſel,
Chear your ſad Heart, and grieve, O grieve no more.
Ziph. Then thou art loſt; reſolv'd upon my ruin.
Sem. Your Life's too precious; I reſolve a[illegible]
Nor for [illegible] thouſand Worlds—What was I ſaying? *Aſide.*
What ſhall I ſay? [illegible] live, thou loſt *Ziphares.*
Ziph. No, thou perfidious Maid, thou wretched Beauty,
Ziphares loves thee ſtill; ſo well he loves thee
That he will die, to rid thee of a Torment.
Where are thy Vows? O think upon thy Father,
How this will cut him, this thy cruel Change,
And break his aged Heart. Or e'er he dies,
Think, if this kindled Rage ſhould execute
What he has ſworn, to hack thy beauteous Limbs,
Tear thy falſe Fleſh into a thouſand Pieces.
Sem. If that were all my Fear! ———
Ziph. What, hardned! O my Stars!
So quickly perfect in the curſed Trade?
I ſhall go mad with the Imagination.
O Heart! tho Heav'n had op'd the pregnant Clouds,
And teem'd with all the never-erring Gods,
To ſwear to Earth, *Semandra* had been falſe,
Semandra had been falſe to her *Ziphares*,
I wou'd not have believ'd.
Sem. I cannot hear his Grief, nor muſt I cure it.
Farewel — O Prince — Inſtruct me, Heav'n, to ſave him.
Ziph. Stay thee; there's ſomething e'er we part for ever,
That I wou'd ſpeak, if I cou'd make it way.
Sem. Speak then, and ſpeak the mournful'ſt things you can
To break both Hearts.
Ziph. Thou haſt undone me; like a Silver-Froſt,
Thou com'ſt upon the Flower of all Youth,
To nip the tender Bud, and blaſt my Glory:
Yet I will live, *Semandra* will live,
To ſave thee from thy Father's cruel Rage;
For, wicked as thou art, with Grief, I feel,
My Soul looks after thee, and ſeeks thy Safety.
Sem. I ſhall not hold; I feel the climbing Grief: *Aſide.*
My Eyes grow full, and I ſhall give him Death.

Ziph.

Ziph. Farewel, thus, kneeling at thy Feet, I pour
These parting Tears; and ſure, the happy King
In pity will allow this dying Kiſs,
Which my cold Lips print on thy faithleſs Hand.
Oh, [illegible] Vows, for ever here I leave you;
And ſince we never, never muſt behold
Each other more, I'll breath 'em [illegible] again:
Farewel, *Semandra*. Oh, thou'lt never find,
In all thy ſearch of Love, a Heart like mine.
Once more, farewel for ever, falſe *Semandra*.
What? Yet again thy Name? Will my charm'd Tongue
Sound nothing but *Semandra?* Oh, *Semandra!* [*Exit.*

Enter Mithridates, *with Prieſts.*

Sem. The cruel Task is done; and I can hold
No longer! —— (thee;
Mith. Come back, *Semandra*, Empire, Empire calls
Op'n thy Eyes to meet thy coming Glory!
Sem. O barb'rous Prince, may I not die in quiet?
Mith. Talk not of dying.
See this holy Man ——
Sem. Holy! Profane;
All things are now alike to my Diſtraction.
Mith. He inſtantly ſhall join your Hand with mine.
Sem. What means the Tyrant?
Mith. You are now our Queen.
Sem. Firſt, let me ſeek a Dragon in his Den;
Imbrace an Aſpic, curl with Baſilisks,
E'er I give up this Body, this poor Beauty,
To any but my Lord, the wrong'd *Ziphares*.
Mith. I gueſs you wou'd not by your free Conſent;
But I ſhall force, if you refuſe to yield;
This Moment I will take you in my Chariot,
Streight to the Temple, and in Publick wed you.
Tho you refuſe to join in Ceremony,
Inſtead of ſacred Words venting loud Curſes,
'Twill not avail; for when the Myſtery's done,
I'll bear you back, and as my Queen enjoy you.
Sem. I will be dragg'd; die ſtifled with my Grief.

Mith.

Mith. You have the Will, but not the Power to die.
Sem. None! is there none? no pitying God awake?
And are your Prieſts confederate in my Ruin?
They ſure will tell you of your Tyranny,
And fear too much the Anger of the Heav'ns
To force a helpleſs Virgin: They will ſpeak
Your Crime abroad; will you not, Holy Men?
Mith. Let me but hear the Holieſt of 'em croſs me,
By Heav'n, he ſhall go ſacrifice beneath:
Therefore away, Prieſt, forward to the Temple.
Sem. Help, help, you Gods.
Mith. All thought of help is vain.
Give me your beauteous Hand, and willingly,
Or here are Arms to bear you.
Sem. Let 'em be;
Call all your Armies hither to your Aid,
I will not ſtir, nor give this trembling Hand
To gain an Empire: Thus, to th' Earth I'll grow
One Piece; Oh, root me here, ſome pitying God,
And let me loſe my Being, to eſcape him.
Mith. Andravar, raiſe her gently from the Ground;
Take Help, and bring her ſoftly to my Chariot.
[*They take her in their Arms.*
Sem. Stay, *Mithridates*; hear me but one Word;
One Moment's ſtay; Ev'n Malefactors are
Allow'd to ſpeak before their Execution;
And ſhall not I? I, who am Innocent?
'Tis not to thee, but to the Gods, I bow;
Behold; —— but ſee, from you, from you they take me:
O ſave me thus by cruel Men betray'd;
Revenge yourſelves, and right a raviſh'd Maid. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Mithridates *encompass'd with the Ghosts of his Sons, who set Daggers to his Breast, and vanish.*

WHAT ho! *Pelopidas!* why, *Andravar!* Haste to my Help.

Enter Pelopidas *and* Andravar.

Pelop. What wou'd your Majesty?

Mith. I wou'd, what I must ne'er expect on Earth,
The Peace I had. Come nearer. Oh, my Friends!
If Fate did e'er foreshew a Doom in sleep,
Mine is at hand. Last Night, you well remember,
I bore *Semandra* from the thundring Gods,
Who shook the deep Foundations of the Temple,
With the Report of Wrath Divine; yet I,
This desperate Wretch, thro Streets of Fire, did bear her
Back, in a Swoon, to my most inward Closet:
But there you left me, left me to the Rage
Of monstrous Love; which, in the midst of Faintings,
With Transports yet unheard of, forc'd a Joy,
Whose momentary Pleasures will heap on me
Whole Worlds of Furies, Hells of endless Horror!

Pelop. But, Sir, the Dream that may divert your Cares.

Mith. Divert 'em! rather let gather all my Courage
To bulwark in my Soul. O plant me round
With your kind Bodies; hight, if possible,
Heav'ns whetted Vengeance, while I tell the Vision.
After the dreadful Ecstasy was over,
The ravish'd Maid, half-dead with shrieking Prayers,
Burst, at the last, from my relenting Arms,
Ran to my Sword, of which, when I disarm'd her,
She fled the Room, with Cries like one distracted.

Press'd

Preſs'd with Remorſe, I reſted on my Couch,
And ſlept; but, oh, a Dream ſo full of Terror,
The pale, the trembling Mid-night Raviſher
Ne'er ſaw, when cold *Lucretia*'s Mourning-Shade
Her Curtains drew, and laſh'd him in the Face
With her bright Treſſes, dabbled in her Blood.
Pelop. I have heard of Dreams that prov'd ominous;
But I cou'd never fix my Faith on Fancies.
Mith. Methought, by heav'nly Order I was doom'd
To ſeek my Fate alike in th' other World:
Strait, like a Feather, I was borne by Winds
To a ſteep Promontory's Top, from whence
I ſaw the very Mouth of op'ning Hell;
Shooting ſo faſt thro the void Caves of Night,
I had not time to ponder of my Paſſage.
I ſhot the Lake of Oaths, where fleeting Ghoſts,
Whoſe Bodies were unbury'd, beg'd for Waftage:
Then was I thrown down the infernal Courts,
Infinite Fathoms, till I ſoar'd again
To the bright heav'nly Plains, the happy Fields.
Andr. I wonder that the brittle Thred of Thought
Shou'd hold in ſuch a Maze.
Mith. Hah, now it comes.
After that heav'nly Sounds had charm'd my Ears,
Methought I ſaw the Spirits of my Sons,
Slain by my Jealouſy of their Ambition,
Who ſhriek'd, he's come! our cruel Father's come!
Arm, arm, they cry'd, thro all th' enamel'd Grove;
Strait had their Cries alarm'd the wounded Hoſt
Of all thoſe *Romans*, maſſacred in *Aſia*:
I heard the empt Clanck of their thin Arms,
And tender Voices cry, lead *Pompey*, lead.
Strait they came on, with Chariots, Horſe and Foot,
When I had leiſure to diſcern their Chief,
Methought, that *Pompey* was my Son *Ziphares*;
Who caſt his dreadful Pile, and pierc'd my Heart:
Then, ſuch a Din of Death, and Swords and Javelins
Clatter'd about me, that I wak'd with Terror,
And found my ſelf extended on the Floor.

Enter

Enter Pharnaces.

Phar. Arm, arm, great *Mithridates*, the big War
Comes with vaſt Leaps, bounding o'er all the Eaſt;
Which touches to the Torrent: *Pompey* comes;
Pompey the Great, ſaluted Emperor,
And, for ſome Years inſtin'd to govern all
Th' *Italian* Arms, with ſuch a full Commiſſion,
As yet was never granted to a *Roman*.
Pompey, ſo young, ſo ſoft, in ſhining Courts,
That all the *Roman* Ladies languiſh for him:
Pompey, ſo fierce in Camps, ſo brave in Fields,
The very Boys, like *Cupids*, dreſt in Arms,
Clap their young harneſs'd Thighs, and truſt to Battel;
Pompey, *Rome*'s Darling, and Fame's eldeſt Son,
Proclaims with *Mithridates* mortal War.

Mith. Were all well here, what Force, what *Roman* Arms,
What General, marching at the Head of Millions,
Cou'd daunt the bold, the forward *Mithridates?*
But here, *Pharnaces*, in my guilty Boſom,
The fatal Foe does undermine [illegible]:
Black Legions are my Thoughts; not *Pompey*, but
Ziphares comes, with all his Wrongs, for Arms,
Like the Lieutenant of the Gods, againſt me:
Semandra too, like bleeding Victory,
Stands on his ſide, and cries out, Kill, kill, kill
That curſed Parricide, that Raviſher.
Oh, Heav'n, ſuſtain me, or I ſhall go mad;
My ugly Guilt flies in my conſcious Face,
And I am vanquiſh'd, ſlain with Boſom War.

Phar. 'Tis much beneath your Majeſty, to alarm
Your ſelf with Fears.

Mith. Pharnaces, thou art ignorant!
I tell thee, Boy, Remorſe and upſtart Fear
Oppreſſes me, in ſpite of all my Knowledge;
Tho none of thoſe that boaſt Philoſophy
Has made a deeper Search in Nature's Womb,
Than I; (the Mid-night Moon has ſeen my Watchings)
I tell thee, none can name her infinite Seeds

Like

Like me; nor better know her Sparks of Light,
Thoſe Gems that ſhine in the blue Ring of Heav'n;
None knows more Reaſons for, or 'gainſt yon firſt
Bright Cauſe, can talk of Accidents
Above me; yet, I'll tell thee, once again,
There's a Thorn, call'd *Conſcience*, makes it way
Thro' all the Fence of Pleaſure, fortify'd
With Reaſons, that this Ill ſeem'd good to me,
And ſtings thy guilty Father to the Soul.
Pelop. After the Fierceneſs of common Pleaſure,
A ſudden Heavineſs is natural.
Andr. Not but the fading Spirits will revive.
Mith. Never, oh never: nor did I enjoy
Expected Pleaſure, tho theſe Hands did hold,
All Night, her panting Beauties to my Breaſt.
But, oh! what Joy, what Pleaſure, what Content,
Cou'd my griev'd Heart receive in raviſh'd Kindneſs!
Her Lips, which if *Ziphares* had been there,
Wou'd ſure have ſhot their gleamy Warmth at diſtance,
Were cold to me, as Odours are in Froſt:
Her Face, like weeping Marble, damp'd my Flames;
And as I drew her trembling to my Arms,
She fainted ſtill, and woo'd me with ſuch Wailings,
Such Languishings, and broken Sighs to leave her;
That had not more than monſtrous Appetite
Tranſported me, the Roſe had been unblaſted.
Phar. You think of her too much: the Sex of Women,
The raviſh'd Beauties of the Earth together,
Deſerve not half the Grief that clouds your Brow.
Pelop. Your Subjects want you to defend their Lives;
Each Citizen, in Armour clad, defends
His Houſhold-Gods, ſtanding to guard his Door,
And cries, A Leader! let us to the Wars.
Mith. The Thunderbolt of *Mithridates'* Battel,
That tore the *Roman* Banners, now is loſt:
My Arm, my Arm, 'tis my Right Arm is loſt.
Nor will my Trumpets ſound without *Ziphares*:
His Breath was as the Air to all the Army;
His Face was as the Sun, in depth of Winter;

And made cold Cowards blush away their Fears;
But he is set, for ever set in Sorrow.
Andr. Your Majesty is, of your self, sufficient
To lead your eager Troops; or brave *Pharnaces*
Stand forth, to fill *Ziphares'* empty Place.
Pelop. *Ziphares* still your Royal Favour had,
To improve himself in Arms against the *Romans*;
While, in inglorious Fields, *Pharnaces* strove
Amongst *Barbarians*, to get a Name:
And tho, perhaps, he greater Pains employ'd,
In rooting up such Rubbish of the Earth,
Than the other did in felling lofty Trees;
Yet this was paid with Labour, that with Praise.
Mith. Peace, Villains; Peace, conspiring Sycophants;
Now, by the Gods, my Eyes are half unseal'd:
But if the Thought that kindles in my Breast
Finds proper Fuel to increase my Fire,
I shall consume you, Traitors; if I find
(Which I begin to do) that you have play'd
The Villain, *Andravar*, or thou *Pelopidas*,
And laid *Semandra*'s Beauty as a Snare
To catch *Ziphares'* Life, (Oh, all the Gods!)
And ruin me, by placing of the Bait:
Mark me, if ought of this, if any Shadow
Appear, that you conspir'd to betray me;
I'll heap such Horrors on your frighted Souls,
That you shall call your Brother Devils up,
To snatch you hence, rather than stand my Fury.
Pelop. Why shou'd your Majesty suspect your Servants?
Mith. Because thou didst foment my Passion;
And when I view thee well, my Genius bids
Beware of thee: tho thy most subtil Devil
Has wrought me still to listen to thy Lyes;
Thou art, methinks, maliciously contriv'd,
And hast, if ever yet a Villain had,
The Face of a most subtil working Slave.
Andr. We have done nought, but what your Royal Word
Did warrant: if you lov'd, shou'd we rebuke it?
Or durst we think to quench a Fire, which you
Resolv'd shou'd burn?

Mith.

Mith. Yes, Traitors! yes, you ought,
When you had ſeen me going, to have ſtopt me:
My ſtruggling Virtue might, with ſome Aſſiſtance,
Have caſt the Venom of my Paſſion up;
But with your poiſonous Breath you made it rage,
Till I was fit to ruin poor *Semandra*.

Enter Semandra.

But, Oh! behold the Innocence I wrong'd.
Sem. What, doſt thou ſtart? Oh Heavens! *Semandra*
Why, what a Monſter then muſt I appear, (frights him.
Whoſe Form can ſhake the bloody *Mithridates!*
'Tis ſure, thou haſt undone this helpleſs Creature,
And turn'd to mortal Paleneſs all her Beauties; [*Weeping.*
Thou haſt made her hate the Day which once adorn'd
Her open Sweets; how wretched haſt thou made me!
Yet, Oh my Soul, thou inward Knowledge, ſpeak,
How much I hate this violated Shrine.
Mith. Wretched *Semandra!*
Sem. Doſt thou pity me?
Is the long Life of my eternal Grief
Of ſuch a charming Force, that it can fetch
Tears from that Rock? Ah, moſt unheard of Sorrow!
Doſt thou repent? Or are they but feign'd Tears?
What e'er they are, thou ſhouldſt have thought before,
The cruel Conſequence of this dark Deed;
When I was heav'd in Air, and with my Cries
Pierc'd the deaf Heav'ns, and call'd to thee for Mercy,
Then hadſt thou thus diſſolv'd, I ſhou'd have bleſt thee;
But now, thy black Repentance comes too late.
What, Ah! what Satisfaction canſt thou make?
Mith. Inſtruct me.
Sem. No, there is in Nature none;
Since I can never be *Ziphares'* Bride.
For if thou ſhould'ſt conſent to make us One,
And Heav'n ſhou'd warrant it; nay, tho *Ziphares*
Extravagantly ſhou'd conſent to take me,
Ah, cou'd I meet thoſe dear, thoſe faithful Arms,
Which yet, in Sleep, ne'er touch'd a Breaſt but mine,

Thus

Thus wrong'd, and thus defil'd, thus nothing left
Of his *Semandra*, but her ſpotleſs Mind!
This is too much to think. Ah, cruel King!
Now I cou'd curſe, now I cou'd tear my ſelf,
Now I cou'd weep, as if 'twere poſſible
To waſh my Stains out! Tell me, O you Powers,
For I'll be calm, was I not worthy of your Care?
And why, you Gods, was Virtue made to ſuffer?
Unleſs this World be but as Fire, to purge
Her Droſs, that ſhe may mount and be a Star.
Were this but certain; ah! there's nothing ſure,
But my irrevocable Fate; undone *Semandra!*——
This, this is certain, Death with Lots of Honour: [*Exit.*

Mith. Farewel, *Semandra*, thou moſt wrong'd of Women.
But I'll this inſtant go to *Monima*;
And if I find what I ſuſpect, *Pharnaces*,
I'll cut thee off as an infectious Limb;
And, for thoſe Villains, I ſhall quickly know
The Wrong ſhe has had; whoſe accus'd Innocence
If your foul Words have ſully'd with black Slander,
Think not to 'ſcape: for ſhou'd you ride on Charms,
Take Winds to bear you, or the Lightning's Speed,
With panting Horror to the Brink of Hell,
I'd ſweep you from the Verge to Flames beneath,
And ſink your Villanies with weighty Death. [*Exit.*

Phar. Firſt, ſink your ſelf, your Crown and Love together.
Pelopidas, this comes of your cool Counſel:
Had I been heard, *Manima* had been gone,
By this; enjoy'd, and crown'd my Royal Bride;
And we receiv'd, as Conquerors by the *Romans*.
Haſt thou not heard, how when *Tygranes* came,
And caſt his Diadem at *Pompey*'s Feet,
He call'd him King, and rais'd him by that Name
To ſit as Equal to the *Roman* Conſul?
By all the Gods, I will not ſtay a moment,
But take immediately my Flight; except
You ſwear to ſide with *Rome*, call *Pompey* hither,
And haſte with all the Forces we can make,
To join his Army, and betray my Father.

Pelop.

Pelop. A ſudden Thought of lucky Miſchief comes;
Old *Archilaus* is arriv'd, but left
The labour'd Army ſome few Furlongs hence:
You know the violent Love the Soldiers bear
The Prince your Brother; and we know too well,
And ſo do all the murmuring Citizens,
How cruelly your Father lately us'd him:
But that great Mole, the Multitude, ne'er ſees
Who works their Prince, but ſtill take all on truſt;
Therefore I inſtantly will ſpread amongſt 'em,
How *Archilaus* was Conſpirator
Againſt the Prince, and finding more Advantage
To have the King his Son-in-Law, by Letters
Baſely compell'd his Daughter to the Marriage.

Phar. Millions to one but this will ſet 'em on
To tear curſt *Archilaus* like mad Dogs.
Beſides, I find by frequent Murmurs, how
His Subjects are quite tir'd with length of War;
And, but laſt Night, I know no leſs than twelve,
All Captains, who conſpir'd to take the Part
Of *Pompey*, and interceded me to head 'em.

Andr. Purſue the Treaſon, and be ſure it cool not;
While I with *Tryphon* haſten to the Army;
The Prieſt will colour well our Enterprize.
There will we give out all, that Treachery
Can raiſe to fire 'em; how the King has doom'd
The Prince to Death, having firſt raviſh'd from him
The fair *Semandra*, for whoſe ſake he dies.

Phar. While I immediately to *Pompey* ſend,
Who comes, I hear, on haſty March, to fight
Our Army, and beſiege us in our Walls.

Pelop. Thus ſhall the Prince and I rule all within;
And you, with the High-Prieſt my Brother, play
Your Parts without.

Phar. I long to be in Action:
And ſure *Rome* muſt, for the Overthrow,
Give me my Father's Crowns; which Gratitude
Shall diſtribute to both your utmoſt Wiſhes.

Pelop. We muſt not doubt your Bounty. —— But away.

Enter

Enter Ziphares, *with* Iſmenes, *at diſtance.*

Your melancholy Brother may o'er-hear us.

[*Ex.* Phar. Pelop. Andr

Ziph. Oh, my hard Fate! why did I truſt her ever?
What Story is not full of Woman's Falſhood!
The Sex is all a Sea of wide Deſtruction:
We are the ventʼrous Barks that leave our Home,
For thoſe ſure Dangers which their Smiles conceal:
At firſt, they draw us in with flattʼring Looks
Of Summer-Calms, and a ſoft Gale of Sighs:
Sometimes, like *Syrens*, charm us with their Songs,
Dance on the Waves, and ſhew their golden Locks:
But when the Tempeſt comes, then, then they leave us,
Or rather help the new Calamity,
And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman.
The Lightning, follow'd with a Thunder-bolt,
Is marble-hearted Woman: All the Shelves,
The faithleſs Winds, blind Rocks, and ſinking Sands,
Are Women all; the Wrecks of wretched Men.
Prithee, *Iſmenes*, while I lay me down,
Charm me with ſome ſad Song into a Slumber.

SONG: *By Sir* Car Scroop.

I.

ONE Night when all the Village ſlept,
Myrtillo's ſad Deſpair,
The wandring Shepherd waking kept,
To tell the Woods his Care.
Be gone, ſaid he, fond Thoughts, be gone;
Ev'n, give your Sorrows o'er:
Why ſhou'd you waſte your Tears for one
That thinks on you no more?

II.

Ye all the Birds, the Flocks, and Pow'rs,
That dwell within this Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours
We here have paſs'd in

You

Yon Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn
A thouſand times, that like to thoſe
Her Flame ſhou'd never burn.

III.

But, ſince ſhe's loſt, Oh! let me have
My Wiſh, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie.
Sad Nightingales the Watch ſhall keep,
And kindly here complain.
Then down the Shepherd lay to ſleep,
But never wak'd again.

Enter Archilaus.

Arch. How now, *Iſmenes*? Prithee, gentle Boy,
Inſtruct me where to find thy Royal Maſter.
What! doſt thou weep? I charge thee bring me to him.
Iſme. See there my Lord.
Arch. Bleſs me, you' Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Upon the Earth! It cannot be thy Maſter.
Is that a Poſture for a Conqueror?
He who ſo bravely beat the *Romans* back,
A General and Triumpher? Haſte, and ſhew me.
Iſme. By Heav'n, it's true, my Lord; there lies the Prince.
Arch. Something my Heart preſag'd, when having left
The Army, I came poſting to the Court;
And ſcarce receiv'd a Welcome from my Friends;
They ſaid the Prince had triumph'd, but I ſaw
Not the leaſt Track of ſuch a Glory left,
No glimmering Twilight of ſo full an Honour.
There has been foul Play, and I'll find it out.
Ziph. Away, *Semandra*, cruel Woman, leave me.
Arch. Ha! goes it there? *Ziphares*, Prince arise.
Ziph. Ha! who is there? Old *Archilaus*!
Arch. Why
Do I not ſee you in a Chariot,

With

With all the Pride of *Aſia*'s brighteſt Gems?
Why mount you not the Throne which you deſerve,
The Lords of *Colchis* waiting as your Slaves?
Give me ſome Reaſon why I ſee you thus.
Ziph. Alas, he had no hand in her Revolt,
Nor knows, not yet, perhaps, how ſhe has us'd me:
Why do I ſeem thus ſtrange then? — Oh, *Archilaus*,
(For I muſt never call thee Father more)
Pardon my faulty Carriage.
Arch. Forbear theſe ſtrict Embraces,
Your Tears, your hanging on my Boſom thus:
Your Sighs reduce my Age to ſobbing Childhood,
And make an Infant of your poor old Man.
Ziph. Did I not ſay, I never more muſt call
Thee Father?
Arch. Yes, you did.
Ziph. Fond, fooliſh Sorrow!
Thou art, thou ſhalt, thou muſt be ſtill my Father,
My Brother, Siſter, Miſtreſs, All, my Friend;
For all but thou have left me: no kind Eye
Pities the Suff'rings of abus'd *Ziphares*;
They fly, all fly from my infectious Fortune.
Arch. Nay, good dear Prince, ſtand up, you ſmother all
Your Words with Groans: dry up this womaniſh Grief,
Speak, dear Sir, declare the curſed Cauſe,
The baleful Spring, the Source of all this Miſchief.
Ziph. Wou'd you believe it? ſcarce can I my ſelf:
Oh Heav'ns! and oh, you ever burning Lights,
Who have beheld at Midnight from your Orbs
Our Flames, that kindled bright and chaſte as your's;
Which of you all, which moſt malignant Star,
Shew me that envious Fire that croſt our Loves,
That I may curſe him from his fatal Sphere.
Arch. Name it, I ſay, the Ground of all this Trouble.
I feel a warm Revenge run thro my Blood,
As if I had put off ſome forty Years:
Methinks I ſtand as fit to fight the Cauſe
Of Friendſhip now, as then I cou'd my Love's.
But ſpeak?
Ziph. Thy Daughter ——

Arch.

Arch. Well, I gueſs'd Fate wounded there.

Ziph. *Semandra*, my moſt fair, dear, gentle Miſtreſs.

Arch. If ſhe be falſe, ſhe is no longer fair.

Ziph. That ſweet proteſting Creature, that pure White-
Where I ſo deep had writ my Vows in Blood, [neſs,
Is taken from me.

Arch. By her own Conſent?

Ziph. Moſt certain. That eternal Bond of Oaths,
Committed to her keeping, now is cancell'd:
Ev'n her fair Hand, the Seal of all my Love,
Her Hand has given her faithleſs Heart away.

Arch. Then, ſhe is falſe? you know her to be ſo?

Ziph. Falſe, falſe, as Waters, Winds, or wandring Fires;
She is more falſe than Woman can believe.

Arch. The opening of her Treachery, come, how (was't?
Particular Revenge wou'd know Particulars:
At firſt, I gueſs'd, ſhe did receive you kindly.

Ziph. Quite contrary, as if ſhe ne'er had ſeen me;
Quite alter'd, quite eſtrang'd, reſerv'd and cold;
With all the Coyneſs of a baſe-born Beauty,
Made proud with Pow'r: Not one tender Look,
The very Accent of her Voice was chang'd,
Nor was ſhe to be known but by her Beauty,
Nought elſe cou'd ſpeak her to my Senſe the ſame,
O nothing, but the Face of my *Semandra*.

Arch. When my keen Sword ſhall glitter in her Eyes,
Doubt not, but I ſhall make her know you well;
And tho you never grace her with your Favour,
For ſhe is now unworthy your Embraces;
Yet I will bring the Traytreſs to your Knees.

Ziph. Can it be
Thou ſhou'dſt be ignorant, ſhe's paſt the giving?

Arch. I have not met the News, which yo[u] ſwoln
Appear ſo big with. (Eyes

Ziph. Here I am loſt again;
Here all my Courage, which has born the Blow
Of ſterneſt War, ſhrinks like a beaten Coward:
Here, I confeſs, my Piety gives way,
I cou'd fall out with the forgetful Gods,
And curſe the cruel Author of my Being.

No,

No, Tyrant, no, thou bloody Parent, think not
That I will bear it longer. I'll forget,
Like thee, all Nature, all Remorſe, all Pity,
And ſnatch her from thee, wedded as you are.

Arch. What, wedded! married!

Ziph. Wedded, marry'd, bedded;
He has enjoy'd her, rifled that fair Casket
Where all the Riches of my Life are laid:
Yes, yes, you Gods, I ſaw 'em paſs along,
Paſs to the Temple, thro the crouded Streets,
Saw 'em come back, darted my wiſhing Eyes
At her falſe Face, with ſuch accuſing Glances,
She fainted in the Chariot; yes, I ſaw her
Sink pale, and dying down: but there I loſt her,
And left her to the Revels of the Night,
To be enjoy'd, ev'n this laſt Night enjoy'd.

Arch. By all the Honours which ſhe has diſhonour'd,
She ſhall not live another.

Ziph. Oh, my Father!
Cou'd you but gueſs the Pains that I endur'd!
Oh all the ſubtleſt Fits of ſharpeſt Sickneſs,
Were nothing to the Torments which I bore.
I tim'd ev'n their diſrobing Kiſſes, Smiles,
The firſt Embraces, and the wrecking Joy;
At there methought Fancy it ſelf was ſtopt,
It cou'd no more. The limit of my Life
Was found, the End of all my Joys on Earth.

Arch. She dies; not Deſtiny ſhall ſave her from us:
As ſhe has ſworn, and as ſhe has forſworn,
I'll draw my Sword, bath'd in her deareſt Blood,
From forth her Heart-ſtrings, while the rank red Weeds
Cling to my reeking Blade! Or wou'd you more?
I am grown up to your Anger.

Ziph. General, hold:
I have been impious in my vented Rage;
For which, Oh pardon me, my Royal Father,
And you, moſt injur'd Pow'rs, whom I offend!
And, Oh, whatever ſhall become of me,
Forgive the fair, the falſe, the lov'd *Semandra*.
If while I live thou mark her gentle Limbs

With the leaſt Wound, it ends *Ziphares'* Life;
Or if thou hurt her after I am dead,
Thou'lt raiſe my Aſhes up in Arms againſt thee.

Iſme. My Lord, the Queen *Semandra's* coming hither.

Ziph. Say'ſt thou?

Iſme. The Queen —— But ſee, ſhe enters.

Ziph. Ha!

Enter Semandra.

Sem. Oh *Ziphares!* O Prince! Oh thou moſt wrong'd!

Ziph. How can this be? Madam, you ought at leaſt
To have ſent me word; for now, inſtead of Songs,
I can preſent you nothing but my Tears;
A beating Heart, and Groans that will not ſuit
With your moſt happy State, your bleſt Condition.

Sem. Ah, did you rightly underſtand my Suff'rings,
You wou'd not wound a bleeding, dying Creature:
But I'll endure yet more. When I am dead,
And 'tis too late, you'll murmur to your ſelf,
At leaſt I might have heard what the poor Wretch
Cou'd ſay.

Arch. Oh Syren! but I will be huſh'd. [*Aſide.*

Ziph. What canſt thou ſay, if I reſolve to hear thee?
Thou wilt but tear the Wounds which thou haſt made.
This Viſit was moſt cruel: Why com'ſt thou then,
For fear I ſhou'd forget thee? Mercileſs Woman!

Arch. Yet let us hear her, Prince; let's hear the Sorce-
That when ſure Vengeance overtakes her Crimes, (reſs;
She may have nought to anſwer.

Sem. The good God
Reward that Voice of Mercy; firſt thou, my Lord.

Ziph. No; I'll be gone, fly, *Archilaus*, fly,
She has a Tongue that can undo the World.
She eyes me juſt as when ſhe firſt inflam'd me,
Such were her Looks, ſo melting was her Language,
Such falſe ſoft Sighs, and ſuch deluding Tears,
When from her Lips I took the luſcious Poiſon,
When with that pleaſing perjur'd Breath avowing,

Her

Her Whiſpers trembl'd thro theſe credulous Ears,
And told the Story of my utter Ruin.
Arch. Nay; 'tis impoſſible to clear her ſelf;
And it was Impudence to offer at it;
Therefore, thou ſhameleſs Off-ſpring of my Blood,
I'll cut thee from me: thus, with all thy Crimes,
Die, as thou didſt deſire. [*Half-drawing, ſtopt by* Ziph.
Ziph. Hold thy Hand;
I charge thee, touch her not,
Arch. By Heav'n, ſhe dies:
I may diſpoſe my own, ſhe ſhall not live.
Ziph. By all the Gods, ſhe ſhall, while I have Breath;
And, if thou draw'ſt, I'll guard her Life with mine.
I ſhou'd be loth to lift my Arm 'gainſt thee
Of all Mankind; but were my Father here
Reſolv'd to give her Death, I wou'd oppoſe him.
Sem. Draw agen, and ſheath your Weapons in my (Breaſt,
In curſt *Semandra's* Heart; but for the World,
Oh Father, do not wound the Prince *Ziphares:*
And, oh *Ziphares*, do not hurt my Father!
Upon my Knees, I beg you to be calm,
And hear me thus.
Ziph. Oh riſe! Falſe, as thou art,
Thou once wert Empreſs of my Soul, and I
Will drag thy Chains: Speak then, *Semandra*, ſpeak;
For I'm doz'd ſo weary with complaining,
That I cou'd ſtand and liſten to the Winds,
And think that Woman talk'd; obſerve the Rain,
And think that Woman wept; or, in the Clouds,
Behold *Semandra's* Form ſtill fleeting from me.
But, ſpeak, I loſe my Senſes with my Woes.
Arch. He has ſav'd thy Life; come, make a handſom
In recompence. (Lye
Sem. I will be ſhort, as true.
When you were gone to Wars, the King relaps'd;
How prompted, Heav'n beſt knows: And when with
Conqueſt
You came from Battel, he with dreadful Threats
Compell'd me to receive you in that manner.

Ziph. Ah, cruel Creature! what, what Menaces,
What fear of Death, cou'd ſo have made *Ziphares*
Receive *Semandra*?

Sem. Not Racks, nor all the Tortures
Which Hell combin'd cou'd put into the Hearts
Of bloodieſt Tyrants, ſhou'd have forc'd me to't.
But, Oh! your Life, which he with deepeſt Oaths
Had ſworn to take, unleſs I ſeem'd to ſcorn you;
That daſh'd my Spirits, baffled all the daring
Of my defenceleſs Heart: There, I confeſs,
The Woman work'd; I trembled and agreed
To ſee you ſo, rather than loſe you ever.

Arch. Now, by my Arms, ſhe has come off with wonder!

Sem. And think, my Lord, reflect upon yourſelf;
I dare believe ſo dearly once you lov'd me,
That were you certain I ſhou'd loſe my Life,
Unleſs you us'd me in that very manner,
I know you wou'd conſtrain your Flame awhile,
And ſeem as cold, and as reſerv'd as I.

Ziph. Oh Heart! Oh bleeding Love! but ſpeak, *Semandra*,
For there is wondrous Reaſon, mighty Senſe
In what you ſay: And I cou'd hear you ever.

Sem. When you were gone, the cruel King came in,
And without ſtop propos'd the fatal Marriage,
Which being deny'd, he forc'd me to the Temple.
Yet, at the Altar, I deny'd my Hand,
Invok'd the Gods with the moſt violent Sorrow,
Tears, Sighs, and Swoonings; curs'd the frighted Prieſts,
Struck down the Cenſors, and like one diſtracted
I mangled my own Fleſh: but all in vain,
I was ſuppos'd his Queen, and ſo enjoy'd.

Ziph. Then ſtill thy Heart, thy Heart was mine, *Semandra*?

Sem. It was, it is, for ever ſhall be yours.

Ziph. Oh, at thy Feet let me for ever lie,
Thus hang upon thy Knees with dying Graſps,
Thou moſt wrong'd Innocence, abus'd *Semandra*.

Sem. Oh, my dear Lord, you ſhall not kneel without me.

Ziph. Thou art not falſe then!

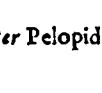
Sem.

Sem. Cou'd you think me ſo?
Falſe to my Life, my Soul, my All I have!
Ziph. I did; I thought thee falſe, and I deſerve
To die for wronging thy moſt matchleſs Faith:
For thou art true; conſtant, as pining Turtles;
Conſtant, as Courage to the Brave in Battel;
Conſtant, as Martyrs burning for the Gods.
Arch. What Changes drive the Buſineſs of the World!
Come, no more weeping: Riſe,
Think on the King, if he ſhou'd take you thus.
Ziph. Oh riſe *Semandra*; what, what are we doing!
Why, *Archilaus*, why didſt thou cut me off
The Moment's Pleaſure which my Thoughts were forming?
Thy cruel Breath quite broke the brittle Glaſs
Of my ſhort Life, and ſtopt the running Sand.
What ſhall we do, *Semandra?*
Sem. Part and die.
Ziph. Die, 'tis reſolved; but how? That, that muſt be
My future care: And with that Thought I leave thee.
Go then, thou ſetting Star; take from theſe Eyes,
(Theſe Eyes, that if they ſee thee, will be wiſhing)
O take thoſe languiſhing pale Fires away,
And leave me to the wide, dark Den of Death.
Sem. Something within ſobs to my boding Heart;
Semandra ne'er ſhall ſee *Ziphares* more.
Ziph. Away then; part, for ever part, *Semandra:*
Let me alone ſuſtain thoſe rav'nous Fates,
Which like to famiſh'd Tygers are gone out,
And have us in the Wind. Death come upon me;
Night, and the bloodieſt Deed of Darkneſs end me.
But Oh! for thee, for thee, if thou muſt die,
I beg of Heav'n this laſt, this only Favour,
To give thy Life a painleſs Diſſolution:
Oh! may thoſe raviſh'd Beauties fall to Earth
Gently, as wither'd Roſes leave their Stalks:
May Death be mild to thee, as Love was cruel;
Calm, as the Spirits in a Trance decay;
And ſoft, as thoſe who ſleep their Souls away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Pelopidas, Andravar, *Prieſts encompaſs'd with* Romans.

Pelop.  *Omans*, who ſend your Laws far as the Sun
His Beams, and whom the Univerſe beholds
With Joy, yet dreads your Anger as the Gods,
Why move you to the Ruin of this Tyrant,
To the ſure Death of bloody *Mithridates*;
As if you fear'd, or car'd not he ſhou'd die?
Can you ſuſpect an Ambuſh? Or that we
Shou'd dare betray you, yielding thus our Perſons,
Our Lives, our Prince himſelf into your Hands?

Andr. This Man, to whom the ſervile Prieſts bow down,
Who wears a Crown in Honour of his Place,
And ſacred Wouth, abandons all his Glories
T'atteſt the Truth of what we have declar'd.

Enter Pharnaces.

But ſee, the fierce, the great *Pharnaces*
Comes on to meet you; wave his Royalties:
Therefore, O mighty *Romans*, give him Audience.

Phar. That I am rough, and of an untaught Spirit,
All the Eaſt knows; I ever ſcorn'd thoſe Slaves
With whom I have been bred; and when my Father
Order'd Barbarian Princes for my Maſters
In Arts and Arms, I ſpurn'd 'em from my Preſence;
And rather choſe, ſince *Rome* might not inſtruct me,
Nature in all my Actions for my Guide.
Hence cou'd I brook more hardly the fierce Mind
Of our inhuman Parent *Mithridates*.

My

My eldeſt Brother's Fate did kindle firſt
My fiery Soul to a moſt ſwift Revenge;
For when the State of *Boſphorus* demanded
That Prince for King, he bound the gallant Youth
In golden Chains, and doom'd him to be ſlain:
Two more were by his boundleſs Fury ſtrangled;
And then the laſt but me, the brave *Ziphares*,
Laſt Night was murder'd in the Tyrant's Palace:
In whoſe ſad Cauſe, the Squadrons which he led
Of late ſo valiantly againſt you *Romans*,
Attend ſome Furlongs hence to join your Banners.
If this be true, not to recount the Slaughters
Of all his Queens and poiſon'd Concubines,
I think the World (*Rome* I ſhou'd firſt have nam'd)
Will little cenſure this ſo juſt Revolt.
If you ſuſpect me falſe, behold *Pharnaces*,
Ne'er yet detain'd, but free as roving *Lions*
That ſwept at will like *Winds in Deſarts wild*;
Behold him, with theſe noble Hoſtages,
Your Priſ'ner to be bound the Slave of *Rome*.
Rom. Capt. Lead us on to Victory.
Omnes. To Victory.
Phar. On then, you Race of Heav'n, you Seed of Gods;
And to immortalize *Pharnaces'* Name,
Plant me, like Thunder breaking from this Cloud,
Foremoſt; while all the rattling Engines follow.
Monima, whom this Tyrant raviſh'd from me,
I hear is fled to *Pompey*: Her I ask
For my Reward, with half his ſpreading Empire.
But I have Words; let's act, and then make claim.
And, O remember, when we ſtorm the Town,
Remember that moſt horrid Maſſacre
Of *Aſia*: Whet on your blunted Spirits,
Till with the Motion Lightning edge your Souls
To mow off hoary Heads, hurl Infants puling
From the lugg'd Breaſt, kill in the very Womb:
To Beauty's cries be deaf, make all *Synope*
But one vaſt Grave, to hold the infinite Bodies
Which we muſt ſhovel in; and when you ſee
The Head of *Mithridates* in this Hand,

Then think who ever dar'd for *Rome* like me,
Or bought an Empire at a Price ſo dreadful:
Then yield the Beauty I ſo much deſire,
And all thoſe Crowns to which my Thoughts aſpire.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Ziphares, Archilaus.

Ziph. 'Tis late; the gath'ring Clouds, like meeting Armies,
Come on a-pace, and Mortals now muſt die,
Till the bright Ruler of the riſing Day
Creates 'em new. The wakeful Bird of Night
Claps her dark Wings to th' Windows of the dying.
General, good Night.

Arch. Sir, I'll not leave you yet;
I do not like the dusky boding Eve.
Well I remember, Sir, how you and I
Have often on the Watch in Winter walk'd,
Clad in cold Armour, round the ſleeping Camp,
Till cover'd o'er from Head to Foot with Snow,
The Centineſs have ſtarted at our March,
And thought us Ghoſts ſtalking in Winding-ſheets:
And do you think I cannot watch you now,
Thus cover'd, and beneath this bounteous Roof?
Sleep, Sir; I'll guard you from ſuſpected Danger.

Ziph. Danger! there's none; no Shadow of a Harm;
Dear General, you'll oblige me to retire:
We'll meet to morrow with the earlieſt Dawn;
I'm troubled now, and heavy; in the Morning,
Soon as you pleaſe, you ſhall have Entrance here;
And then, I truſt the bounteous Gods, you'll find
A wondrous Alteration. Sleep may charm
My talking Griefs, and huſh 'em faſt for ever.

Arch. 'Tis that I fear —— I tell you there are Deaths
Brooding this Night abroad. A recluſe Prieſt,
Surpriz'd with mortal Sickneſs, was this Evening,
As he himſelf deſir'd, ta'en from his Bed,
And carry'd to the Cloſet of the King;

Where,

Where, after ſome cloſe Conference, he expir'd.
Immediately your Father Orders gave,
For doubling all his Guards, and went in fury
To *Monima*'s Apartment, where, 'twas ſaid,
Pharnaces had been gone awhile before.
Ziph. I ever thought that Brother moſt ambitious;
But what is this to me?
Arch. What follow'd does
Concern both you and me, and all the Eaſt;
For ſtrait, when the ſick Prieſt had breath'd his laſt,
The ſacred Oil, which for a hundred Years
Supplied the Sun behind the golden Veil,
Went out, and all the myſtick Lights were quench'd;
Strange doleful Voices ſhrilly eccho'd thro
The darken'd Fane; the Monuments did open,
And all the Marble-Tombs, like Spunges ſqueez'd,
Spouted big ſweet; the Curtain was conſum'd
With wondrous Flame; and every ſhining Altar
Diſſolv'd to yellow Puddle, which anon
A Flaſh of thirſty Lightning quite lick'd up:
While thro the Streets your murder'd Brothers rode,
Arcathias, *Mithridates*, and *Machares*,
And madded all the ſcreeming Multitude.
Is not this ſtrange?
Ziph. The Gods reproach my Slackneſs. [*Aſide.*
'Tis ſtrange! moſt wondrous ſtrange! once more I pray thee,
By all our Friendſhip, leave me to myſelf.
Arch. Ah, Prince, you cannot hide
Your Purpoſe from your narrow-ſearching Friend:
I find it, by the ſinking of your Spirits,
Your hollow Speech, deep Muſings, eager Looks,
Whoſe fatal Longings quite devour their Objects;
You have decreed, by all the Gods you have,
This Night to end your Life.
Ziph. Away,
I never thought thee troubleſome till now.
Arch. I care not; ſpite of all that you can do,
I'll ſtay, and weep you into Gentleneſs:
Your faithful Soldier, this old doting Fool,
Shall be more troubleſome than one that's wiſer.

By Heav'n, you ſhall not hurt your precious Life:
I'll ſtay, and wait you, wake here till I die;
Follow you as a fond and fearful Father
Wou'd watch a deſperate Child.

Ziph. I'll tell thee then,
Since thou wilt tear the Secret from my Breaſt,
And dive into the Bottom of my Soul,
This Night muſt end me: Make not a Reply;
'Tis fix'd as faſt and ſure as are my Woes.
Didſt thou but know what 'tis to love like me,
And to be ſo belov'd; O *Archilaus!*
Yet to be paſt all Hope of Happineſs,
Of ever taſting thoſe deſired Beauties,
Of any Dawn, leaſt Glimpſe, or Spark of Comfort;
Didſt thou not hate me much, even thou wou'dſt kill me.

Arch. If that my Death (for that indeed's but little)
Cannot once move you from this dreadful Deed,
Yet Prince, your Country, which muſt fall without you,
Your bleeding Country muſt obtain at leaſt,
That you wou'd live to free her from her Foes:
Your Glory calls, your ſinking Father begs,
That you wou'd ſave your Country from the *Romans.*

Ziph. Much I indeed have got by conquering *Rome,*
And to much purpoſe loſt my deareſt Blood!
Much have my Wounds deſerv'd; and Heav'n can tell
How nobly I have been rewarded for 'em!
I tell thee, *Archilaus,* I have ſworn,
Were I to live, I wou'd not fight again:
The World ſhou'd neither better be nor worſe
For me. But I waſte time; and to convince thee,
Since thou wilt have the trouble to behold
My Death, I bid thee now farewel for ever.

Arch. Hold, Sir.

Ziph. I will; and talk as calmly to thee
As any dying *Roman* of 'em all:
I have conſider'd well of what I do,
And I will periſh with as little Noiſe
As Fate cou'd wiſh, that wou'd not be accus'd.

Arch. I'll follow you.

Ziph.

Ziph. I wou'd intreat thee not;
hou haſt no Sorrows that are paſt the Sufferance:
nd ſure my flying Soul will hang her Wing,
Vhen ſhe ſhall feel thy weighty Death upon her.
), *Archilaus*, leave me to my Fate;
f thou muſt ſee me fall, I charge thee live,
t leaſt ſo long to tell *Semandra* of me:
ome Token of my ill-ſtarr'd Love,
Which Empire cou'd not win to live without her.
Dip in the Blood which trickles from my Heart
Thy Handkerchief; and bid her keep it for me,
As a Remembrance now and then to mourn me:
Swear to do this.

Arch. This I will do; and, mark me, cruel Prince,
If thus thou violate that Royal Frame,
Tearing the gallant Spirit from his Manſion,
I ſwear, by what I tremble at, thy Death,
I'll double all thy Wound upon *Semandra*.

Ziph. Ha!

Arch. I'll tear her piece-meal, and ſo hack her Limbs,
Thou ſhalt not know her in the other World.

Ziph. Oh Torture! dear, good *Archilaus*, hold;
I know thou canſt not mean ſuch Cruelty.
Why doſt thou rack me thus with Thoughts in Death,
That are much heavier even than Death itſelf?
Why doſt thou make my Eyes thus ſwim in Tears?
I charge thee do not hurt her; for the ſake
Of all the Gods, be gentle to my Love;
I beg for Mercy to the ſoft *Semandra*.
Alas, if ſhe deſerv'd, as ſhe is faultleſs,
She cou'd not bear the Wounds which we can bear.

Arch. Give me your Promiſe then that you will live;
but this Night, or I have ſworn her Death.

Ziph. Thou haſt found the Means to charm me into Life,
And keep me on the Rack; but no more Threats
Againſt *Semandra*: 'Twas unkindly done,
And I grow angry at my Fate's delay.

Arch. Why will you be thus forward? Live to Night,
Be careful of yourſelf but till the Morn:
Methinks there may be Wonders wrought e'er then.

Ziph.

Ziph. O *Archilaus!* 'tis impoſſible:
Had ſhe been raviſh'd by another Man,
I cou'd have clear'd her with the Villain's Blood;
But by my Father touch'd, what Miracle
Can work me into Hope? Heav'n here is Bankrupt;
The wondring Gods bluſh at the Want of Pow'r,
And, quite abaſh'd, confeſs they cannot help me.
Arch. Sure, by yon lighted Torches, I diſcern
Your Father moving this way.
Ziph. Ha; my Father!
How my Fleſh trembles! I cou'd do a Deed
Wou'd make us both run mad. Draw, *Archilaus*;
Yet ſtay: What Devil ſtarts thus in my Blood,
And turns my Reaſon to the Maze of Folly?
No; let us ſuffer more, if poſſible:
Yet I will ſhun his Preſence. Oh, you Pow'rs,
Is that a Crime? Anſwer me, if it be;
And I will meet him, tho his Sight ſhould blaſt me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mithridates, *Captain of the Guards, and Attendants.*

Mith. Betray'd! and by my Son! given up a Prey
For the inſulting *Romans* to devour!
Pharnaces is the Traitor, that *Pharnaces*
Who was t'inherit all that Space of Empire,
Which Fortune gave to this unhappy King!
O Friends, when from the Palace-Gate we ſally'd,
And drove the bold Aſſailants thro the City,
The impious Boy charg'd, as I foremoſt rode,
And brav'd my Fury with his Bever up.
But, Oh the Gods! I who before had crimſon'd
My Arms with Blood of Rebels; I who mov'd
With Whirlwinds ſwiftneſs ſtill on every ſide,
And toſt like Leaves the weightieſt Foes about me,
Now ſtood, as if Gorgonian Charms had fixt me:
Nor know I more.
Capt. Your Sword, great Sir, when you
Awhile had gaz'd on that audacious Prince,

Fell

Fell from your Hand, your mighty Spirit left you:
And as ſome famous Piece of antique Work,
When the ſunk Props and waſted Beams decay,
Staggers and nods before the Ruin comes;
So totter'd your Royal Fabrick e'er it fell:
And as our Arms receiv'd you, curs'd *Pharnaces*,
Born but Ambition to a Murder new,
Offer'd a Wound, and 'twas with great Expence
Of Lives, we bore your Body to the Palace.

Mith. My Senſes blaze; my laſt I know is come;
My laſt of Hours: 'Tis wondrous horrid! Now
My lawleſs Love, and boundleſs Pow'r reproach me.
But will think no more on't. Come, my Friends,
Let's meet theſe *Romans*, and my Rebel Son;
Let's kill till we are weary, then lie down
And reſt for ever: O 'tis noble Ruin!
Creatures of vileſt Make, upon diſguſt,
With Knives or Cords ſet looſe their Coward Souls;
But we will live in ſpite to grieve the World,
While Life will laſt, or any Spirits hold.
O that like Serpents hewn, we ſtill might move,
Our Limbs lopt off, and kill with every Parcel!

Enter Semandra.

Sem. 'Tis done; my Ruin is at laſt reveng'd,
And cruel *Mithridates* is no more:
That famous wicked Man ſhall kill no more;
Faln is the Murderer, he ſhall love no more
Another's Right; ſhall ravish now no more.

Mith. O Horror! ſnatch me, Furies, from her Preſence;
Gape wide, O Earth, and ſwallow me alive.

Sem. I go before, but never ſhall we meet
On Earth again, inhuman *Mithridates*:
Yet I rejoice not, be my Witneſs, Heav'n,
At thoſe Calamities that come upon thee;
But think 'em juſt, and with a dread Reflection
Behold thy Fate, and wonder at the Gods:
Not but thy Son, my Love, my loſt *Ziphares*,
And I, in lamentable Shapes, made up

By

By Death's own Hand, will tell 'em all thy Story.
For ever thus, thou Raviſher of Honour,
I leave thee to the Vultures of thy Conſcience,
To all the Stings Ambition feels in Death,
Or Luſt, the Rape committed. O, you Pow'rs
Make firm my Hand, for an Exploit to crown
My Life, whoſe Buſineſs ſhall be quickly done. [*Exit.*

Mith. Away, to Arms, to Arms; plunge deep in Blood;
Be quick to die. Were all the *Roman* Piles,
And *Scythian* Darts, and *Parthia's* poiſon'd Arrows,
Shot thro this Body, her Words wound me more.
I'll not endure't; ruſh to the fatal War:
I wou'd be drunk with Death, and ſteaming Slaughter,
To ſtupify the Senſe of inward Torment.
Haſte then, and wallow in the murd'ring Field,
Thro all the Avenues to Battel fly;
They who have liv'd in Blood, in Blood muſt die.
[*Exeunt.*

Trumpets. Enter Pelopidas, Andravar, *their Swords drawn, with a Lamp.*

Pelop. Yonder he ſallies, furious for Deſtruction,
And now full Scope is giv'n to act our Buſ'neſs,
And end the ſad *Ziphares.*

Andr. I am glad
The Chance is faln to us: To Death, nay more,
To Hell, I hate him, and to have him ſlain
By any Hand but mine, wou'd pall the Murder.

Pelop. The Palace now is drain'd
Of all the glittering Hoſt that twinkled here,
Following their King, to ſhoot the Gulph of Ruin;
And it was order'd well by Prince *Pharnaces*,
While with the *Romans* he diſpatch'd his Father,
That we ſhou'd kill his drooping Brother. Ha!
I hear ſome Tread! your Lamp muſt wink awhile.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. Oh, 'tis too much; I never ſhall ſleep more.
How loud the Voice of Fate ſounds every where!

Trumpets

Trumpets and Drums! yet old *Archilaus*,
With Grief and Watching ſpent, in ſpite of all
Thoſe Tides of Care that ſwell'd e'er while ſo high,
Lies like a Child that braul'd himſelf to ſleep.
Iſmene too, that wept to ſee me mourn,
Falls on his Breaſt, and nods his Tears away;
So ſleeps the Sea-Boy on the cloudy Maſt,
Safe as a drouſy *Tryton*, rack'd with Storms,
While toſſing Princes wake on Beds of Down.

Pelop. 'Tis he; prepare.

Andr. Both periſh, if he eſcape.

Ziph. This Darkneſs fills my Breaſt with Horror: Now,
Now I may do the Deed; which done, all's ſure:
It ſhall be ſo, and thus I will deceive him:
But then he kills *Semandra*. Whence this Light?
Swords! Vizors! What Aſſaſſinates are theſe?
Wou'd they were more, for Ruin is my Wiſh;
Yet I diſdain to fall by Villains Hands. [*Beats 'em off.*

Enter Semandra, *with a Dagger in her Hand.*

Sem. Where do I wander in the diſmal Shades
Of this black Night? There's not a Soul beneath,
Who dy'd, as I muſt do, for fatal Love,
Knows better all the gloomy Arbours there,
Than I each Chamber in this Houſe of Death.
'Twas here the godlike Prince did woo me firſt,
Sigh'd his firſt Vows, and wept me into Paſſion;
Where ſhall I find him, that moſt perfect Soul?
Whoſe Witneſs will to after Ages anſwer
For all the ſported Loves of perjur'd Men.
Meet him I muſt, and run into his Arms;
Both with a Royal Blow, which firſt ſhall drive
This Dagger to my Heart; then ruſh upon him,
Then claſp him cloſe, then he'll believe me true.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. This Way the Cowards fly; this Way the Noiſe (goes,
I think thou haſt it there, and canſt not 'ſcape me.

Sem.

Sem. I thank the Gods, I ſhall not. Let me kiſs
The Hand that kills me. Oh too gracious Heav'n!
Semandra now is happy.
Ziph. Semandra! what;
What ſay'ſt thou? ſpeak again, thou diſmal Voice.
Sem. O that I cou'd ſee your Face before I die:
Thoſe Eyes, where I wou'd look my Soul away.
Ziph. Awake; what oh, *Iſmenes!* haſte, a Light;
Haſte hither, Father *Archilaus*, haſte!
My Heart bodes Ruin, we are all undone.

Enter Archilaus, *and* Iſmenes, *with a Light.*

Oh, Father, either I am charm'd, or here
Semandra lies, ſlain by this dreadful Hand.
Arch. Our Guardian Spirits ſhield us, 'tis my Daughter.
Ziph. Curs'd Fate! malicious Stars! you now have (drain'd
Your ſelves of all your poiſonous Influence;
Ev'n the laſt baleful Drop is ſhed upon me.
Sem. Give me thy Hand, moſt matchleſs of thy Kind;
O join us, Father, join us thus in Death:
Now thou art mine; and we'll be wedded too
In th'other World; our Souls ſhall there be mixt:
Who knows but there our Joys may be compleat?
A happy Father thou; and I, perhaps,
The ſmiling Mother of ſome little Gods.
Ziph. Oh, *Archilaus*, if thou lov'ſt her Memory,
Fly to the King, and let him underſtand
The Truth of all: if he be pleas'd to hear her,
Intreat him haſte, the Pangs of Death are on her.
Arch. I will, if Tears will let me find the way:
And, by your leave, theſe Weapons ſhall be mine. [*Exit.*
Ziph. That I expected. Ha; ſhe faints! *Iſm*
Run to my Cloſet, haſte, where thou will find
A golden Viol of rich Juice, to bring the Spirits
Back to their Seat: go, pour it in a Bowl
With ſpeed to ſave her. [*Exit* Iſmenes.
Haſt thou not a Word,
A Syllable, fair Soul! Speak, ſpeak, *Semandra!*

I feel a trembling Warmth about thy Heart:
It pants.
Sem. As Cowards do before a Battel.
Oh, the great March is sounded.
Ziph. Stay thee one moment,

Enter Ismenes *re-enters with a Bowl.*

And I will lead thee on. Away, *Ismenes*;
Watch thou the King's Approach, and bring me word.
[*Ex.* Ismenes.
Here, feest thou this, my Love, look up, *Semandra*,
Feed dying Spark, glimmer a little while;
Behold this Cordial, this sure warmth at Heart,
This faithful Off'ring of eternal Love.
Sem. Whither, oh where? Death's Mist comes fast upon me.
What is't you drink?
Ziph. A Draught which makes me thine;
The pow'rful Cordial which my Father gave me,
A noble Compound of his fatal Skill.
He charg'd me, when I cou'd not live with Honour,
To taste it, and be free.
Sem. Methinks your Voice is faint
As distant Ecchoes; and I am now far off:
Alas, I know not where. [*Dies.*
Ziph. I'll fold thee thus,
And *Mithridates* shall not part us now:
Fan thus the dying Flames with my last Breath.
She's out: the damp of Death has quench'd her quite;
The spicy Doors, her Lips, are shut, close lock'd,
Which never Gale of Life shall open more.
I — Oh Father! Oh thou true Physician!
Thou work'st fine nobly now; and oh 'tis welcome!
Thy Drugs are quick; once more, O Love! I come,
Thou most of Life in Death. Ambition, Fame,
'Tis empty all and nothing but a Name. [*Dies.*

Enter

Enter Archilaus, Mithridates *supported bleeding*, Pharnaces, Pelopidas, Andravar, *bound*.

Arch. Behold, behold, my Lord, how I'm rewarded
For faithful Service, for the numerous Scars
Which in your Cause have mark'd my aged Body:
My Daughter's slain. Ha! let me never rise,
If that the brave *Ziphares* be not kill'd!
Was this the Cordial, wicked Boy, thou brought'st him?

Mith. Blame not the guiltless, for by me he's poison'd:
By this inhuman Tyrant, Monster, Parricide;
By me the Drugs were mix'd, and dol'd about
To my unhappy Children, lest surpriz'd
They shou'd be born to *Rome* for Royal Slaves.

Arch. Dead! art thou dead, O lovely, Royal Plant,
Blown down by gusty Heav'n, in all thy Bloom!
My Hour is come; and thus I follow thee.

Mith. Hold him. What means the frantick General?
Disarm, and bring him hither. Kneel, O kneel,
Before these Bodies.

Arch. What wou'd you, Sacred Sir?

Mith. Swear, swear to live.
I have a Royal Race of little ones:
Live, I conjure thee, to defend those Infants
From *Roman* Rage; intreat victorious *Pompey*,
And he'll be gentle to 'em: Swear to live.

Arch. I swear; but after that ——

Mith. Rise, and no more.
My Blood leaks fast; and the great heavy Lading,
My Soul, will quickly sink; therefore revenge:
Yes, you pale Figures, you most precious Forms,
Who, where you walk, for sure you tread the Stars,
Shame brightest Gods, and add new Light to Heav'n.
First, in most dreadful manner, will I give
Those Traitors Lives, who drew me to your Ruin.
Hence, burn the Slaves; the curs'd *Pelopidas*,
And Villain *Andravar*: Away with 'em.
For thee —— (but sure I shall disdain to name thee)
The Palace yet is ours.

Arch.

Arch. But cannot long
Be so: *Pompey* the Great is enter'd;
And those who took your Part are all revolted.
Mith. Away then; bear him to the middle Turret,
Whose brazen Head rises above the rest;
In sight of *Pompey*, throw him from the top,
And give his most aspiring Life an End.
Phar. I know thou canst not long out-live me, Tyrant.
Accurs'd be Fortune, which too forward bore me
To be thy Prey; and rot the Hand that seiz'd me:
Yet, when my Ghost is from this Body dash'd,
If such a Gnawing as a Ghost there be,
I'll live, and wing the mid-way Air to wait thee;
Hurl'd shalt thou be, as *Saturn* was by *Jove*,
And flag beneath me, while I reign above.
Mith. O General, behold, and wonder with me,
How swiftly Fate can make, or unmake Kings!
How empty is Death's Pomp, compar'd with Life!
Where now are all the busy Officers,
The supple Courtiers, and big Men of War,
That bustled here, and made a little World?
Revolted all? Support me, for I go.
My Soul is on the Beach, and streight must launch
Into th'Abyss of the black Sea of Death,
Where Furies stand upon the smoaky Rocks,
Prepar'd to meet one greater than themselves.
Here, lay me bleeding by these murder'd Lovers;
And, Oh, when I am dead, let Sorrow stalk
In sacred Silence to my gaping Tomb.
Forget that ever *Mithridates* was;
No Tongue relate the Deeds this Hand has done;
Let Thought be still, or work beneath the Ground!
But Oh, he's come: cold Tyrant, I obey,
And hug thy Dart that bears my Life away. [*Dies.*

CÆSAR BORGIA,

SON of

Pope ALEXANDER VI.

A

TRAGEDY,

Written by Mr. *NAT. LEE.*

To the Right Honourable

PHILIP,

Earl of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, &c.

My LORD,

WHEN an univerſal Conſternation ſpreads thro the Kingdom, and the Peace which every Man enjoys, becomes dreadful to him; when Mens Minds in this dead Calm of State, are as buſy, as 'tis fear'd, the Hands of ſome wou'd be in the Tempeſt of Battel, to ſee a Poet plotting in his Chamber quite another way, painting faſt as vigorous Fancy can inſpire him, drawing the paſt World, the preſent, and to come, in a narrow ſpace, is an Image not unworthy a grave Man's Contemplation. It is the Buſineſs of poor Poets to be the Diverſion of Mankind; Pleaſure is their Being. I think I may call 'em the Miſtreſſes of the World; which, if granted, I am ſure 'tis eaſy to prove their Gallants very brutiſh, for they generally loath them

as

as ſoon as they are enjoy'd: the beſt of 'em come under the ſevereſt laſh of the greateſt Men; nay, the leaſt will be ſhooting their Bolts, and when the Maſtiffs worry 'em, the little Curs will be barking; the whole World cenſures, and ev'ry daring Poet that comes forth, muſt expect to be like the Almanack Hero, all over Wounds. For my own part, I have been ſo harſhly handled by ſome of them, that my Courage quite fail'd me; nor would I now appear in Print, but under the Protection and Patronage of your Lordſhip. Your illuſtrious Forefathers, and indeed all your eminent Relations, have always been of the firſt-rate Nobility, Patterns of Wit and Arms, magnificently brave, true old ſtamp'd *Britons*, and ever foremoſt in the Race of Glory. Not to unravel half your Honourable Records, I challenge all the Men of Fame to ſhow an Equal to the immortal *Sidney*, ev'n when ſo many contemporary Worthies flouriſh'd, I mean Sir *Philip*, the Name ſtill of your Lordſhip, true Rival of your Honour, one that cou'd match your Spirit, ſo moſt extravagantly great, that he refus'd to be a King. He was at once a *Cæſar* and a *Virgil*, the leading Soldier, and the foremoſt Poet; all after this muſt fail: I have paid juſt Veneration to his Name, and methinks the Spirit of *Shakeſpear* puſh'd the Commendation.

That there are in your Lordſhip all theſe excellent Grains which made this perfect Man, I think my ſelf bound by Reaſon to tell the World, which to my particular Obſervation and certain Knowledge, has done you wrong. I muſt acknowledge, that your boiling Youth has made great Sallies; and ſo did *Alexander*, and our great Fifth *Henry*: Your Spirit complains as *Alexander*'s did, for Action, who grudg'd his Father's Conquests, as if his Soul was ſpent, and wanted Elbow-room, reſolv'd to go abroad o'er Walls, if not thro Doors: And Men of Senſe laugh at your preciſe Fellow, your *Cynick* in a Tub, who thwarts the Courſe of Nature, and is never pleas'd but when he ſees grey Hairs upon a young Head. If to be truly Valiant, ev'n in cold Blood, Magnificent as the old Nobility, infinitely Charitable, Modeſt as Humility it ſelf, the faſteſt Friend upon Earth,

where

where your Lordſhip is pleas'd to fix the Honour; if theſe Ingredients can compound one admirable Man, then may your Lordſhip ſtand forth a Monument of laſting Honour. Perhaps for this I ſhall incur the Notion of a Flatterer: Flattery indeed is a Catholick Ill, it paſſes through the World, and ſuits with all Complexions: 'Tis an inſinuating Poiſon, a Jeſuit's Powder, which ſeems to intend the Cure of the Diſeaſe it promotes; I am confident, all thoſe who have the Honour of your Lordſhip's Acquaintance, will tell me I have ſaid too little. Let it ſuffice, that I imitate the beſt of Poets in a ſhort but [illegible] Acknowledgment of my Obligations to your

Therefore, I hope, as your Lordſhip's Great Uncle ſhone upon the mighty *Ben* with a full Favour, (tho my beſt Merits are not the ten thouſandth part of his ſmalleſt Labours) your Lordſhip's infinite Goodneſs will accept of my honeſt Intentions, which to your Lordſhip's Service ſhall be ever humbly offer'd by,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Humble

and Obedient Servant,

Nat. Lee.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

TH' unhappy Man, who once has trail'd a Pen,
Lives not to pleaſe himſelf but other Men,
Is always drudging, waſtes his Life and Blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good:
What Praiſe ſoe'er the Poetry deſerve,
Yet every Fool can bid the Poet ſtarve:
That fumbling Letcher to Revenge is bent,
Becauſe he thinks himſelf or Whore is meant:
Name but a Cuckold, all the City ſwarms,
From Leaden-Hall *to* Ludgate *is in Arms.*
Were there no fear of Antichriſt *or* France,
In the bleſt time poor Poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or as you grace
Some old Acquaintance, drop into the Place
Careleſs and qualmiſh with a yawning Face.
You ſleep o'er Wit, and by my Troth you may,
Moſt of your Talents lie another way.
You love to hear of ſome prodigious Tale,
The Bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh *Whale.*
News is your Food, and you enough provide,
Both for your ſelves and all the World beſide.
One Theatre there is of vaſt reſort,
Which whileome of Requeſts was call'd the Court;

But now the great Exchange *of News 'tis hight,*
And full of hum and buzz from Noon till Night:
Up Stairs and down you run as for a Race,
And each Man wears three Nations in his Face,
So big you look, tho. Claret you retrench,
That arm'd with bottled Ale, you huff the French:
But all your Entertainment ſtill is fed
With Villains, in your own dull Iſland bred:
[illegible] to us, we dare ingage
[illegible] you better Rogues upon the Stage:
You know no Poiſon but plain Rats-bane here,
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elſewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy,
By ſmelling a Perfume to make you die,
A Trick would make you lay your Snuff-box by.
Murder's a Trade —— ſo known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the Chair ——
But mark their Feaſt, you ſhall behold ſuch Pranks,
The Pope ſays Grace, but 'tis the Devil gives Thanks.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, then be you his Judges; what Pretence
Made them roar out, this Play would give Offence.
Had he the Pope's Effigies meant to burn,
And kept for Sport his Aſhes in an Urn;
To try if Reliques would perform, at home,
But half thoſe Miracles they do at Rome;
More could not have been ſaid, nor more been done,
To damn this Play about the Court and Town:
Not if he 'ad ſhewn their Philters, Charms and Rage,
Nay conjur'd up Pope Joan *to pleaſe the Age,*
And had her Breeches ſearch'd upon the Stage.
Firſt then, he brings a Scandal on the Gown,
And makes a Prieſt both Letcher and Buffoon:
Why, was no Fool yet ever made a Flamen,
But Dulneſs quite entail'd upon the Lay-men?
Or was it ever heard in Rome *before,*
That any Prieſt was queſtion'd for his Whore?
Yet more, the horrid Chair the Midnight ſhow —
He ſays 'twas done two hundred Years ago:
He only points their ways of murdering then;
If you muſt damn, ſpare the Hiſtorian's Pen,
And damn thoſe Rogues that act 'em o'er again.
But Dominicks, Franciſcans, Hermits, Friars,
*Shall breed no more a Race of zealous Lyars;

Villains

Villains, who for Religion's Propagation,
Come hear diſguis'd in ev'ry mean Vocation,
And ſit in Stalls to ſpy upon the Nation.
Old Emiſſaries ſhall their Trade forbear,
Spread no more Savoy *Reliques, Bones and Hair,*
Shall ſell no more like Baubles in a Fair:
Monks under Ground ſhall ceaſe to earth like Moles,
And Father L[illegible]wis leave his lurking Holes;
[illegible] more Forty Pounds for a blind Story,
[illegible]g a Welch *Soul from Purgatory.*
Jeſuits in Rome *ſhall quite forſwear their Function.*
And not for Gold give Whores the Extreme Unction:
High Engliſh *Whores, that have all Vices paſt,*
Shall ceaſe to turn true Catholicks at laſt,
When Poets write, tho by exacteſt Rules,
And are not judg'd by Knaves, and damn'd by Fools.

46640

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Ceſar Borgia, *Palante* Duke of *Gandia*.	Sons of *Alexander* the Sixth.	Mr. *Betterton*. Mr. *Williams*.
Machiavel,	Secretary of *Florence*.	Mr. *Smith*.
Paul Orſino,	Head of the Factions againſt *Borgia*.	Mr.
Aſcanio Sforza,	A Buffoon Cardinal.	Mr. *Lee*.
Vitellizzo,	Chief of the *Vitelli*.	Mr. *Percival*.
Enna,		
Ange,		
Alonzo.		
Don Michael.		
Cardinals, *&c.*		
Bellamira,	Daughter of *Orſino*.	Mrs. *Lee*.
Adorna,	Her Kinſwoman and Confident.	Mrs. *Price*.
Attendants, *&c.*		

SCENE, *ROME*.

CÆSAR BORGIA.

ACT I.

SCENE is a Chamber of State; at distance are discovered little American *Boys with Boxes of Jewels in their Hands; on each side of the Stage, from the flat Scene to the Chamber, long* Indian *Screens are spread at their full length.*

Enter Alonzo, *and* Don Michael.

D. Mich. ARE these the Presents, say'st thou,
of the late
New Cardinal, *Ascanio Sforza?*
Alonz. They are; he offers thus
to *Machiavel,*
And thinks that Gold may bribe him to betray
The Duke *Valentinois.* But, *Michael,* tell me
What does the World report of this Creation?
Does it not rail, and grin, and bite the Pope?
D. Mich. [illegible]es it not Reason? For, betwixt our[illegible]ves,
Would any Man in his high Dignity
So vilely sell the Glories of the Church?

Twelve Cardinals at once created!
Aſcanio firſt, becauſe he bids him moſt;
A fine effeminate Villain, bred in Brothels,
Senſeleſs, illiterate, the Jeer of *Rome*,
A blot to the whole See! One fitter far
For Hoſpitals, that paints and patches up
A wretched Carcaſe worried in the Stews.
But, ſee! the gaudy Pageant moves this way;
How ſpruce he looks! and with a Pocket Glaſs
Surveys the gloating Image.

Alonz. All Luxury:
I heard, the Night ſucceeding his Creation,
That he got drunk, and kiſs'd the Prelates round
For Joy —— But, ſee he comes; retire and leave me.

[*Exit* D. Mich.

Enter Aſcanio Sforza.

Aſcan. Well, *Borgia*, well! if I am not reveng'd!
Was there none elſe in *Rome*, but *Bellamira*?
Ah *Bella*, *Bella*, *Bella*, *Bellamira*!
I ſaw her firſt at Maſs, as I remember;
Cherubin and Seraphin were nothing to her:
Oh ſuch a Skin full of alluring Fleſh!
Ah, ſuch a ruddy, moiſt, and pouting Lip;
Such Dimples, and ſuch Eyes! ſuch melting Eyes,
Blacker than Sloes, and yet they ſparkl'd Fire;
Then ſuch a way ſhe had to roll 'em round,
As thus, and thus — a thouſand amorous ways;
And wink and gloat, and turn 'em to the Corners ——

Alonz. My Noble Lord!

Aſcan. My dear, my dear *Alonzo*!
Nay, let me greet thee: 'twas thy Father's Cuſtom.
But tell me, lovely, dear *Alonzo*, tell me:
Thou haſt the ſofteſt fine Complexion for
A Lover; beſt take heed of walking late:
Te[illegible]me I ſay, or I will pinch thy Cheek.
Mov[illegible] he this way, or does he teem alon[illegible]
Wi[illegible]e ſtate Birth? if ſo, I'll wait agen.

Alon[illegible] [illegible]n does your Eminence intend?

Aſcan.

Aſcan. Thy Lord:
Whom ſhould I mean, intend, or think of elſe
Thy Lord and mine? Well he's an Oracle! intend
Who Man, I dream of nothing elſe!
Alonz. But Wenches.
Aſcan. O *Machiavel!* there, there's a Word, a Sound,
An Air, a Blaſt, a Thunder-clap of Wit,
To rouſe our foggy thickſcull'd Cardinals:
I'll ſay no more; would he were Pope,
Head of the Chriſtian World, and I his Engine,
His particular Member, to bring, to caſt,
To throw, diſperſe, convey the warmeſt
Sprinklings of his Benediction.
Alonz. My Lord, I humbly offer'd your Addreſs,
While with an Eye, ſwift as the Sun and piercing,
He ran your Letter o'er: and ſure it ſtirr'd him,
For ſtrait he turn'd, and darting me, he ask'd
If the great Cardinal, meaning you, my Lord,
Which ſhews the deep reſpect he bears your Perſon,
Knew not that *Borgia* was his beſt of Friends.
Borgia, he cry'd again, to whom the Lords
Of *Florence* ſent me their Ambaſſador
With promis'd Aid againſt the Rebel *Orſino*.
Aſcan. Has he receiv'd——ſtay, I ſay, has he? here,
Open thy Fiſt, now gripe me faſt, and tell me.
Alonz. I durſt not name your Preſents;
But, bowing, ſoon retir'd, and plac'd 'em here,
That as he follows, he may view at once
All your Magnificence——if ought of Earth
His Temper holds, this Lightning will diſſolve it:
But ſee! He comes; be pleas'd, Sir, to retire,
And you ſhall hear the Zeal with which I ſerve you.

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. Thus have I drawn the Platform of their Fates;
As oft I have beheld, by Maſters Hands,
A Tale in paint admirably told;
Here a ſoft Lover ſtabb'd into the Breaſt,
A Hero there thrown headlong from a Window,

To meet her Lover wrack'd upon the Shore:
So have I form'd in more than Braſs or Marble,
The Deaths of thoſe whom I intend to huſh.
Oh, *Cæſar Borgia!* ſuch a Name and Nature!
That is my ſecond ſelf; a *Machiavel!*
A Prince! who, by the Vigor of his Brain,
Shall riſe to the old height of *Roman* Tyrants.

Alonz. He deeply thinks; nor dare I interrupt him,
Till he comes forward.

Aſcan. Peace, and give him way ——— O ſuch a Head-piece!

Mach. In all my ſtrict Enquiries, all the Humours
Which I have drain'd with more than Chymiſts Pains,
I have not found a Temper ſo compleat
To finiſh forth a Greatneſs as my *Cæſar's.*
Firſt; he's a Baſtard, got in a Fit of Nature!
She ſhook him from her Nerves in a Convulſion;
His Father ſtamp'd the Bullion in a heat,
And taking from the Mint the fiery Ore,
His Image bleſt, and cry'd, it is my own.
Yet more, a Prieſt begot him, and 'tis thought
That Earth is more oblig'd to Prieſts for Bodies,
Than Heav'n for Souls! nay, and a young Prieſt too,
Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,
Who ventur'd Life to claſp the luſty Joy.

Aſcan. Oh, if a Man could but hear him now! Brain,
Alas, *Alonzo*, we are Stuff to him ——— (all Brain;
Mere Entrails, but the Guts of Government,
Nothing to him —— hark —— he goes on ———

Mach. Why, what a ſtart of Nature is this Man,
Whom by Ambition, not by Love I'll raiſe?
Therefore *Aſcanio's* new golden World,
I gravely take for Ruin to the Bride,
To her old doting Father, Brothers, Uncles;
And the whole Race of *Orſin* and *Vitelli*
Is fix'd by Fate and me: No more! the fleeting Air
May catch the Sounds, and Walls themſelves have Ears.

Alonz. My Lord! the Cardinal *Aſcanio* [*Coming forward and bowing.*
Is plea[illegible]ed to your Order.

Mach.

Mach. Let him hear us ——
Urge me no more —— for 'tis impoſſible,
Alonz. My Lord, he thinks not ſo!
He ſays your Voice is as the Mouth of Heav'n,
Stiles you a God, and in the extravagance
Of his unbounded Admiration, ſwears
Nothing to you can be impoſſible.
Mach. Extravagance indeed!
Yet ſuch Extravagance expreſſes Love,
And merits all my Thanks: And had he mention'd
Ought but the Ruin of my beſt of Friends,
I would with all the Wings of Expedition
Have ſhot thro a thouſand Bars to do him ſervice.
Alonz. My Lord! he does not hint at *Borgia's* Ruin.
Mach. Does he not wiſh that I ſhould break the Nup-
'Tis ſure the Marriage I at firſt diſliked; (tials?
I pierc'd the Charmer with a narrow Eye,
And found how Wit and Beauty threatn'd in her,
With all the ſubtleſt Graces, that might lull
Stubborn Ambition to inglorious Reſt:
But Love already had perform'd his part,
And laid the warring *Borgia* at her Feet:
How then ſhould I oppoſe his firſt Enjoyment,
Who was his Legate, and ſollicited
The Parents of the beauteous *Bellamira?*
Alonz. At leaſt Sir, for the future, lay ſome Block
That may diſturb the Progreſs of their Loves:
And ſince you have alledg'd 'tis for his Glory
This Marriage were undone; ſince it is done,
Let it be hurtful in the Conſequence.
Mach. Thus I ſhould prove indeed a Friend to *Florence,*
Who hate *Orſino's* Race: Nay, I ſhould act
The trueſt part of Friendſhip to my *Borgia,*
Snatching this Soft'ner from his warlike Boſom,
And turning him new bent, for Arms and Glory ——
Ha! What new Scene of Gallantry is this:
Whence, and from whom comes this Magnificence
And wherefore kneel theſe Offerers at my Feet?
Alonz. They are the Children of the new-found World,
The Forms of *Zemis,* call'd the *Indian* Gods.

Mach.

Mach. Away with 'em, and bid 'em tell their Lord,
Machiavel's Virtue never ſhall be brib'd;
And for their Service give 'em twenty Crowns;
But if thou dar'ſt to rob 'em of a Spangle,
You know my Humour——never ſee me more.

Alonz. Doubt not my Lord, but I'll obſerve your Hu-
Come in, my Lord—I told you he would melt. (mour—
Sir, the great Cardinal: So——now they cringe;
What, and embrace too! Oh thou damn'd, damn'd World.
Theſe will be heard, and make your Stateſmen ſmile,
When Orphans, Widows, and the cripples Soldiers
Are elbow'd off, and thruſt away in Frowns:

[*Exit with the Boys.*

Mach. My Lord, you make me wonder! ſure you've
In Love your ſelf with old *Orſino*'s Daughter: (been

Aſcan. Lov'd her, my Lord! witneſs theſe falling Tears!
Why do you thaw my Nature with your Queſtions?
Witneſs bright Stars! witneſs your golden Planets!
And all ye Woods, and all ye purling Streams;
And Birds and Flocks, and Grots, and Rocks, and Flow'rs!
Nay, Sir, I tell you, ſhe was mine betroth'd,
If I could caſt my Coat, which had been done.
For nothing tickles the preſent Pope like Gold,
Dazzles him that he weeps Indulgences,
Forgives, abſolves, all for Omnipotent Gold,
Diſpenſes Pardons ſometimes in a Fury,
He ſends his Bulls abroad that roar like Thunder:
When ſtrait a Golden Calm
Comes o'er their Backs, and then they're ſtill as Lambs;
Why ſhould I hold you long amongſt the reſt,
That ſaw her *Borgia*, that unlucky Baſtard,
Beheld and lov'd her?——I, my Lord, was ruin'd.

Mach. My Lord! I wiſh the Marriage may not proſper;
He's bent to enjoy her, and in that I ſooth him;
For ſubtly offering once to bring him off,
I found pale Anger in his Face like Death:
Whereon I feign'd Compliance, and have wrought
The Buſineſs to a Head——But let the work,
And reſt aſſur'd, that what ſo mean a Man
As *Machiavel* with honour can perform,

To

To pay you perfect Service ſhall be done.
Aſcan. My Lord! farewel—when I proteſt and ſwear,
Ev'n by the Altar of fair *Bellamira*,
My Life is yours: believe I am your Servant,
Not a Step further by my Robe! your Captive,
Your Eminence moſt humble Creature, Servant, Slave.
[*Exit* Aſcanio *walking*.

Mach. I am ty'd for ever.
No dull Buffoon! thou walking Lump of Luſt,
Not to revenge thy ungor'd Appetite.
Shall *Borgia* kill her, but for his own Renown?
He is my Champion Prince, *Italian* Tyrant,
Not form'd to languiſh in a Woman's Arms.
Oh——'tis a Fault, were I ſo fram'd for Greatneſs,
E'er I would amble in a Female Court,
And cringe, and skip, and play the Ladies Cripple,
I would be gibbeted i'th' common Way,
For Crows and Daws to peck my Carrion Limbs.
But I muſt rouze him, and I'll do't by Death,
Ev'n by the bloody Death of her he doats on.

Enter Adorna.

Here's one Ingredient I muſt mix to make
The Potion Death——The Wretch is deep in Love
With *Borgia*'s Brother, the young Duke of *Gandia*.
That way I make her ſure!
Ador. My Lord.
Mach. My dear *Adorna*,
How goes the Marriage forward? and how treats
The gallant *Borgia*, great *Valentinois*,
Romania's Duke, his fair and Virgin Bride?
Ador. The Rites are to be ſolemniz'd this Morning,
Tho *Bellamira* quite abhors the Marriage;
Who ſtill when *Borgia* humbly ſues for Love,
Anſwers him with Tears, and pays his Vows
With ominous Weeping.
Mach. And how takes he that?
Ador. He walks and muſes deeply, ſpeaks to no Man,
But *Paul Orſino*, whoſe moſt watchful Wit

I fear deſcries where he has lock'd her Heart;
With a bent Brow ſhe eyes the Duke of *Gandia*,
Salutes him not of late: He came this Morning
Into her Chamber; dreadful was his Action,
Unworthy of my Blood, he thundred out;
But if the generous *Borgia* is refus'd,
Think not of *Gandia*, but of Blood and Death.

Mach. What inauſpicious Chance diſcover'd to him
A Secret, which I thought conceal'd from all,
But thee and me, and thoſe unhappy Lovers?

Ador. I cannot gueſs; he paus'd awhile, then ſigh'd,
And ſtarting up in fury charg'd her riſe;
Receive, he cry'd, receive him as a Husband,
Whom the ſelected Virtues of thy Sex
Can ne'er deſerve; adorn thee like a Bride,
And meet him, tho thy treacherous Heart is mortgag'd;
Meet him at leaſt with well diſſembled Love,
Or by my Hopes, I'll reak my Anger on thee,
With all the Torment that *Italian* Fury
Could e'er invent for an adulterous Wretch.
He cry'd I will, and after make thee nothing.

Mach. Haſte thee away; charm with thy utmoſt Skill
The mourning *Bellamira*, to obey him;
The Knot once ty'd, *Gandia* will ſoon deſpair.
Leave me to work him then; Millions to One
But I ſhall make him thine.

Ador. But did the Duke of *Gandia* once proteſt?

Mach. Proteſt! he did proteſt, and ſwear, and vow.
Go, go, and haſte! for the Day grows upon us.
[*Exit* Adora.
His Brother too! this Duke of *Gandia* bleeds;
For he is grown of late the *Romans* Darling,
Warm'd in the very Boſom of the Pope,
And dearer than my *Borgia* to his Siſter,
The famous *Lucrece*, who can charm her Father
In all the Heat of Excommunications,
When he throws Bulls, like Thunderbolts, about him;
She like a *Venus* to her angry *Jove*
Moves with inceſtuous Fires, folds her white Arm
About his [illegible]ſing Neck, ſtrokes his black Beard,

And

And ſmooths his furrow'd Cheeks to dimpled Smiles;
The Brothers too enjoy'd her. O Heav'n, and Earth!
Not the firſt Day, after ſuch infinite Time
That Motion had th' irregular Matter roll'd,
When all the wandring Atoms hit at laſt
Into this beauteous Form, even when our *Sires*
Firſt mingled, was there ſuch a Looſe of Nature,
Such a triumvirate of lawleſs Lovers,
Such Rivals as out-do even *Lucian's* Gods!
Ha! the *Orſini* here! and the *Vitelli!*
They move this way in murmuring *Cabals*;
Methinks Death darkens every Viſage there.
'Tis ſo——They are no more——Or this *is* true,
Or *Machiavel* knows nothing of Mankind. [*Ex.* Mach.

Enter Orſino, Vitellizzo, Aſcanio, Adrian, Enna, Ange, *three Cardinals.* Olivaretto, Gravina.

Vitel. I ſay agen, I do not like the Marriage;
Were *Bellamira* mine, I'd ſell her off
For Gold, I'd merchandize her tender Beauty
With Infidels, and ſend her to the *Turk*,
Like an *Andromeda*, to gorge the Monſter,
Rather than wed her to perfidious *Borgia.*
Orſin. You are too violent.
Vitel. I think not ſo:
A drowning Man will graſp at any thing,
Nay ſink his Friend that leap'd among the Waves
To give him Life; but you tho in the Gulph,
Ride on to Ruin, tho your Friends call out.
Ange. Nay, tho they point the Whirl-Pool juſt before you,
That would devour us all.
Adrian. Beſides, 'tis impious,
Againſt all Right of Nature, Law or Reaſon,
To act the Tyrant o'er a Daughter's Will.
Aſcan. She knows the Cruelties of *Cæſar Borgia*!
Has heard his Rapes and Murders! Mercy on me,
How did he uſe the poor *Venetian* Lady?
He forc'd her in a Wood, nay in a Ditch,
As I am credibly inform'd by thoſe

That

That heard her ſqueak, in a dry Ditch deflower'd her!
Add yet to this, my Lords, how, when the *French*,
At ſacking of a Town, broke open Nunneries,
He truſs'd at leaſt forty the pretty'ſt Rogues,
The tendereſt quaking things! never broke up!
All ſpotleſs Maids, like Buds never blown upon,
Nor touch'd even with the Tip of any Finger,
And kept them for his Letchery.

Orſin. Methinks, my Lord *Aſcanio*, my Lord *Millain*,
Or my Lord Cardinal, more Moderation
Would better fit a Man of your Profeſſion.
I would not come to the old Argument,
For then we claſh: *Borgia* is now my Son,
Therefore I pray once more forbear to tax him;
The Theme is great and worthy that we mention,
Romania's Duke and Nephew to the Pope.

Aſcan. Prithee, old *Paul*: Prithee now ben't ſo hot,
Good Reverend Gray-Beard: If you name his Greatneſs,
Pronounce him right, ev'n as his Holineſs
Has own'd him to the World without a Bluſh,
His natural Son, his Nephew or his By-blow, that is,
In ſhort old *Paul*, his down-right Baſtard.

Orſin. Without a Bluſh; ſhould I ſtand up the Champion
Of abſent *Borgia*, and unravel thee,
I tell thee, Prieſt, thou Scandal to the Altar,
Thy Front, thy Eyes, thy Lips, each Part of thee
Would bluſh with Scarlet deeper than thy Robe.

Aſcan. Peace, Dotard, Peace.
I ſay old ſtuttering *Paul*, thou'lt ha' the worſt on't;
Therefore Peace, Peace Dotard.

Orſin. Ha!

Vitel. Forbear; my Lord, remember!

Orſin. How dares he thus provoke me?
Who knows, yet urges me, knows in his Heart
How I have pierc'd into his deepeſt Thoughts,
Have had Intelligence of all his Vices,
Ev'n of his cloſeſt, darkeſt Deeds of Luſt:
And dar'ſt thou call me Dotard? Saucy Church-man!
Thou that gav'ſt Whores Indulgences for Sin;
So rank that he frequents the common Stews;

For

For a new Face will give his ſcarlet Coat
To make the Strumpet fine
Oliv. My Lord, conſider where, to whom, of whom,
And what it is you utter?
Orſin. Place me, ſome Power,
Upon St. *Peter*'s Vein, the very Ball,
And turn my Voice to Thunder, that I may
[illegible] open to the World the helliſh Acts
[illegible] this contagious Prelate.
Aſcan. Spit, ſpit thy Venom; nay, nay, let him out
Mark how he ſhakes now; by my holy Dame (with't—
I have nettled him; poor *Paul* I pity the old Fool—
Orſin. Then Prieſt, let me demand thee,
[illegible] not the Cunning-Glaſs that burns thy Luſt,
And draws thy riſing Gall to ſuch a Bliſter,
My Daughter's Scorn, and loathing of thy Perſon?
Ha! is't not that? I think I have ſtung you, Cardinal!
Worſe than the *Neapolitan* Pox you gave
Our *Roman* Harlots ——
Aſcan. Why how now, *Paul*, what doſt thou grow foul
Mouth'd now? by my Holy Dame, had I a Scourge
I'd firk thee, *Orſin*——I'd ſo whip thee, *Paul*,
So flog and ſcourge thee, thou ſhouldſt eat thy Words.
The Pox! why, how now? ha! the Pox i'faith!
The Pox to me! let me come at him——ha!
Orſin. Ha wilt thou fight?
[illegible] forward Prieſt! by Heaven I'll ſhave your Crown;
Stand back, and let me mow this Poppy off,
This rank red Weed that ſpoils the Church's Corn.
Vitel. Did ever Fury run to ſuch a height!
Why, my Lord Cardinal, know you this Place,
And how 'tis privileg'd?
Aſcan. My Lord, I am ſilenc'd.
An eaſy Man made up of Patience, I!
No Gall in me! give me thy Hand old *Paul*:
Henceforth w'are Friends, and as a Friend I'll tell thee,
Ev'n from my Heart, I'll tell thee what I think:
Thou art bewitch'd, old *Paul*, beſotted, fool'd——
This Son-in-Law of thine has ſeal'd thine Eyes,
And ſhortly I ſhall ſee thee walk the Streets

With

With a Dog and a Bell —— nay —— prithee be not angry,
For 'tis in love; I'll tell thee of a Dotage,
And ſo your Servant noble *Vitellizzo*,
Anga and *Enna* yours —— Farewel, my Lord,
And laſtly thine whoſe Neck is in the Nooſe,
Old Woodcock, *Orſin*. [*Exit* Cardinal.

Gravin. I am not us'd to fear,
But yet methought *Aſcanio*'s laſt Words
Were dreadful to my Ears.

Orſin. I have engag'd
My Daughter, Life and Honour, and all my Fortunes
For the Duke's Faith, and the Security
Of every Perſon here; why ſhould we doubt him?
Have we not ſeen his Labour in this Matter?
Four thouſand Duckets, given us down in Hand,
With an Aſſurance of our former Pay;
Nay more, he binds himſelf not to conſtrain
Any one of us to appear in Perſon
Before him, but who pleaſes of himſelf:
Therefore let me intreat you clear your Brains,
Meet all this day together at the Marriage,
And pay him as he merits faithful Homage.

Vitel. There's ſomething here foreBodes, in ſpite of
The Muſick that he makes, a harſh Concluſion.

Orſin. For ſhame no more! the very Fears of Childr
Becauſe he gives our Friends Allowances,
And honours them with Charges, Governments,
Beyond their Qualities, we dread his Dealing,
And ſwears he means to draw our Faction from us.

Vitel. Henceforth ſay what you will, do what you pleaſe,
Since to your Intereſts I am link'd by Fate:
I will no more oppoſe your ſpecious Reaſons,
But inſtantly go wait upon the Duke. [*Trumpets*.

Orſin. This day to add new Honours to the Marriage,
Our Son-in-Law, the Duke *Valentinois*,
Receives the Roſe before the Conſiſtory,
A Grace which ſeldom is vouchſafed to Kings;
Indeed the greateſt which the Sacred Head
Of the whole Chriſtian World can give to Man,
The very highеſt Round of human Glory.

Scene

Scene *draws, and ſhews the Conſiſtory:* Borgia *comes forward, with the* Roſe *carry'd before him in great Pomp. His Son* Seraphino *led by* Alonzo, Machiavel, *Attendants,* Aſcanio, *and five Cardinals,* &c.

Borg. O *Machiavel!* was ever Pomp like this?
The Morning dawns with an unwonted Crimſon;
The Flow'rs more od'rous ſeem, the Garden Birds
Sing louder, and the laughing Sun aſcends
The gaudy Earth with an unuſual Brightneſs ——
All Nature ſmiles, and the whole World is pleas'd,
Even all the World but thy unhappy *Borgia.*
Mach. And why ſhould he, whom every Man concludes
The Darling of the Times, whom bounteous Heav'n
Has crown'd with Glory in ſucceſsful Wars,
Whom it now doubly crowns with Beauty too,
The brighteſt of her Sex, why ſhould he thwart
The whole World's Vogue, and think himſelf unhappy?
Borg. Yes *Machiavel!* Thou worthieſt of Mankind,
To thee I'll ſtrip my Heart, that ſecret Bed,
With Vices, Virtues, every naked Thought,
And ſhew thee all the Mixture of a Man.
We are obſerv'd —— Think me not over-frail,
Becauſe I love: Were *Bellamira* dearer,
Her Father bleeds, and all the Rebel-Race;
I'll firſt inſnare the Fools, then preach Fate to 'em.
Mach. And let 'em know, juſt as the Cords are drawing,
None ought to offend his Prince, and after truſt him.
Borg. My Lord *Orſino!* O forgive me, Heaven!
Who have thus groſly fail'd to pay the Reverence
I owe the beſt of Fathers, beſt of Friends:
This Day, this glorious Day, for ever bleſt,
And never to be loſt in Time's *dark Legend,*
Crowns me your Son. Thus *then I bend my Knees,*
Which are not us'd to kneel but *at the Altar:*
And Oh! permit me thus *to kiſs your Hand,*
And pay eternal Vows to my *Obedience.*
Orſin. O riſe, my Lord, all *Duty is out-done*
With but one ſingle bare Acknowledgment;

Yet for a Satisfaction to this Company,
Say, do you love my Daughter *Bellamira?*
Borg. Ha! what ſays my Father? Do I live?
O Heaven! why do you wound me with the Queſtion?
Does the poor ſuff'ring Fair One Virtue love,
Who drinks the Brook, and eats what Nature yields,
Rather than feaſt in Courts with loſs of Honour?
Do thoſe, who on the Rack for Heav'n expire,
Love Angels, and eternal Brightneſs there?
'Tis ſure they do: And Oh —— 'tis full as ſure,
That *Cæſar Borgia* dies for *Bellamira*.
Orſin. No more; you honour her and me too much:
Therefore this Day I give her to your Arms
With all the Pleaſure of a proud old Father,
O'erjoy'd to ſee his Daughter match'd above him:
By Heav'n, my Eyes grow full; here all our Diſcord
For ever end, all Jars betwixt the *Orſins*,
Vitelli, and the Duke of *Valentinois*,
Be bury'd ever in this ſtrict Embrace.
Borg. Since you will have it ſo, forgive my Duty;
Let me grow bold, and as a Friend embrace you ——
Orſin. See here, my Lord, for ſcarce can I diſtinguiſh,
Thro the bright Joy that dazzles my weak Sight,
Olivaretto, and the Duke *Graviana*,
When *Vitellizzo* comes to grace your Nuptials;
All on their Knees acknowledge you their Prince.
Borg. My Equals all: Nor ſhall this Homage be,
I ſwear it ſhall not: Riſe, my Lords; your Arms;
Let me embrace you round: By all things ſacred,
I ſwear that none of you have been to blame.
Were you Confederates againſt my Arms?
You were: But *Borgia*'s infinite Ambition
Forc'd you againſt your Wills to let him know,
His head-ſtrong Youth, like a young fiery Horſe,
Unleſs you kindly ſtop him in his ſpeed,
Would hurl him from ſome Precipice to Ruin.
Orſin. See *Vitellizzo!* how he takes our Crimes
Upon himſelf.
Borg. Behold this Child, my Son!
I know [illegible] any thing the World calls precious,

Which

Which in the darkneſs of my Heart can match him,
But *Bellamira*. Take him *Vitellizzo*,
Take the dear Blood that trickles from my Heart,
The very Strings that wind about my Life,
And let him for my part be Surety,
As beauteous *Bellamira* is for yours.

Orſin. Farewel, my Lord: With theſe Attendants here
I go to haſte the Bride; and let my Life
Be anſwer for the little *Seraphino*. [*Ex.* Orſini, Vitelli.

Aſcan. He has her now, that delicate bit of Beauty
Which I reſerved for my own Letchery:
He drills her from her old deluded Sire,
Hell! and ſhe melts! ſhe melts into his Mouth:
But by my holy Dame I'll be reveng'd
On every part of him: His little Baſtard,
Becauſe he doats on him, ſhall ſtreight be mangled ——
I'll do't I ſay: Yes by my holy Dame,
I will revenge my loſs of Letchery ——
Ha! what a Jerk was that? it grates my Bones;
Pray Heav'n it ben't a Spice, a little Tang
Of the *Neapolitan* Itch, O my holy Dame.
[*Ex. with Cardinals.*

Borg. Now, *Machiavel*, prepare to hear my Soul,
Hear to what Softneſs and effeminate Mourning
All my dear Victories at laſt are melted:
For I will tell thee, tho thou'lt ſcarce believe,
Since firſt I ſaw the charming *Bellamira*,
The very Image of *Charlotta's* Scorn,
I have not had one hour of free Repoſe;
Ev'n when at laſt I have reſolv'd to join
Our Hands, and truſt her with my tender Glory,
I've ſtarted from my Bed, at Midnight roſe,
And wander'd by the Moon; then laid me down
Upon ſome dewy Bank, and ſlept till Morn.

Mach. Therefore there muſt be ſome ſtrange Circum-
That firſt induc'd thoſe Fears, ſome dang'rous hint (ſtance
For your Suſpicions ——

Borg. Yes, *Machiavel*,
There is, there is a Cauſe for my [illegible]

Mach. Are you ſure of it [illegible]

Borg.

Borg. Moſt ſure I am;
Sure as Reſerv'dneſs does imply Averſion:
Yet I, as if my Flames were Fire in Froſt,
The more ſhe cools, ſcorch, rage, and burn the more —
Mach. I gueſs your meaning; like *Charlotta*, ſhe
Has pawn'd her Heart—but 'tis confeſs'd you know him—
Borg. Ha! did I know the Name of him I dread?
What God in Arms ſhould ſave him from my Sword?
Here thou haſt rouz'd the Lion in my Heart,
Italian Spite, Revenge and blaſting Fury
Devours my Soul! all Mildneſs ſleeps like Death:
I boil like Drunkards Veins —— Death! Hell and Vengeance!
Mach. Suppreſs this Fury ——
Come, come, my Lord —— I find you're better ſkill'd
In Camps and Courts, and know not yet Love's World.
She is reſerv'd, you ſay, when you approach her;
Why, let her weep too: Was it ever known
A ſubtle Bride laugh'd on her Wedding-Day,
Or claſp'd her Lover in the Eye o'th' World?
I find you are unlearn'd. Sir — 'tis their Trade,
The very Nature, Soul, and Life-Blood of 'em ——
To whine and cry, and turn their Heads away,
When their Hearts dote on what they ſeem to ſcorn.
Borg. If it were ſo!
Mach. Why, it was always ſo,
Is ſo, and will be ſo to the World's end.
Give me your Hand, and take her on my Word;
I have been bred in Courts, founded the Humours
Even of all Women-kind: therefore adviſe you
Repair immediately to old *Oſſino*,
Who with his beauteous Daughter waits your Coming.
Borg. Cou'd ſhe be truly mine, the Wings of Winds
Would be too ſlow to waft me to her Arms.
Mach. Once more I ſay, ſhe is and ſhall be your's,
Truly, religiouſly, devoutly your's ——
Why all this thoughtleſs groundleſs Jealouſy?
Let manly Confidence and *Roman* Virtue
Maſter this Gothick Fury in your Blood.
Borg. [illegible]: by all the Glories I have won!
Thou haſt awak'd my Love, and charm'd my Fears.
Charlotta!

harlotta! O the very figure of her;
But ſure the beauteous Lines are ſofter here:
And now I find 'tis ruin to forego her ——
Mach. No more, my Lord. 'Tis I that thus embark (you,
And if ſome ſtarting Plank ſhould flaw the Veſſel
To your Deſtruction —— I am ruin'd too ——
ce all I have, or am, or ever would be,
be yours, your ſworn unbiaſs'd Friend.
. Thou beſt of Men;
u art my Oracle, my Heav'n, my Genius,
nd as ſome God, ſhall guide me through the World,
et's go to the Conqueſt, tho thro Death we go;
age and Death both new Experiments.
nks I ſee the Taper in the Window,
buſy Nurſe unveils the weeping Maid,
And I muſt naked paſs through Seas to reach her.
O fatal Marriage! O thou diſmal Gulph!
Which like the *Helleſpont* doſt roar between
Me and my Joys: is there no other way?
None, none, the *Winds* and the daſh'd *Rocks* reply:
Why let 'em roar; and let the *Billows* ſwell,
Till the rack'd Orbs be with the Deluge drown'd.
'Tis fix'd; I'll plunge, or periſh, or enjoy her ——
Mach. Juſtly reſolv'd! nor let a few falſe Tears
t you again to an untimely Mildneſs.
arlotta thus deluded you in *France*,
Which render'd all your Court ridiculous:
Remember that, and leſt the like Diſgrace
Should happen now, drag her if ſhe refuſes.
Borg. I will, my *Machiavel* — O Arms! O Glory!
What an eternal Reſt would ſmear your Luſtre.
Did not this Spirit of Ambition fire me,
I'll tell her that the Lives of all her Race
Are now within my Power.
Mach. Nay, threaten her.
Borg. I will do more than threaten;
Think not the dreadful *Cæſar* will be rous'd
To threaten only; that's a ſleeping *Borgia*
A loving, dreaming, conſcientious *Borgia*
But when I wake there's always Execution ——

Mach.

I. –

Mach. It has been ſo.
Borg. And ſhall I ſwear again?
No *Machiavel*; ſhe muſt be mine, or die.
Should ſhe for Refuge to the Temple fly,
I'd after her; there if ſhe ſcorns my Flame,
To the dumb Saints I will my Vows proclaim;
And in their View reſolve the glorious Game:
Upon the golden Shrines I'll lay her Head,
And ev'n the Altar make my Bridal Bed — [*Ex. a*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Orſino *and* Bellamira *in Mourning.*

Orſin. WHERE didſt thou get the Daring thus to move me!
By thy dead Mother's Shroud, not the firſt Night,
When in her youthful Arms I graſp'd her to me,
Was I ſo hot with Love as now with Rage,
Thou young and Virgin Witch, thou new-found Fury?
Bella. Ah! Sir, for I'm afraid to call you Father,
Give me my Death; give to theſe trembling Breaſts
A thouſand Wounds, or cut me Limb from Limb;
But do not look ſo dreadfully upon me ——
Nor blaſt me with ſuch Sounds. O pity me!
There's not one fatal Sentence, one dread Word,
But runs like Iron through my freezing Blood.
What have I done? Ah, what is my Offence?
And tell me how, which way ſhall I atone you?
Orſin. Oh, thou vile Wretch! ask what is thy Offence?
Doſt thou not know it? Exquiſite Diſſembler!
Thou leading Sorc'reſs! He-cat of thy Sex!
Subtleſt [illegible] kind, that ever roll'd
Their [illegible] and in their Glaſſes

Conjur'

Conjur'd for Looks to cheat the ſimple World!
But to take all Evaſion from thy Guilt,
Did I not charge thee, as thou fear'ſt my Curſe,
This very Morning to adorn thy ſelf
As one whom the Great Duke intends to honour
By making thee his Bride?

Bell. Alas! you did,
And I am come, Oh Heaven! and all you Powers
That pity Woman's Weakneſs, I am come
My Lord as you commanded, and have vow'd,
Tho Death attends my Nuptials, to obey you.

Orſin. Thou ly'ſt even in thy Heart, thou know'ſt thou (ly'ſt.
Thou haſt maliciouſly, moſt groſly fail'd
In this Obedience: Say, declare, haſte, anſwer,
Thou moſt ungrateful Wretch; Ah, how unlike
Thy meek, thy perfect bright and bleſſed Mother!
Is this a Habit for a glorious Bride?
Doſt thou thus meet the generous *Borgia?*
I know thy awkard Heart; thou mean'ſt by this
To tell the World, thou doſt not like thy Husband,
And daſh him at the Altar: But by Heav'n,
Whither thou, Murdereſs, now art ſending me,
This ſhall not ſerve thy Purpoſe: In this Dreſs,
That blaſts my Eyes and ſtrikes my Soul with Sadneſs,
I'll ſee the Prieſt for ever make you one.

Bellam. Ah! how have I deſerv'd this cruel Uſage?
Did ever Daughter yet obey like me?
Not ſhe who in the Dungeon fed her Father
With her own Milk, and by her Piety
Sav'd him from Death, can match my rigorous Virtue;
For I have done much more; torn off my Breaſts,
My Breaſts, my very Heart, and flung it from me,
To feed the Tyrant *Duty* with my Blood.

Orſin. Call'ſt thou the lawful Impoſition of
A careful Father, that intends thee Honour,
Tyrannical and bloody? Rage reſume me;
Here, ſeeſt thou this? O would the gallant *Borgia*
Could fling thee from his Soul, as I from mine,
For 'tis Reſpect to him that ſaves thy [illegible]
Elſe by the Fever that quite burns me up,

I'd ponyard thee, till all my Robes were Crimſon:
Yet ſince thou haſt the Impudence to brave me,
And call thy Father Tyrant to his Face,
I that have foſter'd thee even from the Womb,
And bred thee in my Boſom, hear and tremble;
For I will curſe thee till thy frighted Soul
Runs mad with Horror, till thy Mother ſtarts
From her cold Monument, to beg me ceaſe,
Tho all in vain.

Bellam. I caſt me at your Feet;
I'm all Obedience: See, Sir, —— ſee me here
Groveling upon the Earth.

Orſin. Curs'd be the Night,
Ten thouſand Curſes on that fatal Hour,
When my great Spirit trifled with thy Mother
For the Production of ſo falſe a Joy!

Bellam. O horrid blaſting Breath!

Orſin. When I am dead,
My troubled Ghoſt ſhall nightly haunt thy Dreams.

Bellam. Ah, hold —— I kiſs your Feet, and hug your Knees.

Orſin. Tho in thy Husband's Arms, I'll draw the Curtains,
And ſtare thee into Frenzy; and thy Lord,
I'll charm ſo faſt, thy Shrieks ſhall not awake him.

Bellam. Yet Sir, forbear; tread on me, trample me.

Orſin. And all the Day, when other Spirits ſleep,
I'll follow thee with Groans, and curſe thee ſtill;
Nay, when thou ſeek'ſt for Company to 'ſcape me,
I'll make thee ſcream, See there his Spirit ſtands.

Bellam. Hear him not Heav'n!

Orſin. After thy firſt Imbrace,
May thy Lord loath thee; ſwear thou art no Virgin,
And caſt thee off as a moſt leud Adultereſs.

Bellam. If there be Saints or Angels; Oh I charge you ——

Orſin. Or if thy Husband ſhould by chance retain thee,
Heart-burnings, Jealouſies incite him ſtill
To plague thee with a thouſand Hells on Earth,
And after end thee in ſome horrid manner.

Bellam. [illegible] as you promis'd. Oh ſtab me!

Orſin. [illegible] ſhut up thy Womb;

If

If ought that's human chance to raiſe thy Hopes,
May it be monſtrous at the curſt Production,
An After-birth, or ſome abhor'd Conception.

Enter Duke of Gandia *in Mourning.*

Bellam. Y'have ſaid enough! my Heart, my Spirits fail
nd I have now my Wiſh without a Dagger. (me,
Orſin. What now? another Mourner? Hell and Furies!
hey both have plotted to undo my Honour.
Well——Duke of *Gandia*— but I'll call thee Bridegroom.
Gand. Ha; how's this? the beauteous *Bellamira*
Upon the Earth. Help, help—— my Lord, ſhe's cold;
Daughter ſwoons ——
Orſin. I care not, let her periſh;
And thou, who haſt ſeduc'd her, periſh with her:
Swoon with her, ſink with her, die both, and both be
damn'd. [*Exit* Orſino.
Gand. Wake *Bellamira* from the Sleep of Death;
Life of *Palante*'s Life! give me a Word;
See thou art ſafe, claſp'd in thy *Gandia*'s Arms,
Palante holds thee. Say what Murderer
Offer'd this Cruelty, and I'll revenge thee.
Bellam. Where am I? ha! looſe, looſe me from your
tand off; fly from me; fly, *Palante*, fly: (Arms;
or we muſt never, never meet agen:
The Poles may ſooner join: O I am loſt,
By an inexorable Father ruin'd,
Curs'd, blaſted; and for thee, unhappy Prince,
Thou haſt undone me, tho not by thy Will,
For ſure thou lov'ſt the wretched *Bellamira*:
Yet by the Conſequence of this Affection,
Thou haſt deſtroy'd my Peace of Mind for ever;
Thou haſt been ruinous and mortal to me,
As Robbers, Raviſhers, or Murderers;
Therefore be gone! fly from my Eyes for ever,
And never let me ſee *Palante* more.
Gand. I go for ever from you, as [illegible]
nd for that Purpoſe I did hither come;
ut little thought that you would drive me thus:

I hop'd at leaſt, that when I parted from you,
And bid you everlaſtingly farewel,
I hop'd, but oh thoſe flattering Hopes were vain!
That gentle *Bellamira* ſhould have ſigh'd,
Or dropt a Tear, when I would take my leave
And never ſee her more.

Bellam. O Cruelty!
You rend the Plaſter from the bleeding Wound.

Gand. An elder Brother calls you to his Bed,
And you perhaps will not be raviſh'd thither:
Oh *Bellamira!* I had once thoſe Vows
Which thy frail Heart does now reſign to *Borgia*.
But I have ſtaid too long: Farewel for ever;
When I am gone, and thou for many Years
Enjoy'ſt the Change thy Father forc'd thee to,
(For ſure I cannot think it all thy doing!)
If happy *Cæſar Borgia* chance to fold thee
More cloſely in his Arms than was his Cuſtom;
Say to thy Heart with a relenting Thought,
Thus, if our Fates had pleas'd, the wretched *Gandia*
Would thus have lov'd me. But no more, farewel;
You're pleas'd to baniſh me—and—I'll obey. [*Exiturus.*

Bell. Come back! come back! you ſhall not leave me thus;
Let Fathers curſe, and jealous Husbands rage,
Love has a force that can ſurmount the World.

Enter Borgia.

If then 'tis deſtin'd that you muſt be gone,
And leave me to the Arms of cruel *Borgia* ——

Borg. Ha! but obſerve; there may be more in this.

Bell. If we two Lovers, whom for tenderneſs
The World can never match, muſt part for ever ——

Gand. Oh, that for ever!

Borg. It's Apparition all;
By Heav'n, a Dream; I ſwear, a very Dream.

Bell. Yet take, O take this dying farewel with thee!
And whomſoe'er thy Paſſion ſhall eſpouſe,
Remember—O remember this, and leave me;

No

No Man was ever ſo by Woman lov'd,
As thou *Palante* art by *Bellamira*.
Gand. Stop there: for to go on will give me Death.
Oh! thou haſt utter'd Sounds of ſuch a ſtrain
As Nature cannot bear: like ſofteſt Muſick,
Which while it charms the Senſe, makes chill the Blood.
No more! for by my glimmering Joys, I fear
Thou'lt ſing my Soul to everlaſting Sleep.
Borg. Then let me wake you.
Bell. O Heav'ns, we are undone!
Borg. Start not, nor weep not! beauteous *Bellamira*:
For there is nothing meant tow'rd you, but well;
Fortune her ſelf now ſmiles on your Deſign,
And Heav'n and Earth conſpire to make you happy.
Theſe Mourning Habits on your Wedding-Day,
Had chance not guided me to hear your Loves,
Would have betray'd the Secret ———
Gand. O Brother! what muſt I expect? I know not
Whether I ought to hope or fear.
Borg. Hope all:
For curſt is he that parts whom Heav'n has join'd:
I ſtand convinc'd that Love has made you one;
And may thoſe chaſter Fires that warm your Hearts,
Vie with the Stars for Immorality ———
Gand. Speak it again, again confirm this Goodneſs,
For one ſo noble ſure this World contains not:
Oh! 'tis too little but to name him noble,
For ſuch a Soul aſpires above the Clouds,
So great, ethereal, and ſo godlike fram'd,
He muſt look down on Kings; ſuch vaſt Compaſſion,
Such an unheard Magnificence of Mercy
As we muſt both adore: Kneel, *Bellamira*,
For 'tis a God we talk with.
Borg. O you muſt not.
Methinks, fair *Bellamira*, who ſtill anſwer'ſt,
With the accuſtom'd Language of thy Tears,
Methinks you ſhould have told me all this while,
Your Beauties were not doom'd for [illegible]
'Tis true, I often fear'd by your [illegible]
Your Heart muſt be [illegible] ——— Or thou, *Palante*,

Hadſt thou but told me when I woo'd her firſt,
How many Sighs and Sorrows hadſt thou ſav'd me!
I would not then have launch'd, but yielded up
The noble Freight, this more than *Indian* Treaſure,
And given thee all my Intereſt in her Father.

Gand. Alas I fear'd!

Borg. I hold you Sir excus'd:
May you be happy as your Souls can wiſh;
But I muſt beg you from this Place retire
For your own Intereſt; *Orſino* here
Entreated me to wait him, and 'tis now
Upon this Day, allotted for my Marriage,
Unfit to break the Buſineſs of your Loves.
Yet doubt not, O moſt happy lovely Pair,
But Care and Time ſhall perfect all your Wiſhes.

Gand. Give me your Arms: I had deſign'd this Morning,
Made deſperate with my Griefs, t'acquaint your Ear
With all the Progreſs of my ruin'd Paſſion:
I thought that you would ſtorm, and uſe me ill,
And had deſign'd I know not what to forfeit
My Life, rather than loſe my *Bellamira:*
But you have ſo prevented me ——————.

Borg. No more.
How, faireſt *Bellamira!* not one word?
Am I ordain'd the Proxy of your Love,
Without the Breath of Thanks?

Bell. The bounteous Heav'ns
Rain on your Head whole Deluges of Mercies,
For this great Goodneſs! Hear me, oh ye Powers,
Hear me upon my Knees; where e're he goes,
Guard him with Bleſſings! give him his own Wiſhes:
If to the Wars he paſs, Renown attend him,
And growing Conqueſt dwell upon his Arms;
Let him attain, by a long courſe of Valour,
And gallant Acts, to the old *Roman* Greatneſs;
And when at laſt in Triumph he returns,
May all the ſighing Virgins ſtrew his way,
And with new Garlands crown his coming Glory.

Exit with Gandia.

Enter

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. Something's diſcover'd, and I gueſs the Buſineſs.
My Lord, you're wanted, and the beauteous Bride.
Borg. I charge thee name her not upon thy Life.
Tear, tear, tear off theſe unbecoming Garments,
Get me my Horſe, and bid my Arms be ready;
Yes, *Machiavel*, with to morrow's dawn,
Thou ſhalt behold me in another Dreſs,
Breathing Defiance to theſe ſofter Wars. (change!
Mach. But why, Sir? why? how comes this ſudden
Why have you charg'd me that I ſhould not ſpeak
Of *Bellamira*?
Borg. Cruel *Machiavel!*
Why doſt thou bring the fatal Charmer back,
Whom I would drive for ever from my Soul?
Mach. This wondrous Alteration of your Humour,
Muſt ſure ariſe from ſome as wondrous Cauſe.
Have you diſcover'd ought?
Borg. All, all's diſcover'd;
And ſuch an over-ſight in thee: but where,
Where now is thy profound Sagacity?
Where all thy Depoſitions, Promiſes,
Warrants, Ingagements that ſhe ſhould be mine?
Chaſtely, religiouſly, devoutly mine?
Mach. And is ſhe not?
Borg. By Heav'n quite oppoſite:
All that my boding Heart preſag'd to thee
Before, has happen'd; happen'd in ſuch manner,
As quite out-went my own Imagination.
Mach. Who e'er he is that has ſupplanted you,
By your juſt Rage he was a ſecret Villain,
The cloſeſt Traitor that e'er plotted Miſchief,
And juſtly has deſerv'd the Stab you gave him.
Borg. How, *Machiavel?* ha, didſt thou talk of ſtabbing?
Mach. I neither think, nor know what's your Intention,
But that's your Country's Cuſtom in ſuch Caſes:
Beſides, Sir, when I did diſcourſe you laſt,
You fell into Convulſions of Deſpair,

With mentioning the very name of Rival,
And thunder'd out whole Volleys of Revenge.
Borg. True, *Machiavel*; but could not think my Rival
Should prove my Brother.
Mach. Ha!
Borg. Raiſe, raiſe me Heaven:
Some other Man, that dares to take her from me,
To ſnatch the only Beauty I can love,
And at the Altar too, from my Embraces;
If I not end him, tho he were Imperial,
Ev'n in the middle of his Guards ——
Mach. Your Brother!
And have you Confirmation that ſhe loves him?
Borg. Why doſt thou wonder? I both ſaw and heard,
Heard all his Vows, and her moſt paſſionate Anſwers;
She loves him: Yes, theſe curs'd Remembrancers,
Theſe Eyes have ſeen it. Oh! ſhe dotes on him,
Feeds on his Looks —— eyes him, as pregnant Women
Gaze at the precious thing their Souls are ſet on.
Mach. And you perhaps will bear it from a Brother
With all the Meekneſs of an Anchorite,
A Man of quite another World; you'd beſt
Go to the Wars, be ſhot, and leave this Brother
The Heir of all, ſole Darling of the Pope.
Borg. 'Tis certain, that I ſeem'd to appearance
Mild and relenting; begg'd 'em leave me here,
That I might think ——
Mach. Think! by your Holy Father,
You have no Blood, no Soul, nor Spirit left;
The *Genius* of your Houſe muſt bluſh at this:
A Brother! why, ſo much the more a Villain.
Borg. O *Machiavel!*
Mach. O conſcientious *Borgia*;
By all that's great, it is in him flat Inceſt;
There's for your Conſcience, if you will have Conſcience,
She was betroth'd yours by her Father's Will,
Publiſh'd to the World, and what elſe makes a Marriage?
And for a Brother thus to undermine you,
And carry it too! Are you *Italian* born?
Begot by one? Oh, make me not a Doubt,

[illegible]ieve, I groan, I am mad to see you thus!
What, to be made the Talk, the Jeer of *Rome*,
As once you were at *Paris* by *Charlotta*:
No —— I'll revenge thee! cold as thou art and dead!
And may this Steel be sheath'd in *Machiavel*,
If that the treacherous Duke of *Gandia* 'scape me.
[*Exiturus.*

Borg. Come back, I say; for what is to be done,
I'll act my self. Where was I? or where am I?
No, *Machiavel*, thou know'st 'tis not my Conscience
That lets the Villain live; I think thou hast heard
The fatal Jars w'have had about my Sister;
For I remember, being in her Bath,
And by her Women told we were at Words,
[illegible] ran in haste half naked to the Pope,
Who came to part the Fray; and swore in Fury
With horrid Imprecations, who e'er fell
By th'others Hands, he never would have Mercy
On the Surviver. This, my *Machiavel*,
Is *Borgia*'s Conscience —— For to do a Murder,
And not be safe, is Drunkards Policy.

Mach. What then is your Intent?

Borg. To follow Nature;
For so do Flames that burn, and Seas that drown;
Yes, *Machiavel*, and care not what comes on't.
So when Security, and black Occasion
Point me to death, I will be rough as those,
And blood him, till he changes to a Ghost:
Yet since my Father's Threats bar present Murder,
I'll find a way to rack him.

Mach. Ha! you mend ——
To take again your beauteous Prize; that is,
The lovely *Bellamira* still retains
Some holds about your Heart.

Borg. Oh, 'tis confess'd;
And howsoe'er my Tongue has plaid the Braggart,
She reigns more fully in my Soul than ever:
She garisons my Breast, and mans against me
Even my own rebel Thoughts, with thousand Graces,
Ten thousand Charms, and new discover'd Beauties.
O! hadst thou seen her when she lately blest me,

What Tears, what Looks, and Languiſhings ſhe dar
Love bath'd himſelf in the diſtilling Balm:
And oh the ſubtle God has made his Entrance
Quite thro my Heart: he ſhouts and triumphs too,
And all his Cry is Death, or *Bellamira*.

Mach. Why! this is like the Spirit of your Father.
You bring this graceful Vigour juſt before me,
Juſt, juſt as firſt he wore the triple Crown,
Juſt ſo he walk'd, juſt with that fiery Movement;
So ſparkled too his Eyes! ſo glow'd his Cheeks.
Nor fear *Palante*, when ſhe's in your Arms,
When ſhe perceives the Fervour of your Paſſion
Panting upon her naked Breaſts for Mercy.

Borg. Sighing, as if my very Soul wou'd burſt,
And graſping, *Machiavel*, as if Death's Pangs were o
me.

Math. Now ſtealing to her Lips, diſſolv'd in Tears,
And preſſing cloſe, but ſoftly, to her Side;
Whiſpering, O why, why, gentle *Bellamira!*
Then with a ſudden Start let looſe your Love;
Graſp her as if you could no longer bear it;
Claſp her all Night, and ſtifle her with Kiſſes:
Oh, there are thouſand Ways!

Borg. Ten thouſand thouſand;
Millions, and infinite, yet add to thoſe,
I'll try 'em all; nor ſhall a Drop of Mercy
Fall from my Eyes, tho I beheld *Palante*
Dead at her Door. O Expectation burns me!
O *Bellamira!* Heart! how ſhe inflames me?

Mach. Then there's no need of warlike Preparations?

Borg. Talk no more of War, for now my Theme's all
The War like Winter vaniſhes; 'tis gone, (Love:
And *Bellamira* with eternal Spring,
Dreſt in blue Heav'ns, and breathing vernal Sweets,
Drops like a Cherubin in Smiles before me.

Mach. Oh, that the World could but behold you thus,
That *Bellamira* ſaw you in this Height
Of dazling Paſſion, and becoming Fury!

Borg. Thus, to a glorious Coaſt, thro Tempeſts hurl'd,
We ſail like him who ſought the *Indian* World.

[illegible]is more; 'tis Paradiſe I go to prove,
And *Bellamira* is the Land of Love:
I have her in my View; and hark, ſhe talks,
And ſee, about, like the firſt Maid, ſhe walks:
Fair as the Day when firſt the World began;
And I am doom'd to be the happy Man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Aſcanio *and* Alonzo.

Alonz. MY Lord, this is an Act ſo newly horrid,
So ghaſtly a Contrivance of Revenge,
That Fiends themſelves would ſtart at the Propoſal.
I to do this; I, who have bred him up!
Oh *Seraphino!* nurs'd thee in my Boſom,
To gaſh thy Cheeks, and tear out both thy Eyes!

Aſcan. The Sums of Gold are order'd to be paid:
Half on your bare Conſent; on Execution
The whole. *Alonzo*, thou haſt no Compaſſion
When Intereſt comes in play: Don't I know,
At the Command of *Machiavel*, or *Borgia*,
Thou wouldſt not ſtick to poiſon ev'n the Pope?
Come, come, diſſemble not thy Occupation,
Murder's thy Trade, and Death thy Livelihood;
Therefore perform this Act of ſpitely Vengeance,
And I'll create thee noble ——

Alonz. 'Tis ſure, e'er long, when I have ſerv'd their turn,
That they will end me too, for fear of talking;
Therefore, my Lord, howe'er my Conſcience ſtings me,
For 'tis moſt true, I love the innocent Boy,
Send home the Gold ——

Aſcan. Thou ſhalt along with me;
I will not ſend, but pay it thee in Hand;
Full Twenty thouſand Crowns —— Why, what a Sum is that?
Full

Full twenty thouſand Crowns!
Why, I will tell thee, there are Rogues in Orders,
Monks, Fryars, Jeſuits, that would kill their Fathers,
Raviſh their Mothers, eat their Brothers and Siſters,
For half the Sum: What, twenty thouſand Crowns!
Away, away! Come, come, pull out his Eyes,
And make a Cupid of the little Baſtard.
I ſwear thou ſhalt; what, twenty thouſand Crowns!

Alonz. My Lord, I am charm'd.

Enter Machiavel *and* Adorna.

Aſcan. My good Lord *Machiavel.*

Mach. My noble Lord,
The humbleſt of your Servants ——

[*Ex.* Aſcanio *and* Alonzo.

Now, my *Adorna*, now the time is coming,
When thou ſhalt rival even the Queen of Love;
For, by my Life, a Bridegroom like *Palante*
Might match an Empreſs —— But he's thine; no more.
I've ſworn he's thine. This Day, that gives his Brother
Thy beauteous Couſin, is the bleſt Fore-runner
Of my *Adorna's* certain Happineſs.

Ador. Heav'n only knows the Iſſue of my Fate;
But did not Love and languiſhing Deſire
Tranſport me from my ſelf, I ſhould endeavour
To help the poor deſpairing *Bellamira.*
Not many Hours ago ſhe ran upon me
With Extaſies, even crying out for Joy,
In ſpite of Fate, *Palante* ſhall be mine;
Then told me all that you diſcours'd but now;
When on that Minute cruel *Borgia* enter'd
With old *Orſino*, who commanded her,
I'th' midſt of Prayers and Tears, and ſhrieking Sorrows,
Strait to attend her Husband to the Temple.

Mach. Excellent! and how bears *Palante* this!

Ador. So much the worſe, becauſe quite unexpected.
And while I told it in moſt moving Terms,
He ſtruck his Breaſt, and caſt his Eyes to Heav'n,
Enquir'd for you, then talk'd of Blood, and vaniſh'd.

Mach.

Mach. I have been, ever ſince I came to *Rome*,
Confident to both: I like the Method,
The Machine moves exactly to my Mind,
Sails like a Ship well ballaſt thro the Air,
And ploughs the riſing Miſchiefs clear before me.
I've heard thee often talk of pretty Letters
That paſt betweeen *Palante* and thy Couſin.
Ador. I have 'em all in keeping, by her Order.
Mach. Let me peruſe 'em.
Ador. Will you be ſecret then?
Mach. Away, and fear not, they ſhall make thy Fortune:
Soon as the Marriage Rites are paſt, we'll meet.
[*Exit* Adorna.
But lo, they come! The Duke of *Gandia* frowns;
I fear my *Cæſar*, and muſt watch their claſhing.

Scene *draws, and diſcovers the Progreſs of a ſtately Marriage*; Aſcanio, Adrian, Enna, *Cardinals, going before,* Orſino *following:* Bellamira *ſupported by two Virgins in white:* Borgia *follow'd by* Vitellizzo, Alonzo, *&c.*

Gand. Sir, I muſt ſpeak with you.
Borg. 'Tis inconvenient.
Gand. 'Tis not our firſt of Jars. Remember *Lucrece*,
Our Siſter *Lucrece*, and be then perſuaded
Neceſſity requires your Ear.
Borg. For what?
Gand. If you dare walk aſide with me, I'll tell you.
Borg. After the Prieſt ——
Gand. No Sir —— before the Prieſt ——
Fate hovers near us; you ſhall give me hearing.
Borg. What Boy! how ſayſt thou? ſhall! ——
Gand. Yes Sir, you ſhall.
Borg. No more, for fear we ſhould be overheard:
I'll inſtantly return, upon my Honour:
Let me but wait *Orſino* to the Gate,
And I'll attend thee, on my Word I will ——
The Prieſt ſhall wait till thou have Satisfaction.
[Exeunt *all but* Mach. *and* Gand.
Mach.

Mach. What have you ſaid, my Lord?
Gand. Forbear to know;
I think thou lov'ſt me, yet a Proof were well;
And ſince Occaſion now demands a Trial,
Refuſe not what my Friendſhip ſhall enjoin thee.
Mach. 'Tis granted, tho the Conſequence be Death.
Gand. Be gone, this Moment leave me to myſelf.
Mach. I apprehend: Let me embrace you,
Why ſhall I leave you? but my Word's engag'd;
Call all thoſe pow'rful Provocations up,
Your Wrongs, your moſt ignoble Injuries,
To ſteel your Arm, and dye your Victory
In Blood; I go——becauſe you grow impatient.
No more, but Conqueſt, Death, or *Bellamira*——
Yet I muſt watch you hereabouts: For *Borgia*,
Tho skill'd and gallant, yet may meet his Death,
And that I muſt prevent, for I'll allow no Stroke
To Chance, tho my undaunted Hero dares all
That Man can dare——
Gand. Why comes he not?
I know he's brave, renown'd in Foreign Wars,
And to his Skill in Arms has ſuch a Courage,
As makes a raſh Man run upon his Ruin;
Yet in his height of Fury I can dare him,
My Blood defies him mortally to Death.
Yes *Machiavel*, I'll take thy fatal Counſel;
The Word is Conqueſt, Death, or *Bellamira*.

[*Exit* Mach.

Enter Borgia.

Borg. So, Sir, you ſee I have obey'd your Summons.
You muſt be ſatisfy'd, tho Beauty ſtays,
Tho the Bride ſtays, tho *Bellamira* ſtays:
That is, tho Heav'n with all its waiting Glories
Stops at your Call, and ſtands to give you hearing.
Gand. Y'have us'd me baſely.
Borg. No.
Gand. I ſay you have,
Without a Provocation.

Borg. That were baſe
Indeed: When unprovok'd I do a Wrong,
May I, when juſtly urg'd, want due Revenge.
Gand. You've falſify'd your Word, betray'd me baſely,
Betray'd a Brother: O my Stars, a Brother!
That would have burſt thro all the *Bars* of Death,
And yielded all things to you, but his Love.
O, fooliſh Eyes! but theſe are your laſt Tears,
And I muſt mend your Courſe with Blood.
Borg. He weeps!
Was ever ſeen Hypocriſy like this?
O thou young impudent and blooming Lyar,
Who, like our Curteſans, are early *practis'd*,
And in their Nonage taught the *Arts of Vice*.
But I forego my Temper——Is *this* all?
You know I am in haſte, and cannot brook
A longer Conference.
Gand. I know you cannot,
But I ſhall force you: Yes, thou Tyrant Brother,
Thou that art fallen from all the height of Glory,
To the low Practice of the worſt of Slaves
I will revenge the Honour thou haſt loſt:
Nor ſhalt thou paſs to *Bellamira's* Arms,
'Till thro my Heart thou cutt'ſt thy horrid Way.
Draw then——
Borg. I will not.
Gand. By Revenge and Fury,
Thou ſhalt not paſs but on my Rapier's Point.
Borg. Think not, thou young Practitioner in Arms,
That all thy Force, tho levell'd at me naked,
Should ſtop me, if I once reſolv'd my Way:
But I am calm; and wiſh thee, for thy Safety,
To let me paſs. Thou talkd'ſt awhile ago
Of *Lucrece*——but no more of that——my Father,
O, fear'd I not his Thunder which ſo oft
Has menac'd me if e'er I roſe againſt thee,
Long, long e'er this, had'ſt thou been Duſt, even now;
For that Abuſe which late thou gav'ſt my Ear,
For that abhorr'd Conception of my Siſter,
For that damn'd Mention, by the loweſt Hell,

And

And by the burning Fiends, thou ſhouldſt be Aſhes.
Gand. Bluſh not, nor purſe thy threatning Brow, but (draw,
And dare not to deſpiſe the weakeſt Arm
That ſtrikes with Juſtice. Yes, upon thy Breaſt,
Elate and haughty as thou carry'ſt it,
I doubt not but my Sword ſhall write thee Traitor.
Borg. No more: O that I had
Some one renown'd, and winter'd as my ſelf,
T' encounter like an Oak the rooting Storm!
But thou art weak, and to the Earth wilt bend,
With my leaſt Blaſt, thy Head of Bloſſoms down:
If by thy Hand I fall (as who e'er div'd
So deep in Fate, but ſometimes was deceiv'd?)
I do bequeath thee more than all my Dukedoms,
Far more indeed than Worlds, my beauteous Bride;
But if I conquer thee, and ſhew thee Mercy,
Never love more; nor after I am marry'd,
Dare for thy Soul to ſpeak of *Bellamira*.
Gand. I thank thee, and accept the Terms with Joy,
Which Blood muſt ratify: and here I ſwear,
If vanquiſh'd by thy Arm (tho Death I hope,
Will more than Oaths, confirm the fatal Bargain)
For ever to renounce all Claim, and yield,
By my eternal Abſence, *Bellamira*.
Borg. Come on then: and let Love and Glory ſteel
Thy unfleſh'd Arm: think, on this Moment hangs
Thy whole Life's Joy, or worſe than Death, Deſpair;
I would not win ſuch Beauty without Blood.
But as the brave *Gonſalvo*, being ſhot,
Mov'd not at all, nor chang'd his mighty Look;
As if the Gallantry of ſuch Demeanor
Could charm coy Victory to raiſe the Siege:
So would I with my Blood diſtilling down,
Anſwering her Tears, lead *Bellamira* on,
And woo her at the Altar with my Wounds.
Gand. No more.
Borg. Agreed. The Word is *Bellamira*.——
[*They fight*, Gandia *is wounded*.
Hold, hold *Palante*, for thou bleed'ſt.
Gand. A Scratch.

Borg. My Father cries out, ſave him on thy Life.
Gand. Guard well thy Life.
[*Fight again.* Borgia *is wounded on the Arm, but diſarms* Gandia.

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. What means this Noiſe of Arms?
Why theſe Swords drawn? What now, my Lords,
Both wounded? [Borgia *throws* Gandia *his Sword.*
By Heav'n, I ſwear, you ſhall proceed no further.
Borg. 'Tis now too late to tell thee how we quarrell'd,
Look to his Wound: Soon as the Cure's perform'd,
I'll ſerve the Duke of *Gandia* with my Fortune,
But far from *Rome*; for he has agreed
Never to ſee my *Bellamira* more.
For me——I'll to the Temple.
Mach. My Lord, you bleed.
Borg. The Skin's but rais'd:
Would it were deep in the moſt mortal Part,
So *Bellamira*, when the Blood guſh'd forth,
Would ſink upon my Breaſt, and ſwear ſhe lov'd me.
But that's too much to hope; whate'er is doom'd,
I ſwear this Night to graſp the conquer'd Prize:
Yes, yes, *Palante*, hear, and fly for ever;
All the white World of *Bellamira*'s Beauty
This Night I'll travel o'er, to feaſt my Love;
The little Glutton ſhall be gorg'd with Revels,
He ſhall be drunk with Spirits of Delight,
With all that amorous Wiſhes can inſpire,
And all the Liberties of looſe Deſire. [*Exit.*
Gand. I'll after him, and at the Altar end him.
Was't not enough to wound and vanquiſh me,
But he muſt triumph too? I rave and talk
I know not what; for he is generous,
And nobly merits what his Valour won;
Yes, happy *Borgia*; I will keep my Word;
And, ſince thus loſt to all that I held dear,
Abandon this loath'd World.
Mach. You muſt retire.

Gand.

Gand. I will devote the ſad Remains of Life
To the bleſt Company of holy Men;
Learn Contemplation, and, the Dregs of Life
Purg'd off, taſte clearer and more ſprightly Joys,
Partake their Tranſports in the brighteſt Viſions,
See opening Heav'ns, and the deſcending Gods:
Then as I view the dazzling Tracks of Angels,
Sigh to my Heart, and cry, See there, and there,
In full Perfection thouſand *Bellamira's*.

Mach. My Lord, your Wound bleeds faſt.

Gand. O *Machiavel!*
When I am ſhut for ever from the World,
Thou tendereſt-hearted, gentleſt, beſt of Friends,
Wilt viſit me ſometimes: I know thou wilt.

Mach. Why do you droop thus? Lean upon my Arm.
All ſhall be well. Yes, I will find a Way,
In ſpite of Fortune, yet to heal your Sorrows,
And pour the Balm of *Bellamira's* Tears
Upon your Wound.

Gand. Could I but ſee her once
Before I die!

Mach. Once, twice, a hundred times;
Doubt not, you ſhall but haſte to your Apartment.
[*Exit* Gandia.
Methinks, if Miſchief had but this to vaunt,
That, like a God, none knows her but her ſelf,
It were enough to mount her o'er the World.
I love my ſelf; and for my ſelf, I love
Borgia my Prince: Who does not love himſelf?
Self-Love's the univerſal Beam of Nature,
The Axle-Tree that darts thro all its Frame:
And he's a Child in Thought, who fears the Sting
Of Conſcience; and will rather loſe himſelf,
Than make his Fortune by another's Ruin!
Conſcience, the Bugbears Roar, the Nurſes Howl,
Our Infant Laſh, and Whip of Education.

Enter Adorna.

My Genius, my Love, my little Angel,

Hail

Haſt thou the Letters?
Ador. Firſt, my Lord,
If I have Breath to utter, let me tell you,
Never was Marriage ſolemniz'd like this.
Mach. Go on.
Ador. The Bride in Mourning-Robes was led,
Or rather born like a pale Coarſe along;
I ſaw her when ſhe firſt approach'd the Temple,
How, ruſhing from the Arms of thoſe that held her,
She threw her Body on the marble Steps;
When ſtrait the Bridegroom with a kindled Face
Drew near, and bluſhing, ſtretch'd his bloody Arm,
Wrapt in a Scarf, and gave it to the Bride;
Then, bowing, wiſh'd the Prieſt perform his Duty.
Mach. What follow'd?
Ador. Urg'd, or rather brib'd before,
The Prieſt, at old *Orſino*'s Interceſſion,
Soon join'd their Hands: all from the Temple haſte,
Orſino and his Son in deep Diſcourſe,
And *Bellamira* blind with weeping, led
This way.
Mach. I am glad on't, for I wait to ſpeak with her.
Prithee produce the Letters: Come, I know
Thou haſt 'em; nay, 'tis thy own Intereſt.
Ador. See, *Bellamira* enters: Stay ſome time,
And I'll diſcover to your own Deſire.

Enter Bellamira.

Mach. Madam, I would intreat a Word in private.
Bella. Can Miſery, like mine, be worth Diſcourſe?
Mach. The Dead are only happy, and the dying:
The Dead are ſtill, and laſting Slumbers hold 'em;
He, who is near his Death, but turns about,
Shuffles awhile to make his Pillow eaſy,
Then ſlips into his Shrowd, and reſts for ever.
Bella. My Mind preſages, by the bloody Hand
That ſeiz'd me at the Altar ——
Mach. In their Nonage
Sympathy unuſual join'd their Loves;

They

They pair'd like Turtles, ſtill together drank,
Together eat, nor quarrell'd for the Choice:
Like twining Streams both from one Fountain fell,
And as they ran, ſtill ming'ed Smiles and Tears:
But Oh, when Time had ſwell'd their Currents high,
This boundleſs World, this Ocean did divide 'em,
And now for ever they have loſt each other.

Bella. For ever! Oh the Horror that invades me!
Thou ſeem'ſt to intimate ſome horrid Act:
I charge thee ſpeak, how fares the Duke of *Gandia?*
Not anſwer me! Why doſt thou ſhake thy Head,
And croſs thy Arms, and turn thy Eyes away?
Has there been ought betwixt my Lord and him?

Mach. There has, they fought.

Bella. The Cauſe, the curſed Cauſe
Stands here, before thy Eyes ſhe ſtands to blaſt thee:
I know 'tis thus; *Borgia* for me was wounded;
And, oh my Fears, by his relentleſs Hand,
Perhaps that poor deſpairing loſt *Palante*
Is miſerably ſlain: If it be ſo,
Spite of my Father, I'll renounce my Vows,
Forego, forſwear all Comforts in this Life,
And fly the World.

Mach. Wou'd I were out on't;
Nothing but Fraud and Cruelties reign here.
He is not ſlain; but, as his Surgeons bode,
I fear him much. Oh would you be ſo kind
To ſee the Wounds he ſuffers for your ſake,
And charm his Pains but with one parting View,
Before your Lord return——

Bella. Alas, I dare not!

Mach. He graſp'd me by the Wriſt, and weeping, vow'd
'Twould be a Heav'n, a Lightning in his Grave,
Where elſe he muſt for ever lie unpity'd.
Now, on my Soul, you muſt, you ought to ſee him,
Who, ballancing the Scales of doubtful Life,
Lies in your way; a Glance, one Grain of Favour
Turns him from Death. Come, come, you muſt have
Madam, I'll wait and intercept your Lord. (*Mo*

Bella.

Bella. A Viſit! juſt upon our Marriage too——
But 'tis the laſt that he ſhall e'er receive;
Therefore I'll go; Nature, Compaſſion, Fate,
And Love, far more tyrannical than thoſe,
Forces me on: I feel him here; he throbs,
And beats a mournful March.

Mach. Fear not, away:
I'll guard the Paſſage: Look not back, but haſte.
[*Exit* Bellamira.

If I remember Story well, old *Rome*
Was free from all this Weakneſs of the Mind;
For Women! Oh how ſlightly were they thought of,
When the great *Cato* gave his Friend his Wife,
To breed him Heirs, becauſe ſhe was a Teemer;
And after he was dead, again receiv'd her.
This was before the *Vandals* made us Slaves,
Who, mingling with our Wives, begot a Race
That nothing holds of the old Lion, Glory.

Enter Borgia.

But huſh, more work, and now I am compos'd.

Borg. Welcome, my beſt of Friends, my *Machiavel!*
Let me unlade on thee my Fraught of Joy;
For *Bellamira*'s mine, her Vows are mine;
Her Father gave her, and the holy Man
Has link'd our Hands: Fortune perhaps, e'er long,
May join our Hearts; however dearly bought,
I ſay, ſhe's mine.

Mach. However dearly bought!

Borg. True *Machiavel*, moſt dearly; but alas,
He that would reach the Mine, muſt burſt the Quarry,
And labour to the Center——ha——thou'rt cold;
Start from this Lethargy, and tell me why,
Why doſt thou ſhake my Joys with that ſtern Look?
Speak, for to me thy Face is as the Heav'ns,
And, when thou ſmil'ſt, I cannot fear a Storm:
But now thy gather'd Brows prognoſticate
Ill Weather; Lightning ſparkles from thy Eyes;
Speak too, tho Thunder follow.

Mach.

Mach. On what Conditions had the Prince his Life?

Borg. It was agreed betwixt us ſolemnly,
And bound by Oath, that he who was ſubdu'd
Should never ſpeak to *Bellamira* more.

Mach. I am ſatisfy'd.——

Borg. O *Machiavel!* is this friendly,
To hide the Cauſe of thy Diſorder from me?
Thou ſaid'ſt, I am ſatisfy'd; but at that moment
I ſaw two Furies leap from thy red Eyes,
That ſaid thou'rt not, thou art not ſatisfy'd.
This Coldneſs of thy Carriage, this dead Stillneſs,
Makes me more apprehend than all the Noiſe
That mad Men raiſe: Speak then, but do not blaſt me,
Speak by degrees, let the Truth break away
In oblique Sounds; for if it come directly,
I fall at once, ſplit, ruin'd, daſh'd for ever,
So little am I Maſter of my Paſſion.

Mach. Therefore I dare not tell you.

Borg. Therefore 'tis horrid, ah!
Monſtrous! 'tis ſo; therefore thou dar'ſt not tell me.
But ſpeak; tho trembling thus from Head to Foot,
I will be calm, preſs down the riſing Sighs,
And ſtifle all the Swellings in my Heart;
I will be Maſter far as Nature can.

Mach. If that you knew ſuch Fire was in your Temper,
And thus would burn you up, why would you marry?

Borg. Becauſe reſiſtleſs Love, reſiſtleſs Beauty,
Hurry'd me on. But ſpeak, thou ſtav'ſt me off.
If thou haſt Senſe of Honour, tell me, *Machiavel*,
Speak, I conjure thee, as thou art my Friend.

Mach. The Fault's not great, and you may pardon it;
Yet 'twas a Fault, I think: Where did you leave
Your Bride?

Borg. Why doſt thou ask? I know not where;
This way they led her; and as I'm perſuaded,
Orſino, tho unwilling, judg'd it fit
She ſhould retire again to her Apartment,
That her full Griefs might have a time to waſte.

Mach. She is retir'd, my Lord,

Borg.

Borg. Ha! whither? ſpeak;
She is retir'd where ſhe ſhould not retire.
'Tis true, moſt plain, moſt undeniable,
I know it by the Faſhion of thy Wit,
Thy Accent ſwears it; mouth thy Tale no more,
But ſay diſtinctly whither ſhe's retir'd;
I charge thee, pray thee, and conjure thee, ſpeak,
For what, with whom, and on what new Occaſion?
Mach. You have a Brother.
Borg. O the perjur'd Traitor!
I have! what then?
Mach. She's with him now.
Borg. With whom?
Mach. Why with the Duke of *Gandia*; with your Brother
Palante, Son or Nephew to the Pope.
Borg. What, *Bellamira* with him? Ponyards! Daggers!
Mach. This way, but now, I ſaw her come in haſte;
Whether ſhe gueſs'd the Matter by your Wound,
I know not, but with faultring Speech ſhe ask'd
How far'd *Palante*, if he were in being?
Whereon I nothing mus'd, but in plain Terms,
With Moderation, told her what I knew:
But had you ſeen the Starts and Stops ſhe made!
Borg. No doubt ſhe did; ten thouſand Curſes, oh——
Go on; for yet I am a fangleſs Lion.
Mach. Had you but heard when firſt his Wound I mention'd,
How ſhe ſhriek'd out; how oft ſhe forc'd me ſwear,
And ſwear, and ſwear again, it was not mortal——
Borg. Undone for ever! O Deſtruction ſeize her!
Mach. But when I told your Hurt, ſhe ſeem'd ſcarce grieved,
And leſſening Sorrow yielded to Attention;
I do not ſay ſhe flatly did rejoice,
But ſure I am ſhe ſmil'd, and touch'd my Hand,
And begg'd me, if you came this way, to hold you
In talk, while to the Sick ſhe made a Viſit.
Borg. Thy Boſom be my Grave; bear me awhile,
Or I ſhall burſt. O *Bellamira!* Oh!
Mach. Raiſe, raiſe your ſelf. Ha, Prince! is this the Fire
We fear'd but now, that moſt tranſporting Fury?

Borg.

Borg. No more; 'tis gone: O Marriage! now I find
Thou coſtly Feaſt, on which with fear we feed, (thee;
As if each golden Diſh we taſte were poiſon'd;
Where, by the fatal Tyranny of Cuſtom,
Our Honour, like a Sword juſt pointing o'er us,
Hangs by a Hair. Ha! but it comes, 'tis falln!
Like a fork'd Arrow ſtuck into my Skull.
No more; I'm deaf as Adders, and as deadly;
Mercy! no more! thy Voice is quite uncharm'd;
All Pity thus be dry'd from my weak Eyes:
Here will I look my Mother's Softneſs off,
And gaze till Southern Fury ſteels my Soul,
Till I am all my Father; till his Form,
All bloody o'er from Head to Foot with Slaughter,
Skims o'er my poliſh'd Blade, in Frowns to haſte me.

Mach. What mean you, Sir?

Borg. I know not what myſelf!
Off from my Arms; away. I've oft-times heard
At Princes Murders, monſtrous Births forbode;
The Heavens themſelves rain Blood; Why, let it rain!
If my Heart holds her Purpoſe, with this Hand
I'll ſwell the Purple Deluge; Vengeance! Death and
Vengeance! [*Exit.*

Mach. No, my brave Warrior! 'tis not gone ſo far;
Theſe Starts are but the haſty Harbingers
To the ſlow Murder that comes dragging on;
The Miſchief's yet but young, an Infant Fury;
'Tis the firſt Brawl of new-born Jealouſy.
But I have *Machiavellian* Magick here,
Shall nurſe this Brood of Hell to ſuch Perfection,
As ſhall e'er long become the Devil's Manhood;
But hark! the Noiſe approaches, and the Time
Puts me in mind of *Bellamira*'s Letters —— [*Exit.*

Enter Borgia, Bellamira *and* Gandia.

Borg. Furies and Hell! yet e'er thou dy'ſt, proud Villain,
Let me demand thee how thou dar'ſt abuſe
My Mercy thus.

Gan.

Gand. I give thee back the Title;
And have a Heart ſo well aſſur'd of Death,
That I diſdain to anſwer.

Borg. Die then, Traitor!

Bella. Hold, *Borgia*, hold! hear *Bellamira* ſpeak.

Borg. Confuſion! off; and play not thus with Thunder,
Leſt it ſhould blaſt thee too: Hence, off, I ſay;
Tho thou deſerv'ſt a Fate as ſharp and ſudden,
I will take leiſure in thy Death. Be gone.

Bella. Behold, I graſp the Dagger, draw it through
And gaſh my Veins, and tear my Arteries;
I'll fix my Hand thus to the wounding Blade,
While Life will let me hold, and force thee hear me.

Borg. Say'ſt, ha! will thou? dar'ſt thou brave me thus?
Thus guilty too! once more forego my Ponyard.

Bella. No; draw it, Cruel! let thy bloody Deeds
Be ſwifter than thy Threats: I fear thee not;
But thus will wound my ſelf, or quite diſarm thee.
Now you ſhall hear me.

Borg. Is this poſſible?
Ha, *Borgia!* where! where is thy Fury now?
Where thy Revenge? O Woman in Perfection!
Thou dazzling mixture of ten thouſand *Circe's*,
In one bright heap caſt by ſome huddling God,
How dar'ſt thou venture thus; how dar'ſt thou do this?
Yet heave thy Breaſts, pant, breathe, and think on Mercy.

Bella. My Acts have ſhewn the Care indeed I take
To ſave my Life: No, Prince, not for my own
I would be heard, but for your innocent Brother's,
Palante.

Borg. Ha, *Palante!* Yes, I know thee, (tion,
There hangs thy Joy, thy Pulſe, thy Breath, and Mo-
Blood, Life, and Soul, thy Darling-Bleſſing's here,
And more than all the Joys of Heav'n hereafter.
O World of Horror! O Contagion on
The Day when firſt I ſaw thee.

Bella. Would you but hear ——

Borg. Come off, I ſay; tear thy ſcarf'd Wound, tear'e
With theſe diſtilling Drops; come glue thy Eyes, (up
Glue 'em with Blood; for *Borgia's* Blood's thy Joy;

For ſay — when at the Altar I ſtood bleeding,
Speak Tygreſs, barbarous Wretch, thou ſhe *Palante*,
Didſt thou once ask th' Occaſion of my Wound?
No,——— I remember thy uneaſy Carriage,
How often thou look'dſt back with longing Eyes;
How oft in ſecret thou didſt curſe the Prieſt,
The tedious length of whoſe ſlow Ceremonies
Kept thee from flying to *Palante*'s Arms.
Gand. Farewel, my Lord; think *Bellamira* guiltleſs,
And you ſhall never ſee *Palante* more. (Trouble;
Borg. Stay, Sir; come back, I know your Wound's a
But the Reward I mean is worth your waiting.
Here, take him, *Bellamira*; claſp him;
I give him thee, as our Phyſicians do
Preſcribe laſt Remedies, to ſave thy Life:
I give him thee to ſave thy gaſping Soul,
Which would be damn'd without him; yet obſerve
There is a Deed that muſt, that ſhall be done,
Before you laugh and kiſs. See here, my Boſom,
Strike, and ſtrike deep, deep as *Palante* burns thee;
For in thy Heart, hot in thy inmoſt Veins,
I know the curs'd, the too-lov'd Traitor lies.
Gand. I do renounce the Name, and to the Giver
Retort it with an equal Indignation.
Borg. Retort it! What?
Gand. The Name of Traitor.
Borg. Ha!
Provoke me not, leſt, as I am unarm'd,
I cruſh thee with my Hands, and daſh thee dead.
Bella. Hold off, and hear me; noble *Borgia*, hear me;
Hear me, my Lord, my Husband, hear me kneeling;
Thou whom the Heav'ns have deſtin'd to my Arms,
The conſtant Partner of my niceſt Thoughts,
Doom'd to my Bed, whom I muſt learn to love,
And will, unleſs you turn my Heart to Stone.
Borg. Ha!
Oh, ſuch ſweet Words ne'er fell from that fair Mouth
Before, nor can I truſt 'em now.
Bella. If you call back
The Vengeance which your impious Vows let ſlip,

I ſwear, thus ſinking on your Feet, I ſwear,
Never from this ſad Hour, never to ſee,
Nor ſpeak, no, nor (if poſſible) to think
Of poor *Palante* more.

Borg. Go on, go on; *I ſwear the Wind is turn'd,*
And all thoſe *furious and outrageous Paſſions*
Now bend another way.

Bella. I will hereafter,
With ſtricteſt Duty, ſerve you as my Lord;
And give you ſigns of ſuch moſt faithful Love,
That it ſhall ſeem as if we languiſh'd long,
As if we had been us'd to mingle Sighs,
And from our Cradles interchang'd our Souls;
As if no Breach had ever been betwixt us;
As if no cruel Father forc'd the Marriage;
I ſo reſigning as if always your's,
And you ſo mild, as if no other proof
But my Diſhonour e'er could make you angry.

Borg. Oh, my Heart's Joy! Riſe, *Bellamira*, riſe;
There's nothing left, nothing of Rage to fright thee;
Thou haſt new-tun'd me, and the trembling Strings
Of my touch'd Heart dance to the Inſpiration,
As if no harſhneſs, nor no jars had been:
Had theſe ſweet Sounds but met my Entrance here,
My ghaſtly Fears and cloven Jealouſies,
With all the Monſters that made ſick my Brain,
Had fled (ſo ſoft and artful are thy Strains)
Like ſullen Fiends before the Prophet's Charms.

Bella. I came, 'tis true, my Lord, to ſee *Palante*,
But thought him on his Death-bed.

Borg. Oh, no more!
I do intreat thee mention that no more;
All's well; and we have mutually forgiven.
I love thee, *Bellamira*; therefore paſs
This Error by; yes, for thy ſelf I love thee,
To glut my Fancy with thy endleſs Charms,
And ſnatch the Pleaſures of all *Woman kind*:
Thy fair Repentance, and thy graceful Vows,
Have turn'd the Eagerneſs of ſworn Revenge
To furious Wiſhes for the promis'd Joy.

Enter Orſino.

Gand. O blaſting Sight! O Death to all my Hopes!
Life, thou art vile, and I will waiſt no longer.
Orſin. Ha, Traitor Prince!—Why, *Borgia*, does he live,
Who has himſelf broke all the Ties of Blood?
Where is the leud Adult'reſs too, my Daughter?
For I will ſtab 'em in each others Arms.
Borg. Hold, dear *Orſino!* for Revenge is now
No more; thy Daughter is moſt innocent,
And melts into my Arms. O happy Night!
Not to the weary Pilgrim half ſo welcome,
When after many a weary bleeding Step
With joyful Looks he ſpies his long'd-for Home.
See, ſee my Lord, the Effects of our Vexation!
Thus comes to the deſpairing Wretch, the glad
Reprieve: 'Tis Mercy, Mercy at the Block.
Thus the roſs'd Seaman, after boiſterous Storms,
Lands on his Country's Breaſt, thus ſtands and gazes,
And runs it o'er with many a greedy Look;
Then ſhouts for Joy, as I ſhould do, and makes
The ecchoing Hills and all the Shores reſound.
Orſin. Now Bleſſings on thy Heart; more Bleſſings on thee,
Than on thy Diſobedience, Curſes. Take him Girl,
And lay him to thy Heart; the warmeſt Gift
That Nature or thy Father can beſtow ——
Gand. Farewel, thrice happy Lover! never ſhall
This Wretch again diſturb you. *Bellamira*,
Oh, *Bellamira* —— [*Exit.*
Bella. O farewel, for ever!
Borg. Why doſt thou weep, and pour into my Wounds
New Oil to make 'em blaze?
Bella. I've done, my Lord;
Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will wait you
To Death, or to your Bed ——
Borg. O ill compar'd!
Be conſtant, *Bellamira*, to thy Vows,
So ſhall we ſhine, as in the inmoſt Heav'n,
The fixt and brighteſt Stars with ſilent Glory;

Where

Where never Storm, nor Lightning's flaſh, nor ſtroak
Of Thunder comes; but if you fail in ought,
Then ſhall we fall like the caſt Angels down,
Never to riſe again: Therefore I warn thee ——
Gella. Fear not, my Lord.
Borg. Oh, I muſt fear my Temper;
But I will purge it off with Reſolution,
And with a Confidence thou wilt be mine.
For ſhouldſt thou not: —— Hence *Gordian* Jealouſy!
Cam'ſt thou uncall'd to ſet me on the Rack?
Be gone, I ſay, ſhe's chaſte, and I deſy thee.
O plague me, Heav'n, plague me with all the Woes
That Man can ſuffer; root up my Poſſeſſions,
Shipwreck my far-ſought Ballaſt in the Haven;
Fire all my Cities, burn my Dukedoms down,
Let Midnight Wolves howl in my deſart Chambers;
May the Earth yawn; ſhatter the Frame of Nature;
Let the rack'd Orbs in Whirlwinds round me move,
But ſave me from the Rage of jealous Love. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Soft Muſick, with an *Epithalamium* to *Borgia* and *Bellamira.*

I.

BLUSH not redder than the Morning,
Tho the Virgins gave you warning;
Sigh not at the Chance befel ye,
Tho they ſmile, and dare not tell ye.

II.

Maids, like Turtles, love the Cooing,
Bill and murmur in their Wooing.
Thus like you, they ſtart and tremble,
And their troubled Joys diſſemble.

III.

Graſp the Pleaſure while tis coming,
Tho your Beauties now are blooming;
Time at laſt your Joys will ſever,
And they'll part, they'll part for ever.

Enter Machiavel *and* Adorna.

Mach. Say'ſt thou, ſo loving?
Adorn. Oh, he has got Ground
Beyond all Expectation: Had you ſeen
His graceful manner, when the ſighing Bride
Was laſt Night by your Arms given to his Bed;
When after ſhe was laid, quite drown'd in Tears,
How, aw'd with Trembling, he the Curtains drew,
And kneeling by her Bed-ſide, took her fair Hand,
With which ſhe ſtrove to hide her Bluſhes from him,
And ſighing, ſwore upon't ——— if ſo ſhe pleas'd,
If her cold Heart refus'd him utterly,
He would forego his Joys, tho Death enſu'd.
You muſe, my Lord.
Mach. This Day attend my Motion:
Soon as my Purpoſe hits, which you muſt watch,
I'll train the Bridegroom near *Palante*'s Lodgings;
Whence, as you were before by me inſtructed,
You with this Letter (which from all the Packets
I choſe, and notably ſuits our Deſign)
Shall iſſue forth, and act as I inſpir'd ———
Adorn. I fear this Buſineſs,
Leſt he ſhould kill me: in this height of Fury,
Murder his Brother; or his innocent Lady.
Mach. I tell thee, tho a Whirlwind drove him on,
I'll make him calm. The Conſequence of this
Is thine: he drives *Palante* from the Palace,
Who elſe may linger after *Bellamira*;
And then thou know'ſt ———
Adorn. I will about it ſtreight.
If I get clear of this, uſe me no more,
For I have ſworn to ceaſe ———

Mach.

Mach. Prithee, be gone ——
Uſe me no more: For ſhe has ſworn to ceaſe,
[*Exit* Adorna.
To dip her Lady Finger in new Miſchief:
Yes —— thou ſhalt ceaſe to live when I have us'd thee,
Poor uſeleſs thing —— But ſee the Bridegroom's here.

Enter Borgia.

My Lord, I give you Joy; Your Motion gives it,
Your wondrous Gallantry, and ſprightly Action.
But has ſhe wholly yielded to your Wiſhes,
Without the leaſt Reſerve?
Borg. Oh!
I cannot tell thee ought but this, I am happy
Above Expreſſion, bleſt beyond all Hope;
And ſure ſuch perfect Joy cannot laſt long,
Leſt we be Gods. O thou great Chymiſt, Nature,
Who draw'ſt one Spirit ſo ſublimely perfect,
Thou mak'ſt a Dreg of all the World beſide.
Mach. Why, this at firſt I told you, but you fear'd,
And puſh'd the Bleſſing from you with both Hands.
I grant you that ſhe lov'd your Brother firſt;
I know he's young, and handſom, has a Wit
Moſt ſuitable to Woman's Inclination,
A ſubtle Genius, ſoft and voluble,
That winds with their Diſcourſe, and hits the Vein:
'Tis true, you are not of this ſubtle Mould;
But if you have enjoy'd her, 'tis all one,
My Life ſhe loves you: So the Act's reſolv'd,
Leave them to manage. O ye know 'em not;
Thoſe ſubtle Creatures, when Neceſſity
Forces Compliance, in a caſe like yours,
Will make the beſt on't. (thou?
Borg. How *Machiavel*, the beſt on't! Ha! how mean'ſt
Mach. Why thus; ſhe may, ev'n *Bellamira* may,
Spite of her Father's Will, her Vows in Marriage,
And all her After-Oaths, even in your Arms
Beſtow herſelf upon the Duke of *Gandia*.
Borg. Ha!

Mach. I ſay not (pardon me!) ſhe does, or will;
But to make good my former Argument,
Affirm they may, they can, they will do thus.
As for Example, tho your *Bellamira*,
Compell'd as all *Rome* knows to this late Marriage,
Admits you to her Bed; you cannot think,
But her *Palante* had been much more welcome.

Borg. Heav'n!

Mach. 'Tis likely too her Fancy workt that Way
I urg'd before, ſhe took you for *Palante*:
'Tis dark, ſhe ſees you not; you are his Brother,
Form'd in one Womb, of the ſame Fleſh and Blood;
Therefore ſhe yields as to foreknown Embraces:
And as you gently draw with trembling Arms
Her nicer Beauties to your heaving Breaſts;
She ſhuts her Eyes with languiſhing Delight,
And whiſpers to her Heart, it is *Palante*.

Borg. Ceaſe *Machiavel*; hold; as thou lov'ſt my Life,
I charge thee hold: Oh, 'tis moſt true I ſwear!
Thou know'ſt the very Depth of Woman-kind:
They are what thy Imagination paints 'em,
Charmers and Sorcereſſes. Oh, I'll tell thee,
When I the chaſteſt, as I thought her then,
I am ſure the ſweeteſt of the Earth, embrac'd ——
'Twas with Complainings, *Machiavel*; ſuch Tremblings,
I cou'd have ſworn her cold as Winter Streams.
But oh the Horrors thou haſt conjur'd up!
Soon as ſoft Sleep had ſeal'd her melting Eyes,
I heard her ſigh (for till the Morn I wak'd)
Palante! Oh —— what have we done, *Palante*

Mach. By Heav'n, that was too much.

Borg. O much —— much more.
For ſteeling nearer me; her glowing Arm,
Caſt o'er my Cheek, thrice preſt me to her Breaſt;
Ev'n that coy Arm, ſo nicely ſtrange before,
Familiar grew, and circled in my Neck,
With all the Freedom of acquainted Love:
And I too pity'd her, and thought that Nature
Work'd her imperfectly; but now I know,
I find, I ſee, it was her Heart's Deſign,

The

The black Contrivance of her blotted Fancy:
Blood, Blood and Death; thus has ſhe ſet me down,
Thro the whole Courſe of her polluted Nights,
To be her Bawd, her moſt induſtrious Groom,
The Drudge of her damn'd Luſt —— *Palante*'s Stale ——

Mach. Are you incens'd indeed? Or do you, Sir,
Put on the jealous Fit to make you Sport?
For if ſo ſmall a Spark thus makes you glow,
A little more will blow you into Flame:
Therefore be ſerious in your Anſwer.

Borg. Ha!
Thou knowſt before my Marriage how I fear'd,
How when my Honour was engag'd by Vows,
Like Flax my jealous Temper caught the Flame,
And ſcarce could all her melting Sorrows quench me!

Mach. I do remember well.

Borg. But now I have enjoy'd her, mark me, *Machia-*
If I was Flax before, I'm Powder now, *vel*,
And will fly up in general Conflagration:
For I would chuſe to ſcramble at a Door,
Make my loath'd Meals out of the common Basket,
With Dungeon Villains, wallow in the Stews,
And get my Bread by poiſoning my firm Limbs,
E'er paſs an Hour with her I have eſpous'd,
If but in Thought conſenting with another.

Mach. I am glad to find the Genius of your Climate
Inflames you thus; my Lord, give me your Hand:
Prepare your Soul, gather your nobler Spirits,
And bid 'em ſtand to Arms, like Towns beſieg'd,
That muſt receive no Quarter.

Borg. Let me go:
So deep thou threaten'ſt, that I fear ev'n thee;
And from this Moment, like the fearful Plant,
Shrink back my Arms from every human Touch:
But ſpeak, I charge thee, ſlip the ſtrugling Thunder,
And foil my Soul.

Mach. This Morning, juſt before he enter'd here,
I ſaw in haſte *Adorna* croſs the Garden.
And as ſhe ran, a Note dropt from her Boſom,
Which I took up, and in it read theſe Words;

Mourn not, my dear Palante, *for the time*
Draws on, when ſpite of this inhuman Borgia
We will be happy.

Borg. Yes, ſhe ſhall, ſhe ſhall;
I'll join 'em Breaſt to Boſom, ſtab 'em thro,
And clinch my Dagger on the other ſide.

Mach. This, as I oft perus'd in great Amazement,
I ſaw her who had miſs'd the Note, come back,
And briefly let her know that I had read it;
With Menaces, unleſs ſhe told me all,
Immediately to carry you the Letters.
Why ſhould I rack you longer? Your chaſte Wife
Has, with the help of this her Kinſwoman,
Concluded, on the Date of your firſt Abſence,
T' admit your Brother.

Borg. 'Tis impoſſible!
'Tis mountainous to Faith; I'll not believe it:
For Hell it ſelf ne'er teem'd with ſuch a Falſhood.

Enter Adorna.

Mach. Ha —— as I live, juſt from *Palante* now,
The private Way from his Apartment; ſee
Their Emiſſary comes.

Borg. Oh thou vile Bawd!
Thou midnight Hag; Thou moſt contagious Blaſt,
Which *Bellamira* with a Strumpet's Breath
Blows to *Palante*, and he back to her:
Whence com'ſt thou? Speak! What bear'ſt thou? Ha,
Or I will tear thee Limb from Limb. (produce it,

Adorn. O Heav'ns!
I am betray'd, undone, for ever ruin'd; and I ſhall loſe my Life.

Borg. Thou ſhalt be ſafe, I ſwear thou ſhalt, if thou confeſs the Truth:
But if thou hide ought from me, I will rack thee,
Till with thy horrid Groans thou wake the Dead.

Adorn. O my Lord!
I do confeſs that *Bellamira* ſent me;
But ſure no harm was in the Letter.

Borg. None,
None at all; Hell knows her Innocence:
But ſpeak ——
Adorn. I have, my Lord, confeſs'd already
All that I know, to my Lord *Machiavel.*
Borg. Thou ly'ſt, damn'd Wretch! look here and dare not urge me;
Show me the Anſwer to the Morning Meſſage,
Or I will cut thee to Anatomy,
And ſearch thro all thy Veins to find it out.
Adorn. Oh, ſave my Life! behold, my Lord, this Paper:
What it contains, I know not.
Borg. 'Tis his Hand.
Mach. Be gone; and on thy Life no talk of this.
[*Exit* Adorna.
Borg. *reads.* Palante *waits upon your Motion.* Death and Devils!
And when you call, he comes; or the long Sleep
Shall huſh him ever.
Daggers! Poiſon! Fire! [*Tears the Letter.*
Woe, and ten thouſand Horrors on their Souls!
Mach. What now, my Lord?
Borg. Off —— or I'll ſtab thee thro!
Stab —— I could mangle, tear up my own Breaſt,
Drag forth my Heart that holds her bleeding Image,
And daſh it in her Face.
Mach. Talk no more on't; but do, Sir, do.
Borg. Yes, *Machiavel*, I will —— I will do Deeds
Grain'd as my Wrongs: I will, I will be bloody
As *Pyrrhus*, daub'd in Murder at the Altar;
As *Tullia*, driving thro her Father's Bowels;
As *Cæſar's* Butchers in the Capitol;
As *Nero* bathing in his Mother's Womb;
With all ſucceeding Tyrants down to ours,
Lords of the Inquiſition, black Contrivers
Of Princes Deaths, and Heads of Maſſacres;
Orſino, *Vitellizzo*, Duke *Gravina*,
Oliveretto too; all, all at once,
Even the whole Race, a Hecatomb to Vengeance.
Mach. Hear me one Word.

Borg.

Borg. Bid the Sea liſten, when the weeping Merchant,
To gorge its ravenous Jaws, hurls all his Wealth,
And ſtands himſelf upon the ſplitting Deck,
For the laſt Plunge. No more! Let's ruſh together;
For Death rides poſt.

Mach. Tho Death ſhould meet me,
More horrid than you name, I'd croſs this Fury,
This blind ungovern'd Rage: Sir, you ſhall hear me.

Borg. Barr'ſt thou my Vengeance?

Mach. No ——— I'll further it:
You ſhall have Proof ſo plain, the World ſhall ſay,
The Pope himſelf, dear as he loves your Brother,
Shall ſay the Stroke was juſt. This Night I'll bring you
Into her Chamber, if with ſome Pretence
You ſeem t'abſent your ſelf: My Lord, I'll bring you
With a falſe Key into the Bridal Lodging;
Where you ſhall ſee, even with thoſe Eyes behold,
And gaze upon their curſt inceſtuous Loves.

Borg. Juſt reeking from my Arms: O thou Adultereſs!
Whoſe Name to mention, ſure would rot my Lungs,
And bliſter up my Tongue; Inſatiate *Scylla!*
Bark'ſt thou for more? then let the Furies ſeize thee,
Whoſe burning Luſt damns to the loweſt Hell,
Smoaks to the Heav'ns, and ſullies all the Stars.

Mach. Compoſe your Looks, ſmooth down that ſtarting Hair,
And dry your Eyes, which ſpite of this Diſtraction
I ſee are full, brim full of guſhing Tears.

Borg. Had ſhe not fallen thus, Oh ten thouſand Worlds
Could not have ballanc'd her, for Heav'n is in her;
And Joys which I muſt never dream of more.
I weep, 'tis true: But, *Machiavel*, I ſwear,
They're Tears of Vengeance, drops of liquid Fire.
So Marble weeps when Flames ſurround the Quarry,
And the pil'd Oaks ſpout forth ſuch ſcalding Bubbles
Before the general Blaze; for that ſhe dies,
Tho clinging to the Altar; Guardian Gods,
Tho ſtarting from their Shrines, ſhall not redeem her.

Mach. Pretend to night, nor is it bare Pretence;
For, as I hear, the *Sinigallian* Victors

Come

Come on to wait you here: Pretend to her,
To *Bellamira*, you can ſcarce return
In forty Hours.

Borg. I will do what I may.

Mach. Away then.

Borg. Ha! Methinks thou doſt not ſhare
In my Reſentment, *Machiavel*, as thou oughtſt:
If thou'rt my Friend, and art indeed concern'd,
Relieve my weary'd Fury, beat my Vengeance,
Call up a friendly Rage, and curſe 'em, *Machiavel*,
Curſe theſe Triumphers o'er thy *Borgia*'s Ruin.

Mach. Diſeaſes wait 'em: Wherefore ſhould I curſe
If that my Breath were ſulph'rous as the Light'ning, 'em?
That murders with a Blaſt; or like the Vapours,
The choaking Stench, which thoſe that die of Plagues
Send with their parting Groans, then I would curſe 'em
With Accents that ſhould poiſon from my Tongue,
Deliver'd ſtrongly thro my gnaſhing Teeth;
More harſh, more horrible, and more outrageous,
Than Envy in her Cave, or Madmen in their Dens.

Borg. Excellent *Machiavel!* more, more, to lull me.

Mach. My Tongue ſhall ſtammer in my earneſt Words;
My Eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten Flint.

Borg. This hoary Hair ſhould ſtart, and ſtand an end,
And all thy ſhaking Joints ſhould ſeem to curſe 'em.

Mach. Nay, ſince you urge me, Sir, my Heart will break,
Unleſs I curſe 'em! Poiſon be their Drink.

Borg. Gall, Gall, and Wormwood, Hemlock! Hemlock quench 'em.

Mach. Their ſweeteſt Shade, a Dale of duskiſh Adders.

Borg. Their faireſt Proſpect, Fields of Baſilisks:
Their ſofteſt Touch, as ſmart as Vipers Teeth.

Mach. Their Muſick horrid as the Hiſs of Dragons,
All the foul Terrors of dark-ſeated Hell.

Borg. No more; thou art one Piece with me my ſelf:
And now I take a Pride in my Revenge.

Mach. You bid me ban, and will you bid me ceaſe?
Now, by your Wrongs that turn my Heart to Steel,
Well could I curſe away a Winter's Night,
Thro ſtanding naked on a Mountain's Top,

And

And think it but a Minute ſpent in Sport.
Borg. Thou beſt of Friends! come to my Arms my Brother;
But the time calls, and Vengeance bids us part;
Henceforth, be thou the Miſtreſs of my Heart. [*Exit.*
Mach. Now it grows ripe; the *Orſins*, and *Vitelli*,
Are bury'd by my Wit, without a Noiſe.
Oh, 'tis the ſafer Courſe, for Threats are dang'rous,
But there's no Danger in the Execution;
For he that's dead, ne'er thinks upon Revenge.
What, hoa —— *Alonzo!*

Enter Alonzo.

Alonz. Here, my Lord.
Mach. Are the Gloves brought I ſent to the Perfumer's?
Alonz. They are.
Mach. Where is *Adorna?*
Alonz. She waits without.
Mach. As you ſee her enter,
Bring me the Gloves: 'Twere eaſy ſtrangling her;
But this is quainter. —— O my bright *Adorna!*

Enter Adorna.

With Confidence I ſwear the Duke is thine.
Adorn. May I believe it?
Mach. Be judge thy ſelf, whether I have been idle.
Theſe were a Preſent from the King of *Spain*
To the Pope's Niece; of whom the fond young Duke
Begg'd 'em for thee.
Adorn. Is't poſſible?
Mach. Stay, Madam —— we muſt change.
One Preſent for another. Lend me the Key
To *Bellamira*'s Chamber.
Adorn. For what?
Mach. Nay, if we barter Words.
Adorn. Here, here, my Lord.
Now give me the dear Preſent.
See, ſee, my Lord, they are emboſs'd with Jewels,

And

And caſt ſo rich an Odour, they o'ercome me ——
Help me——my Lord — O help me—lend your Arm——
The Earth turns round with me ! O Mercy, Heav'n —
[*Dies.*

Mach. Remove the Body ——
Then haſte, and find the Duke of *Gandia* out,
E'er he removes, as he intends to Night;
Having Commiſſion from the Pope to lead
Th' *Italian* Armies; earneſtly entreat him
To honour me by making one laſt Viſit,
Which equally imports him as his Life.

Enter Borgia *and* Bellamira.

Borg. Upon the inſtant, Faireſt, I muſt leave you;
The Lord of *Firmo*, with the Duke your Uncle,
Have taken *Sinigallia* by ſurprize:
What elſe, but meeting thy victorious Kinſmen,
Should draw me from thy Arms? yet thus divided
But for a Day or two, methinks I part,
As Souls are ſever'd from their warmer Manſions,
To wander in the bleak and deſart Air.
O *Bellamira* !

Bell. Why do you ſigh, my Lord?
If 'tis your Pleaſure, let me wait you here;
Or if my Preſence can diſpel theſe Clouds
That make you ſad, I will attend you thither;
For while Life laſts I will be all Obedience.

Borg. Couldſt thou hold there, how might we laugh at (Fate?
So kindled both by Love, and by Ambition,
How would I ſweep, like Tempeſts, with a waſte
Over all *Italy*, and crown thee Empreſs
Here in the Heart of *Rome* —— my bright *Auguſta*.
But 'tis impoſſible.

Bell. Then you conclude, my Lord, I am not true.

Borg. Why, art thou? Is there ſuch a thing in Nature
As a true Wife? No, *Bellamira*, no ——
Thou wouldſt be monſtrous then, ev'n to deriſion:
For the whole Flock of common Wives would hoot thee,

And

And drive thee, like a Bird without one Feather
Of thy own kind.

Bell. Once more upon my Knees,
In view of all the Hierarchy of Heav'n,
I here atteſt my ſpotleſs Innocence.

Borg. Still *Machiavel*, ſtill let us keep to Death;
Our Principle, that we are Duſt when dead:
For, were there any Hell, or any Devil
But hot enough to make an Exhalation,
Would he not fetch her now? Would he not damn her?
I do believe thee guiltleſs: Therefore riſe;
But ſince thou art ſo confidently clear,
Swear *Bellamira*, if I prove thee falſe,
Whate'er I threat, nay, tho I put in act
Thoſe Menaces, thou wilt not call me Tyrant.

Bell. I ſwear by Heav'n I will ſubmit my Life
To the ſevereſt ſtroke of your Revenge.

Borg. If then I prove thee falſe, O *Bellamira!*
Not that Celeſtial Copy, ev'n thy Face,
Shall 'ſcape; but I will race the Draught, as if
It ne'er had been the Pattern of the Gods.

Bell. Act what you pleaſe; but ſpeak no more, my Lord;
For every Word's a Blot, and ſtrikes me dead.

Borg. If thou art falſe, and if I prove thee ſo,
That Skin of thine, that matchleſs Web of Heav'n,
Which ſome more curious Angel caſt about thee,
Will I tear off, tho cleaving to the Shrine.

Bell. Speak to him, *Machiavel!* O fatal Marriage!

Borg. If thou doſt play me falſe, think not of Mercy;
Thy Father ſhall be burnt before thy Eyes.

Bell. O horrid Thought!

Borg. Thy Uncles, Brothers, Siſters,
All that have any reliſh of thy Blood,
I'll rack to Death, and throw their Limbs before thee:
Therefore look to't; beware, if thou art falſe,
I'll take thee unprepar'd, and ſink thy Soul:
Therefore, I ſay again, beware! I've warn'd thee;
Body and Soul, ev'n everlaſting Ruin;
For ſo may Heav'n have Mercy upon mine,
At my laſt Gaſp, as I'll have none on thine —— [*Exit.*

Bell.

Bell. Oh 'tis too plain! I am loſt, undone for ever.
What, but one Night, ev'n the firſt Nuptial Night,
So ſought, ſo courted, and ſo hardly won;
And the next Day, nay, the ſucceeding Morn
To be uſ'd thus— Let me go, let me go,
For I'll proclaim him thro the Streets of *Rome*
The Traitor, Monſter — Oh, I could ſhake the World
With thundering forth my Wrongs; hollow his Name
To the reſounding Hills! *Borgia!* Traitor *Borgia!*
Methinks that Word, that Spell, that horrid Sound,
That groan of Air could cleave the neighbouring Rocks,
And ſcare the babling Ecchoes from their Dens.

Mach. Perhaps ſome buſy Slave has whiſper'd him.
I know not what, that chafes his Melancholy
Againſt your Honour.

Bell. That's impoſſible!
Had I deny'd to admit him to my Bed,
Some ſeeming Cauſe, ſome Reaſon for Diſtruſt
Might then be given; but the bright Heav'ns know
I had reſolv'd to take him for my Lord,
And love him too, or force my Inclination,
So ſubtly had he wrought by deep diſſembling
Upon my plain and undiſcerning Weakneſs:
But now he's gorg'd, the Monſter ſhews himſelf,
Appears all Beaſt, and I muſt die, he cries,
Ah Cruelty! and all my wretched Race.

Mach. Madam, you know how near a Friendſhip grows
Betwixt the Duke of *Gandia* and my ſelf:
After this Night you'll never ſee him more:
Yet, e'er he goes, as he to Night is order'd,
He will unfold, if you permit him leave,
The only means to ſave your Father's Life;
Nay, and the Lives of all your Family.

Bell. Oh *Machiavel!* now where is thy Advice?
Had I not reaſon for my dreadful Fears?
My Father dies; and by whoſe Hand but *Borgia's*?
What ſhall I do? where ſhall I go? and whither ſhall I run?
Ten thouſand Horrors! O inſtruct me, *Machiavel*,
Or I grow deſperate.

Mach. Admit the Duke of *Gandia*,

This

This Night, for one laſt Conference: Your Husband
Cannot return, unleſs he ride the Wind,
In forty Hours ——
Bell. Here I am loſt again:
Should he return, and find *Palante* with me,
Whom I have ſworn never to ſee, diſcourſe,
Never to hear of, ſcarce to think of more,
What Mountains then ſhould hide me from his Fury?
Yet if I ſee him not, my poor old Father,
With all his Children, Brothers, and Relations,
Top, Root and Branches, all muſt be cut down.
Hear, Heav'n, hear! I muſt kneel to thee for Succour;
O aid my Virtue, and ſuppoſe my Weakneſs:
Methinks I am inſpir'd; ſome Guardian Spirit
Whiſpers me, Save, O ſave thy Father's Life!
Bring him then, *Machiavel*, bring the Duke of *Gandia*:
Yet ſtay, methinks I ſee the Tyrant there!
My bloody Husband, with his Ponyard drawn,
Juſt at the Door: Stop, ſtop the Duke of *Gandia*,
He ſhall not come: Why, then thy Father dies;
O horrid State! weep Eyes, and bleed, O Heart!
Let Nature burſt with theſe unheard of Suffrings!
Forbid him, *Machiavel*, or let him come;
All have their Fate, and I'll expect my Doom ——

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Machiavel, *and* Alonzo.

Alonz. MY Lord, I have been diligent.
Mach. And always wert my ſubtle Emiſſary;
My Glance of Death, and Lanthorn to my Miſchiefs.
Alonz. I met the Duke of *Gandia* at the Head
Of his new Forces, and acquainted him
As you directed; and he'll ſtrait attend you:
But as I whiſper'd him, Duke *Valentine*
With a vaſt Train came up to take his leave,
Being call'd (as fame reports) to *Sinigallia:*
But had you ſeen the Embraces, heard the Vows
Which *Borgia* twore ſhould be inviolable,
And ratify'd 'em with a parting Kiſs.
Mach. 'Tis my own *Borgia*; a very Limb of me;
And when he dies, thou'lt ſee me halt, *Alonzo.*

Enter Gandia.

My Lord, moſt welcome! *Alonzo* — hence — O Prince!
[*Exit* Alonzo.
Was ever Slave ſo careful for his Lord,
That watch'd his Nod, as I have been for you?
Gand. I muſt with ſhame to Death acknowledge it.
But didſt thou know, or couldſt thou gueſs how near
The loſs of *Bellamira* touches me,
Thou wouldſt forgive me.
Mach. I have excus'd you, Sir:
And for a Witneſs of my faſter Friendſhip,
This Night have ſent the Duke to *Sinigallia,*
That you might take your laſt farewel of Love,

And

And *Bellamira*.

Gand. And has the cruel Fair consented to it?

Mach. She has consented, rather by Constraint,
Than her own Will; I was forc'd to tell her,
How you had signify'd to me, her Father
Was in great Hazard; but if she vouchsaf'd
A Visit, you would satisfy her better.

Enter Alonzo.

Gand. Ha! what's this? A sudden fall of Spirits ——
Alonz. My Lord, he's in's Litter muffled up,
In a dark Avenue behind the Palace;
And bid me fly to tell you *Tarquin*'s Poppies
Are bound up all together in one Sheaf. (The time
Mach. Haste thee, and make my Answer thus ——
Calls for their Heads. This Key, my Lord, admits you ——
Gand. 'Tis now no time for Thanks; but if I live ——
[*Exit.*

Mach. Why, this is true *Italian!* turning thus
A Key with *Machiavellian* slight of Hand
Two Families of the best Southern Blood,
With the first Prince in *Rome*, are quite extinct.
What foggy Northern Brain would dream of this?

Borgia *muffled in a Cloak.*

Borg. My *Machiavel!*
Mach. My Prince, my godlike *Borgia!*
Borg. Tell me, my Bosom-sin, am I awake,
Alive? And may I credit this thy Summons?
Mach. No sooner were you gone, but your chaste Wife,
Whom I imagin'd dead with what you utter'd;
I say, this Wife, this heavenly Wife of yours,
Rearing her Head, and wiping her dry Eyes,
Dropping her Chin, to make her smile more scornful,
Cry'd out, Lord *Machiavel*, you see, you see,
What things these Husbands are, and left the Room.
Borg. Racks, Racks, and Fire! Caldrons of mo
How shall I torture her? (Le
M

Mach. Streight, by her walking Pacquet,
Signify'd her Pleaſure to the Duke,
Who ſoon approach'd, and with a matchleſs Boldneſs
Preſſir'd my Friendſhip in this private Buſineſs:
I ſmil'd, and promis'd that I would not ſee,
When I beheld *Adorna* let him in,
Whom ſince I poiſon'd, leſt ſhe ſhould betray
The Secret of your coming.

Borg. By Death and Vengeance
I could turn *Cannibal*, and with my Teeth
Tear her alive. But let us talk no more.

Enter D. Michael.

What hoa, Don *Michael!* when I ſtamp my Foot
Againſt the Ground, bring forth the Priſoners,
And execute as I ſhall order. [*Ex.* Michael.

Mach. Paſs the back Way, my Lord; this Door is
If that be ſhut too, force it open, while (lock'd;
I ſet a Guard on this: Millions to one,
But when ſhe hears your Voice, ſhe'll hide the Duke,
And then deny him boldly to your Face:
'Tis like thoſe ſubtle Creatures.

Borg. Damn 'em, Serpents!
What needs this Aggravation? Revenge! away ——
[*Exit.*

Mach. Now like a Grey-hound barking in the Slips,
Death ſtruggles for a looſe; I muſt be gone,
And lurk in Shadows till the Murder's done.
Hark, 'tis doing, the Doors are thunder'd down!
Oh; for an Earth-quake now to ſwallow all,
All that oppoſe my Tyrant, to the Center —— [*Exit.*

SCENE *draws.* Borgia, Bellamira, *Duke of* Gandia *diſarm'd*: D. Michael, *&c.*

Borg. Slave, run you down, and bar the Palace Gates,
Let not a Soldier ſtir on pain of Death,
Till I appoint. What's he you have diſarm'd?
Haſte, drag him forth, and put the Tapers near him:
Lightning

Lightning and Thunder! Ha! the Duke of *Gandia*!
Rage burn me up! It is not poſſible:
Woman, O Woman!
Bell. O Heav'ns! O all ye Powers!
Is there not one, one Door for Mercy left?
Borg. Pull off his Robes, and bind him to a Chair,
Ply him with Fire and Wounds —— Yes, *Bellamira*,
There is a Flood-gate —— but it is of Blood;
A Gate for Mercy wide, as thou haſt ſhown
For Honour, Chaſtity, and bridal Virtue.
See here the Sluice I draw, thro' Doors of Wounds;
Thy Vows, this ſulphurous ſtench, thy Kiſſes.
Bell. Hold, hold, Tormentors!
Borg. Seize the Fury's Arms,
And execute my Orders.
Gand. O unmerciful!
O *Borgia*: When, when ſhall my Torments end?
Bell. Ha! is it doing! Wretches, Villains, Dogs,
Miſcreants, Sons of Hell, and Broods of Darkneſs!
Gand. Humanity can bear no more. My Heart, ſtrike there.
Bell. 'Tis done, O the dark Deed is done!
O let me gather all the Rage of Woman,
And tell this Tyrant to his Teeth, he is a Villain.
Gand. Mercy, gentle *Borgia*, Mercy!
Bell. He gentle! then the Devils themſelves have Mercy.
O Monſter, rocky Villain, Tyger, Hellhound,
Seize him you Fiends, and Furies damn him, damn him;
May Hell have infinite Stories, and this Devil
Be damn'd beneath the bottomleſs Foundation.
Borg. By Heav'n ſhe weeps: Here, dip her Handkerchief,
Dipt in his Blood, and bid her dry her Eyes.
Bell. O thou eternal Mover of the Heav'ns,
Where are thy Bolts?
Gand. I go, O *Bellamira!*
Thinkſt thou, alas, that we ſhall know each other
In the bright World? I fear we ſhall not —— Oh!
Borgia farewel: Thy Bride is innocent:
Let *Bellamira* live, and I forgive thee —— [*Dies.*
Bell. He's gone; to Heav'n he's gone, as ſure as thou
Shalt ſink to Hell, thou Tyrant, double damn'd;

Nay, thou wouldſt have me rage, and I will rage,
And weep, and rage, and ſhow thee to the World,
Thou Prieſt, Archbiſhop, Cardinal, and Duke,
Thou that haſt run thro all religious Orders,
And with a form of Virtue cloak'd thy Horrors!
Thou proper Son of that old curſed Serpent,
Who daubs the holy Chair with Blood and Murders.
But ſure the Everlaſting has a Chain
To bind your Charms, and link you both together;
Hell's Vicar, and his firſt begotten Devil,
Hotter than *Lucifer* in all his Flames.

Enter Alonzo.

Borg. What, hoa, *Alonzo!* ſtrangle the Priſoners,
Orſino; *Vitellizzo*: Haſte, I ſay,
Without reply ——
Bell. O ſpare him! ſpare my Father!
And I'll unſay, forſwear all I have ſaid:
Oh, I have play'd the Woman now indeed,
A lying, fooliſh, vext, outrageous Woman!
To ſet your Wrath againſt the Innocent:
There was a ſeeming Cauſe for the Duke's Death
And mine; But, oh! what has *Orſino* done?
Orſino loves you: Oh, that good old Man!
Your Father —— For ſo a thouſand times
I've heard you call him, ſeen you kiſs, embrace him!
Therefore he muſt not, cannot die!
Borg. Alonzo!
Alonz. My Lord!
Borg. Slave, I'll ſtrangle thee [*Strikes him.*
With my own Hands, if thou delay'ſt my Vengeance;
Say, Villain, what, not dead?
Alonz. My Lord, they are:
And if I live, you ſhall repent this Blow —— [*Aſide.*
Borg. Go, draw the Curtain, glut her Eyes with Death,
And ſtrangle her: My Veins are all on Fire,
And I could wade up to the Eyes in Blood.
Draw, draw the Curtain.

Orſin.

Orſin. Vitellez. D. Gravina, Oliveretto, *appear diſguiſed.*

Bell. Gorgon, Meduſa, Horror!
Yet I will ſhoot thro Daggers, ruſh thro Flames
To claſp him in my Arms. O wretched *Paul*,
O noble *Orſin*, what, quite cold? Pale, dead?
And you, dear Images, will you not give
One Gaſp of Breath, one Groan, one laſt Farewel?
Horror! Confuſion! and eternal Shame
Light on thee for this Deed: I tell thee, *Borgia*,
I ſee thee on thy Death-Bed, all on Fire,
As if ſome helliſh Poiſon had inflam'd thee;
I ſee thee thrown ten Fathom in a Well,
Yet ſtill come up, like *Etna*'s belching Flames.

Borg. I hope thou wilt go mad, and propheſy!

Bell. Yes Tyrant, thus, thus to thy Face I brave thee,
And tell thee in deſpite of Threats, e'er long
Thou and thy holy Father ſhall be ſeiz'd
And carry'd to the everlaſting Jail;
From whence not all your *Spaniſh* Cardinals
Your Bailiffs in red Liveries, ſhall redeem you.

Borg. Die in thy Prophecy; *Alonzo*, end her.

Bell. Thus, on my Knees then——and for Terror to (thee,
Hear my laſt Prayer, and mark my dying Words.
If I in Thought, in Word, in private Act
Have yielded up this Body to the Arms
Of ought that's mortal, but inhuman *Borgia!*
O thou impartial and moſt awful Judge!
Shut, ſhut thy Gates of Bliſs againſt my Soul;
But if my tortur'd Virtue merits Glory,
Pardon my Frailties, ſee with what Joy
I leave this Life, and bring me to Perfection.

[*She is ſtrangled.*

Borg. What, at her Death! ſhe that believ'd a Heav'n,
And fear'd a Hell, yet to depart a Lyar;
But how know I that ſhe believ'd a Heav'n?
Or why, with hopes that in the Pangs of Death
I would reprieve her, might ſhe not deny
Her Whoredom to the laſt? but that's unnatural!

What

What wouldſt thou then? I will no more of this;
It clouds my Brain; hence, *Alonzo* bear
The Duke of *Gandia*'s Body to the *Tyber*
In ſome cloſe Chair, tie at his Neck a Weight,
And plunge him to the Bottom.
Alonz. My Lord 'tis done.
[*Ex. Executioners with the Body.*
Borg. I ſwear I have been cruel to my ſelf,
For that I lov'd her, is as true, as ſhe
Is paſt the Senſe on't; ſhe is cold already.——

Enter Machiavel.

Mach. Ha! this is ſtately Miſchief! what, my four Foes
Of *Florence!* but they are dumb. Ha! gazing there,
I like not that——
Borg. Her Lips are lovely ſtill;
The Buds, tho gather'd, keep their Damask Colour;
Yes, and their Odour too! haſte *Machiavel*,
Ruſh to my Aid; I grow in love with Death.
She ſhall not die! run Slaves! fetch hither Spirits,
I will recover her again!
Mach. Again to plague?
To meet again another Duke of *Gandia?*
Borg. Death on that Thought; no, let her die and rot,
The damn'd Adulteſs! periſh the Thoughts of her.
Ha, tell me, come: I will no more of her.
How ſhall the Bodies be diſpos'd? I ſent
My Brother to the *Tiber*.
Mach. That's a trouble,
I'll find an eaſier way for theſe, and her
That ſleeps within my Cloſet. Go, Don *Michael*,
Bury 'em altogether in quick Lime;
In ſome few hours the Fleſh will be conſum'd;
Then burn the Bones, and all is Duſt and Aſhes.
[*Draw here the Curtains on 'em.*
Borg. I ſwear this Body ſhall not be conſum'd;
I'll have't embalm'd to laſt a thouſand Years.
Machiavel! I ſwear, I know not why,
But with a World of Horror on my Soul,

With Tremblings here, Convulſions of the Heart;
As if I heard ſome God thus whiſper to me,
Thou oughtſt to grieve for *Bellamira*'s Death.
Mach. My Lord, a very fond and fooliſh Fancy.
Borg. I ſay, my Lord, your Policy is out:
Furies and Hell! how ſhould you judge of Love,
That never lov'd? Thou haſt no taſte of Love,
No ſenſe, no reliſh —— Why did I truſt thee then?
Had any Softneſs dwelt in that lean Boſom,
My *Bellamira* now had been alive:
Tho I had cauſe to kill her, thou hadſt none
To ſet me on, but Honour, jealous Honour!
Oh the laſt Night! I tell thee, Politician,
When I run o'er the vaſt Delight, I curſe thee,
And curſe my ſelf! nay wiſh I had been found
Dead in her Arms; but take her, bear her hence!
And if thou lov'ſt me, drive her from my Memory.
[*They remove her.*
Tell me my Brother's Murder is diſcover'd;
That the four Ghoſts are up again in Arms:
Say any thing to make me mad, and loſe
This Melancholy, which will elſe deſtroy me.
Mach. I hear the Pope has ſent to *Sinigallia*
To call you back.
Borg. By Heav'n, I had forgot,
And thou moſt opportunely haſt remembred:
You know twelve Cardinals were then created,
That ſolemn Morn when I receiv'd the Roſe;
And I will tell thee, half thoſe Fools e'er morrow,
That bought ſo high, ſhall veil their Caps for ever.
Mach. He mends apace; 'tis but another ſhrug,
And then this Love, this Ague Fit is loſt.
Borg. I ſwear—— I'll to the Wars, and ne'er return
To *Rome*, till I have brav'd this haughty *Frenchman*
That menac'd ſo of late.
Mach. Why this is *Borgia*.
Come, come, you muſt not droop; look up, my Lord;
Methinks I ſee you crown'd *Rome*'s Emperor.
No doubt, Sir, but among your glorious plunder,
You'll find ſome Woman ——

Borg.

Borg. Ha! no more, I charge thee.
I ſwear I was at eaſe, and had forgot her;
Why didſt thou wake me then, to turn me wild,
And rouze the ſlumb'ring Orders of my Soul?
To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell;
Name not a Woman; and I ſhall be well.
Like a poor Lunatick that makes his Moan,
And for a time beguiles the Lookers on;
He reaſons well, his Eyes their Wildneſs loſe,
And vows the Keepers his wrong'd Senſe abuſe:
But if you hit the Cauſe that hurts his Brain,
Then his Teeth gnaſh, he foams, he ſhakes his Chain,
His Eye-balls roll, and he is mad again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter one Executioner with a dark Lanthorn, follow'd by another at a diſtance; they part often, look up and down, and hem to the reſt.

1 *Exec.* The Coaſt is clear, and all the Guards are gone.
2 *Exec.* Hark, hark; what Noiſe was that?
1 *Exec.* The Clock ſtruck three.
2 *Exec.* See, the Moon ſhines; haſte, and call our Fellows.
Hem to 'em; that's the Sign.
1 *Exec.* They come, they come.

Enter four Executioners more; Two carry the Body of the Duke of Gandia *in a Chair; the others follow, and ſtout behind.*

1 *Exec.* So —— ſet him down, and let 'em bear their part;
For I am weary ——
4 *Exec.* And ſo am I: I ſweat, but 'tis with Fear.
1 *Exec.* Make no more Words on't; take him from the Chair.
2 *Exec.* A ghaſtly Sight. The Weight about his Neck
Has bent him almoſt double: I'll not touch him ——
3 *Exec.* Cowardly Villain —— Come, my Princely Maſter,
The Fiſhes want their Break-faſt.
4 *Exec.* Join all together,
And hurl him o'er this Wall into the *Tiber.*

2 *Exec.* Fly, fly —— I hear a Noiſe: The Guards, the Guards.

3 *Exec.* He lies, he lies; the Coynage of his Fears;
Once more, I ſay, join all your Hands together.
Remember the Reward, two thouſand Crowns
A Man: But for that Milk-ſop, I ſuſpect him;
Therefore let's watch our time, decoy him on;
And when this Buſineſs is a little o'er,
Strangle him in ſome Corner, leſt he prate
Of what is done. Now, now's the time, away——

[*They join all together; take him by the Legs and Arms, and hurl him over the Wall into the* Tiber: *A Noiſe is heard, as of a Body falling into the Water —— They look about once more, then ſtart, take up the Chair, and run out —— Scene ſhuts.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Borgia *and* Machiavel.

Mach. Tho *Orſino*, the *Vitelli*, and *Colonni*
Are huſh'd; the *Spaniard*, and the *French*, no doubt
Would buy your Friendſhip at the deareſt rate.
Nay more; I yield you Lord of *Tuſcany*,
And Maſter of ſuch Forces as might march
Againſt the haughtieſt Power of Chriſtendom.
But Prince, forgive me, if I am too free,
Do you remember whence this Glory comes,
And how this Golden Fortune is deriv'd?
The Pope —— from that rich Scource theſe Currents roll;
And when another Pope ſucceeds, who knows,
But he may ſtrip you bare of all thoſe Honours
Which this has given, and turn you to the World?

Borg. No, *Machiavel*, I am prepar'd for Fate,
Tho *Alexander* ſhould expire to Night.
Firſt, who is left of all the Families
I have defac'd, if a new Pope were made,
To ſay I wrong'd 'em; none that I remember:
'Tis not my way to lop; for then the Tree

Mach.

May ſprout again; but root him, and he lies
Never to bluſter more. But I will tell thee,
Quite to unhinge that Hold, no Pope ſhall e'er
Be fix'd in *Rome*, while *Borgia* is alive,
But by this Hand. The Gentry are all mine
For ever, gain'd by Preſents and Preferments:
The *Spaniſh* Cardinals are mine devoted,
With all that are conſpicuous in the College.
What then can Fortune do? I laugh at her;
Spurn all thoſe Shrines and Altars, which weak Wretches,
Heroes and Fools, devoutly raiſe to gain her.

Mach. Yet hear me, *Borgia*, hear the oddeſt Story
That ever Melancholy told the World:
This Morning, being early in the *Vatican*,
Far in the Library, at the upper end,
Methought I ſaw two ſtately Human Forms,
Lying at diſtance, wrapt in Linen Shrouds.
Approaching nearer with a ſtedfaſt Gaze,
As now I look upon the Prince I honour,
I ſaw the Figure of the Pope your Father
Stretch'd on the Floor, pale, ghaſtly, cold and dead;
And by his Side, with Horror upon Horror,
And double Tremblings, ſaw my Lord, your ſelf,
My very *Cæſar*, like a new-laid Ghoſt,
Swoln, black, and bloated, while your inclos'd Eyes,
All blood-ſhot, fix'd on mine their dreadful Beams.

Borg. Fumes, Fumes, my *Machiavel*, the effects of Phlegm;
Groſs Humours, Fumes, which from thy thicker Blood
Stream up like Vapours from a foggy Pool.

Mach. I am apt to think it but a leap of Fancy,
A jading of the Mind, which, quite tired out
With Thought's eternal Toil, ſtrikes from the Road:
Yet, as you prize your Life, let me conjure you,
Beware *Aſcanio*, his long red Coat
Hides a moſt mortal and inveterate Foe.

Borg. I know him, *Machiavel*, and ſooth him on,
As he would me. But *Borgia* does aſſure thee,
That he, that ſcarlet poiſonous Luxury,
With his adherent Brothers, ſhall this Night,

Even in the midſt of Kiſſes, Oaths, Embraces,
Burſt in the *Vatican*, and ſhed their Venom.
Mach. Your Father is a Maſter of his Breaſt,
The occaſion gives new Life, freſh Vigour to him;
Even at the very Verge of bottomleſs Death,
He ſtands and ſmiles as careleſs and undaunted,
As wanton Swimmers on a River's Brink
Laugh at the rapid Stream.
Borg. Therefore my Friend,
Let us deſpiſe this Torrent of the World,
Fortune, I mean, and dam her up with Fences,
Banks, Bulwarks, all the Fortreſſes, which Virtue,
Reſolv'd and mann'd like ours, can raiſe againſt her;
That if ſhe does o'er-flow, ſhe may at leaſt
Bring but half Ruin to our great Deſigns:
That being at laſt aſham'd of her own Weakneſs,
Like a low-bated Flood, ſhe may retire
To her own Bounds, and we with Pride o'er-look her.

Enter Don Michael *and the Butler.*

D. Mich. My Lord, your Servant waits as you appointed.
Borg. Are my Proviſions come?
Butl. They are, my Lord.
Borg. Do you remember what I gave in charge?
Butl. That none ſhould touch the gilded Flask of Wine.
Borg. I charge thee none, but ſuch as I ſhall order.
Don Michael, is my Father yet arriv'd?
D. Mich. He is, my Lord, and gone.
Borg. Say'ſt thou? (Heat,
D. Mich. When firſt he enter'd, quite o'ercome with
Thirſting, and faint with the hot Seaſon's Rage,
He call'd for Wine, and tho diſſuaded from it,
Drank largely, mingled with the Cardinals,
And walk'd, and laugh'd, play'd with *Columbus'* Boys,
Heard their rude Muſick, and beheld 'em dance:
When on a ſudden ſtarting up, he ask'd
For you, my Lord; bow'd, as his Cuſtom is,
With deep Humility to all, deſir'd 'em

To

To ſit, and ſo went out ——— but with a promiſe
Of a moſt quick Return ———

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers a Chair of State under a Canopy, a large Table, with a rich Banquet, and many Candles on't.*

Enter Aſcanio, Adrian, Enna, Ange, *two Cardinals more.*

Aſcan. My Lord, the Vatican Society,
Who were oblig'd to ſacrifice this Night,
As every looſer Genius ſhould inſpire,
To Air, and Wine, and warmer Converſation,
Grow dull for want of you: His Holineſs
Himſelf's retir'd ——— Therefore let us intreat you ———
Borg. O my good Lord *Aſcanio*, I am born
To be at your command ——— my Lords, I wait you.
Sirrah, remember him ——— I charge thee fill
Of the gilt Flask to him ———
Butl. My Lord ——— I ſhall.
This Wine is ſure the richeſt of the World,
Becauſe he charges me ſo ſtrictly of it:
That Cardinal's a Friend, and he muſt taſte it.
Aſcan. Lord *Machiavel*, you have been charitable, I thank your Love;
Nay, with my Life, I thank you ———
Mach. My Lord ——— I wiſh you would explain your ſelf.
Aſcan. It needs not Sir, for this the meaneſt know,
The Rabble, baſe Mechanicks talk of Murders:
I ſaw a ſweating Weaver in his Shirt,
Ran puffing with his Shuttle in his Hand,
To ask a neighbour Butcher of the News,
Who with his Knife in's Mouth abruptly tells
Orſino's Death; yes, and his Daughter's too.
Then comes a Taylor with his Hair tuck'd back
Behind his Ears, on tiptoes, in his Slippers,
And cries in haſte, the Duke of *Gandia*'s murder'd:
Then ſpits upon his Iron, caſts up his Eyes,
Threads thro the Company, as 'twere a Needle,

And vaniſhes; no more, my Lord, I thank you.
Nay, by my Life, but for the Company,
I'd kiſs the bottom of your Robe; your Lordſhip's ev'n,
Your Highneſs' Servant: My Lord, let's drink a Healt[h] to
His Holineſs —— But in my Heart, I ſay the Devil take
him.

Borg. Lord *Machiavel*, you are my Gueſt to Nigh[t]
Were the Society made up of Gods,
As ſure it is of Saints, Spirits above
The common Elevation; yet this Man,
I ſay, my Lords, this Human Prodigy,
Would not be ſet to wait, but fix'd among 'em,
To dazzle with the brighteſt Being here.
Wine there! —— My Lord *Aſcanio Sforza*,
Healt[h] to all here, and to the general Joy —— [*Drinks.*

Aſcan. Fine Work, my Lords, fine Work, I ſay, look (to it,
The Duke of *Gandia*'s murder'd.

Adrian. 'Tis the common Rumour.

Enn. The Pope this Morning in the Conſiſtory,
When firſt he heard the News, leap'd from his Throne,
Croſſing his Breaſt; and looking up to Heav'n,
He vow'd hereafter moſt ſevere Amendment,
As from this time to faſt for forty Hours,
And all his Life wear next his humble Fleſh
A Shirt of Hair.

Aſcan. A Shirt of Hair, bating *Lucretian* Nights
She'll not endure't; look you, her Skin's too tender;
A Shirt of Hair, a very prickling Penance.
Now, by my holy Dame, mere Letchery:
Don't I know him? Slave, more Wine, I ſay;
Fill up my Glaſs; Come, come, my Lords, 'tis time
To look about us, and reform the Church —— [*Drinks.*
Prune it I ſay; or elſe like *Babylon*,
Like *Babel*'s Whore, 'twill run up all to Seed.
Hark you, Lord *Ange.*

Ang. My Lord.

Aſcan. My Lord of *Enna* too; we four are
As one Soul: This Pope's a very leud
And wicked Head; —— he's never well, but
When he's plotting Murders. Why, look you, Sirs,

N

If a Man cannot ſpeak his Mind of
State Affairs ——— but he muſt ſtrait be
Dogg'd by Hellhounds, Bloodſuckers, Decoyers,
Raſcals, that watch to throttle him in ſome
By-corner, then quoit him like a Cat into
The River, 'tis very fine: Now by my holy Dame,
It may be our turn next ——— by the Maſs it may;
I ſay, my Lord, it may ——— [*The* Indian *Boys dance.*
Ha, my Lords, how do you
Like the motion? Very pretty, very fine.
O brave *Columbus!* More Wine there; a bigger
Glaſs: I'll drink *Columbus's* Health —— Now, by my
Holy Dame, I am frolickſome, and will be active.
Ha, my Lords, ha, I learnt at *Paris*, when I was
A Stripling; yet theſe are pretty Children, very fine Boys——

Enter D. Michael.

D. Mich. My Lord, I grieve to bring you mortal News,
Which were I ſilent, yet in ſome few Minutes
Muſt wound your Ears; your Father's dead.
Borg. Hence, Raven,
Thou Boder of the blacket Deed of Death!
My Lords, this Villain ſays the Pope is dead;
Went he not hence but now, ſound, firm, and healthful,
And promis'd to return?
D. Mich. My Lord, he did:
But 'tis moſt certain, e'er he went from hence,
As all our beſt Phyſicians give on Oath,
He was by ſome pernicious Traitor poiſon'd.
Borg. O *Machiavel*, where is our Forecaſt now?
My Heart miſgives me, and my Boſom's hot.
Who miniſtred? who gave my Father Wine?
D. Mich. Your Servant: For when firſt your Father
His own Proviſions were not come. (enter'd,
Borg. O Confuſion!
Anſwer me Villain! ha! fill'd you his Wine?
Butl. My Lord, I did. (tremble?
Borg. What, from the gilded Flask? Why doſt thou
Horror conſume thee, gnaw thee, burn thy Entrails,

Wilt thou not ſpeak?

Butl. My Lord, by your ſtrict Charge,
That none ſhould taſte thoſe Flasks but whom you order'd,
I judg'd the Wine moſt excellent, and gave
Part of it to your Father———

Borg. O damn'd Dolt!
Curſt, ſenſeleſs Dog! now, *Machiavel*, where are we?
Ha! by the Furies that invade my Breaſt,
And crumble all my Bowels into Duſt,
I am caught my ſelf! ſpeak, tell me, horrid Villain,
Or I will have thee dragg'd in thouſand Pieces,
Torn by mad Horſes like the Fleſh of Dogs: (Traitor!
Thou gav'ſt me Wine too from the gilded Flask? ha,
Come, double damn thy ſelf, and ſwear thou didſt not.

Butl. My Lord———I muſt confeſs I gave the ſame
To you, that was directed for your Friend,
My Lord *Aſcanio*.

Borg. Take thy Reward then, which the Devil thou
Into my Breaſt, thus gives thee back again! (pour'ſt
O *Machiavel*, O do not look upon me;
I am below thy Scorn, thus vilely caught,
O baſely, baſely ſold by my own Wile (Devil

Aſca. Oh, oh, oh——I have my Share on't too, the
Thank you——Fire, Fire, Fire! in my Guts——Brimſtone
And Fire——haſte there——fly for Antidotes.

Borg. None, none on Earth,
I tell thee, Prieſt, can ſave thy rotten Carcaſe;
No Cardinal, lie down, lie down, and roar,
Think on thy ſcarlet Sins, and fear Damnation.

Aſca. Legions of Furies here, Hell is broke looſe,
And all the Devils are quarter'd in my Bowels.
Run Slave! and for a laſt Revenge, produce
His mangled Baſtard———that's ſome Pleaſure yet.

Borg. O *Machiavel*, thy Hand, I am all Flames;
Yet thou ſhalt hear no Noiſe; ſit down, my Friend,
Upon the Earth——for there's my Manſion now,
Duſt, and no more——and yet methinks 'twas hard
That this elaborate Scheme of mighty Man,
This Parchment, where the Lines of *Roman* Greatneſs
By thee ſo well were drawn, ſhould by the Hand

Of

Of-ſcribbling Chance be blotted thus for ever.

Aſcan. I burn, I burn, I roaſt, I roaſt, and my Guts fry,
They blaze, they ſnap, they bounce like Squibs
And Crackers: I am all Fire———

Mach. Is't poſſible that you can bear the Pangs
Of violent Poiſon, thus unmov'd?

Borg. 'Tis little
To one reſolv'd: No, let the Coward Stateſman,
Women, and Prieſts, whine at the Thoughts of Death;
For me, whoſe Mind was ever fierce and active,
Death is unwelcome, only for this Reaſon,
Becauſe 'tis an eternal Lazineſs———

Enter Alonzo, *leading in* Seraphino, *with his Eyes out, and Face cut.*

Mach. I muſt confeſs, my Mind, by what I ſaw
This Morning, and by what has happen'd ſince,
Is deeply ſhock'd, even from her own Foundation.

Aſca. Bear the blind Baſtard to his Father, go,
And bid him laugh———oh!

Mach. Horror! new horror!
My Lord, your Son, by that moſt bloody Cardinal,
Mangled and blind.

Borg. Why doſt thou wonder at it?
'Tis all the Work of Chance, and Trick of Fortune:
Yet this methinks is horrible indeed.
Come hither Boy———

Serap. Alas, I hear your Voice,
And cannot find the Way;
But am like one benighted in a Wood.

Borg. A Wood indeed;
But oh the Brambles there have us'd thee vilely.

Serap. O Father, you are arm'd, and have a Sword;
Will you not, for your *Seraphino*'s ſake,
Cut down thoſe Thorns that prick'd out both my Eyes?
I know you will; for you were always kind
And tender of me: Oft-times have you held me,
Faſt in your Arms, and ſmil'd, and play'd with me;
Tho you're a Prince, a very buſy Prince,

And

And call'd me little Eyes, little indeed,
For now they're out, and all my Face is cut:
Nay, they have ſtarv'd me too.

Borg. Death and Horror!

Serap. Why do you preſs me thus between your Arms,
As if you lov'd me ſtill? I am ſure you cannot.
Pray let me hide my Face within your Boſom;
For if you look upon me I ſhall fright you.
O! I've a Pain here juſt about my Heart;
When you, my Lord, a long time after me
Shall die, will you not lay my little Bones
By yours; alas, my Pain increaſes——Oh—— [*Dies.*

Borg. Revenge thee, Boy; I ask but that from Fate,
And ſee 'tis given me: Thro a thouſand Wounds,
Thus, horrid Prieſt! purge out thy luſtful Blood,
[*Stabs* Aſcan.
And vomit thy black Soul——

Aſca. Oh! Devil! Devil! Devil——— [*Dies.*

Borg. No, *Machiavel*, 'tis now fit time to rave;
For I am now enrag'd to that Degree,
That I will live even in deſpite of Fortune,
Stars, Fates, and all the Juggles [illegible]'n.
Hence, bear me, Slaves, and plunge me in to *Tiber*,
Deep as I ſunk the Duke of *Gandia* down,
Till I have quench'd this Hell within my Bowels;
Then flay me an Ox-hide, and ſwaddle me,
Like *Hercules* in the *Nemean* Skin,
Till all my poiſon'd Fleſh like Bark peels off,
And my bare Trunk ſtands every bruſhing Wind.

Enna. Where are our Guards? My Lords, I judge it fit
That *Machiavel* and *Borgia* ſhould be ſeiz'd.

Borg. Seize me! what ſaucy Prieſt durſt ſtart that Motion?
Am I not Tyrant here? The Lord of *Rome*?
Does not *France* dread my Frown? and *Spain* adore me?
Who then dares talk of ſeizing me? What, he?
This wag-tail Prieſt, with the black picked Beard,
That ſcours the Country round for freckled Wenches?
Or was it you, my Lord of *Enna*? ha,
Death, where's my Majeſty? Or veil your Caps,
Or I will trample you beneath my Feet;

You,

You, *Ange!* that could proſtitute your Siſter
To gain a Hat? Lie there Lord of St. *Peter:*
You Cardinal *ad Vincula*, you pack of Hell-hounds,
That trace me by the Blood. On, on I ſay,
On to the brink of Hell: Thence plunge together,
Where, on his Throne, behold the Maſter Devil
With a great Pair of glowing Horns red-hot
To gore you for your Lives Incontinence,
You Raviſhers, you Virgin Pioneers,
You Cuckold-makers of the forked World.

Ange. Where are our Guards?

Borg. Hark, I hear 'em coming;
Or is it Dooms-Day? ha——by Hell *it is*;
And ſee, the Heav'ns, and Earth, and Air are all
On fire; the very Seas, like molten Glaſs,
Roll their bright Waves, and from the ſmoaky Deep
Caſt up the glaring Dead: The Trumpet ſounds,
And the ſwift Angels skim about the Globe
To ſummon all Mankind. *Rome, Rome* is call'd,
Work, work for Hell. Oh, Satan! *Beelzebub*,
Belial and *Baal*——Whence this Thunder-clap?
They're blown up with Wild-Fire in the Air;
And look how the bald Fryars in ruſſet Gowns
Croak like old Vultures, how the flutt'ring Jeſuits,
In black and white, chatter about the Heav'ns;
Capuchins, Monks, with the whole Tribe of Knaves:
Then let me burſt my Spleen. Look how the Taſſels,
Caps, Hats, and Cardinals Coats, and Cowls and Hoods
Are toſt about——the Sport, the Sport of Winds——
Indulgences, Diſpenſes, Pardons, Bulls, ſee yonder,
Prieſt, they fly——they're whirl'd aloft: They fly,
They fly o'er the Backſide of th' World,
Into a Limbo large, and broad, ſince call'd the Paradiſe
Of Fools.

Enna. 'Tis juſt we give him way! this Fit of Rage
Has waſted him to Death, ſee he breathes ſhort:
The Taper's ſpent, and this is his laſt Blaze.

Borg. Ha! breathe I ſhort? Prelate thou ly'ſt: My Pulſe
Beats with a conſtant Fire, and ſprightly Motion;
The Strings of my tough Heart as ſtrong as ever;

No——I will live; in ſpite of Fate I'll live
To be the Scourge of *Rome*: I'll live to act
New Miſchiefs, and create new wicked Popes,
To ponyard Heretick Princes, that refuſe
To lay their Necks beneath the holy Slipper;
Murder ſucceſſively two Kings of *France*;
Britain attempt, tho her moſt watchful Angel
Saves the lov'd Monarch of that happy Iſle,
And turns upon our ſelves the plotted Wound,
That ſinks me to the Earth; yet ſtill we'll on,
And hatch new Deeds of Darkneſs; O Hell and Furies!
Why ſhould we not, ſince the great Head himſelf
Will back my Plots, join me in Blood and Horror,
And after give me Bond for my Salvation?
I ſwear I will——I'll have it——nay, Sir, you ſhall——
Or I will thunder to your Holineſs:
But hark he whiſpers, What, a little Gold——
With all my Heart; thus Devils buy Souls for traſh——
I'll ſee your itching Palm for Abſolution,
Gold for my Pardon, hey——'tis ſeal'd and given!
And for a Ducat thus I purchaſe Heav'n—— *Dies.*

Mach. The mighty Soul th[illegible] her furious Meſſage,
And plunges now in deep Eternity——
I ſee, my Lords, you have reſolv'd to guard me,
And I ſubmit to ſtrict Examination:
By you to be acquitted or condemn'd.
Yet this I muſt avow before you all,
Tho you ſhould caſt me to the Inquiſition,
Skill'd as I am in all Affairs of Earth,
Known both to Popes and Kings, and often honour'd
With Cabinet Councils of Imperial Heads;
I here reſolve on this, as my laſt Judgment;
No Power is ſafe, nor no Religion good,
Whoſe Principles of Growth are laid in Blood.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, TRAGEDY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Goodman*.

WHAT think ye meant wiſe Providence, when firſt
Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durſt,
That 'twas in contradiction to Heav'ns Word,
That when its Spirit o'er the Waters ſtir'd,
When it ſaw All, and ſaid that All was good,
The Creature Poet was not underſtood.
For, were it worth the Pains of ſix long Days,
To mould Retailers of dull third-day Plays,
That ſtarve out threeſcore Years in hopes of Bays?
'Tis plain they ne'er were of the firſt Creation,
But come by meer equiv'cal Generation:
Like Rats in Ships without Coition bred;
As hated too as they are, and unfed.
Nature their Species ſure muſt needs diſown,
Scarce knowing Poets, leſs by Poets known.
Yet this poor Tribe, ſo ſcorn'd, and ſet at nought,
Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
Diſabled waſting Whore-Maſters are not
Prouder to own the Brats they never got,
Than ſumbling, itching Rhimers of the Town,
To adopt ſome baſe-born Song that's not their own.
Spite of his State, my Lord ſometimes deſcends,
To pleaſe the importunity of Friends.
The dulleſt he thought moſt for Buſineſs fit,
'Twill venture his bought Place, to aim at Wit,
And tho he ſinks with his Employs of State,
Till common Senſe forſake him, he'll tranſlate.
The Poet and the Whore alike complains
Of trading Quality, that ſpoils their Gains;
The Lords will write, and Ladies will have Swains.

Therefore,

Therefore, all you who have Male-Iſſue born,
Under the ſtarving Sign of Capricorn;
Prevent the Malice of their Stars in time,
And warn them early from the Sin of Rhyme:
Tell 'em how Spenſer *ſtarv'd; how* Cowley *mourn'd;*
How Butler's *Faith and Service was return'd;*
And if ſuch Warning they refuſe to take,
This laſt Experiment, O Parents! make:
With Hands behinds them ſee th' Offender ty'd,
The Pariſh Whip, and Beadle by his Side.
Then lead him to ſome Stall that does expoſe
The Authors he loves moſt, there rub his Noſe;
Till like a Spaniel laſh'd, to know Command,
He by the due Correction underſtand,
To keep his Brains clean, and not foul the Land:
Till he againſt his Nature learn to ſtrive,
And get the Knack of Dullneſs how to thrive.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Cook.

OUR Hero's happy in the Play's Concluſion:
The holy Rogue at laſt has met Confuſion:
Tho Arius *all along appear'd a Saint,*
The laſt Act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Euſebius (*for you know I read* Greek *Authors*)
Reports, that after all theſe Plots and Slaughters,
The Court of Conſtantine *was full of Glory,*
And every Trimmer *turn'd addreſſing* Tory;
They follow'd him in Herds as they were mad:
When Clauſe *was King, then all the World was glad.*
Whigs *kept the Places they poſſeſt before,*
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's Power and Money to be Rogues again.

In

Indeed there were a ſort of peaking Tools,
Some call them modeſt, but I call 'em Fools,
Men much more loyal, tho not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor Devils were caſt behind the Croud.
For bold Knaves thrive without one Grain of Senſe,
But good Men ſtarve for want of Impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there are a ſort of Wights,
(I think my Author calls them Teckelites;*)*
Such hearty Rogues againſt the King and Laws,
They favour'd ev'n a foreign Rebel's Cauſe.
When their own damn'd Deſign was quaſh'd and aw'd,
At leaſt they gave it their good Word abroad.
As many a Man, who, for a quiet Life,
Breeds out his Baſtard, not to noiſe his Wife.
Thus o'er their darling Plot theſe Trimmers *cry;*
And tho they cannot keep it in their Eye,
They bind it Prentice to Count Teckely.
They believe not the laſt Plot, may I be curſt,
If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt.
No wonder their own Plot, no Plot they think;
The Man that makes it, never ſmells the Stink.
And now it comes into thy Head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd Trimmers *lov'd the* Turks *ſo well.*
Th' original Trimmer, *tho a Friend to no Man,*
Yet in his Heart ador'd a pretty Woman:
He knew that Mahomet *laid up for ever*
Kind black-ey'd Rogues, for every true Believer:
And, which was more than mortal Man e'er taſted,
One Pleaſure that for threeſcore Twelve-months laſted:
To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven;
Who'd not be circumciſ'd for ſuch a Heav'n?

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Conſtantine,	Mr. *Smith.*
Dalmatius,	Mr. *Griffin.*
Criſpus,	Mr. *Beſterton.*
Annibal,	Mr. *Goodman.*
Lycinius,	Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
Arius,	Mr. *Gillo.*
Labienus,	Mr. *Perin.*
Eubolus,	Mr. *Saunders.*
Sylveſter,	Mr. *Bowman.*

WOMEN.

Fauſta,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Serena,	Mrs. *Cook.*

Angels, Prieſts, Guards, and Attendants.

CONSTANTINE *the Great.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Conſtantine *ſleeping in a Pavilion,* Silveſter *ſtanding at diſtance, two Angels deſcend with Banners in their Hands.*

This Motto, *In hoc ſigno vince,* writ in Gold.

1 Angel ſings.

AWake: O Conſtantine! *awake;*
Or in thy Sleep the Proſpect take:
Here in this hallow'd ſtreaming Gold,
The Proſpect of thy Life behold:
This Emblem of a bleeding Love,
Shall both thy Croſs and Triumph prove.
For, alas! 'tis decreed by the Heav'nly Doom,
To purge thy paſt Crimes, there's a Torment to come.

2 Ang. *Yet, after the Storm, believe in me,*
No more diſturb'd thy Thoughts ſhall be,
But all-ſerene as a breathleſs Sea.

Chor. *And ſtill thy Handmaid Victory,*
Where-e'er thou go'ſt, ſhall wait on thee;
And all ſhall end in Harmony.

1 Ang.

1 Ang. ſpeaks. *Awake, and ponder the Celeſtial Song;*
Thy vow'd Converſion is delay'd too long.
Awake; remember the Celeſtial Doom,
That threatned Torments, and a Croſs to come.
Yet after all the Menaces of Fate,
Be waſh'd: And Calms ſhall on thoſe Tempeſts wait:
For true Repentance never comes too late.
[Angels aſcend.

Conſtantine *awakes.*

Conſt. STAY! I adjure you, by the Holy Name
That bows your airy Heads, I charge you ſtay:
They're gone; thoſe beauteous Legates of the Skies;
And left me puzling here to die in doubt:
Unleſs *Silveſter* guide me with a Clew,
Thro the dark Mazes of this folding Dream.

Silv. To purge your paſt Crimes, there's a Torment to come.
Ay, there the Torment too repeated thrice!

Conſt. But ſay, what Torment?

Silv. A dangerous Torment, govern'd by ill Stars:
Which were I Emperor ſhould be ſoon prevented.

Conſt. By Heav'n it ſhall by me.

Silv. You muſt not ſwear,
Leſt you ſhou'd be forſworn.

Conſt. If Heav'n require
My Life as an Atonement for my Sins,
Lead to the Altar, Saint, and I will bleed.

Silv. I dare believe you would: But this is more.

Conſt. More than my Life? Why, then 'tis Reputation.
But I have learnt in Chriſtian Schools to lay
My Honour down, and own my ſelf a Worm;
To waſh the Pilgrims Feet, to bid the Saints
Tread on this Earth, this Traſh, this heap of Sin.

Silv. But there's a Boſom Foe to conquer yet,
And there's my fear.

Conſt. Your fear, my Saint, after what I have ſaid?

Silv.

Silv. My Fear, my Emperor, tho you had ſworn.
Conſt. Had I a Race of Sons like *Criſpus* dear,
Hope of my Vows, my Soldier and my Love
Early renown'd, and pious from the Womb;
Yet were my Bowels Foes to that Religion,
Whoſe Infant growth I water'd with my Blood,
I ſwear by Heav'n, they ſhould be mine no more.
Silv. Your Son's the Angels care, and when he dies,
The foremoſt of the Quire ſhall meet him with a Crown.
But have you not a Wife?
Conſt. You know I had
A dear one, and by much my better Part.
Silv. But have you not another?
Conſt. When ſhe dy'd,
All Beauty fled with her.
Silv. This Beauty lives:
Can you deny a Truth?
Conſt. Silveſter, why,
Why doſt thou preſs me thus, to my Confuſion?
Silv. Becauſe this Beauty, Sir, may bring Confuſion.
Conſt. Large as an Angel's Knowledge be your own,
And at one View receive whole Nature in;
Yet if you tax my Choice with leaſt Diſhonour,
I muſt declare you wrong her.
Silv. Then you are at leaſt contracted to *Maximinus'* (Daughter,
A Heathen born?
Conſt. But bred a Cherubin;
She has all the Beauties of her Sex below,
And equal Virtues with the bleſt above.
Silv. Dares *Conſtantine*, the Chriſtian ſo renown'd,
Say this to me?
Conſt. Dares any Saint deny't?
Silv. That *Fauſta* is not guilty!
Conſt. Ha! of what?
Silv. Of all the Ills that ſhall attend your Life,
Of all ——
Conſt. Hold, hold —— leſt I fall out with Heav'n.
Silv. Of all the Blots, that ſhall in After-Times
Stain your white Character, and blaſt your Fame;
While weeping Readers ſhall lament your Story.

Therefore

Therefore away with her.

Conſt. Firſt, let me die.
Penurious Heav'n, and oh! thou niggard Saint,
Did I not offer you my darling Son,
With all my Race, as Victims to your Shrines,
If they were guilty in a Point of Faith,
To waſh their Hereſies with Royal Blood?
And do you grudge me one, but one poor Pleaſure,
For all the Pains of my unwearied Wars?
Then take my Life, take Empire, Glory, all,
Take all I offer'd this ungrateful Prieſt,
Who in requital will allow me nothing.

Silv. Forgive me, Heav'n! my too officious Care,
For interpoſing in thy dark Decrees:
In Chriſtian Patience he is yet but young.
Chaſtiſe him now, and make the Tryal ſtrong.

Conſt. What have I ſaid, that I am paſt Forgiveneſs?
Your Silence argues me undone for ever:
Yet think me not ſo loſt in deſperate Love,
But while offending I can kneel for Pardon.

Silv. What I have offer'd to your Choice,
Was not commiſſion'd me to ſay from Heav'n;
Therefore the Pardon muſt be mutual.
All I have urg'd was but a thoughtful boding;
No more of that, be happy in your Love.

Conſt. Oh! you have charm'd me into Life again;
And fear not but ſhe ſhall become a Chriſtian;
I muſt confeſs, that yet ſhe is a Heathen,
As ſuch I lov'd her in her Father's Court,
Where firſt we plighted Vows in *Arius'* Hands:
But the dark Contract was ſo cloſe contriv'd,
I wonder how you reach'd the Truth ſo ſoon;
But Heav'n reveal'd it, or you cou'd not know it;
Since I may ſwear, ſhe is not yet enjoy'd.

Silv. By you!

Conſt. By me! Your Anſwer's ſhort and home;
Who ſhou'd poſſeſs her elſe?

Silv. Young and a Heathen?
Left in the ſenſual *Maximinian's* Court?

Conſt.

Conſt. No, Sir; ſhe's guarded, and ſecure at *Rome.*
Criſpus, not yet acquainted with our Contract,
Is ſent in ſhow, for I had other purpoſe,
To make his Judgment of my *Fauſta*'s Perſon,
Whether to be preſerv'd, or like her Father,
To hinder Inſurrections, be deſtroy'd.
But hark! What March is this? Perhaps 'tis he!
And theſe his Trumpets, with the Legions rais'd.
[*Trumpets without.*

Enter Arius, *and* Eubalus.

Both. Long live the Emperor.
Conſt. Is *Criſpus* come,
With thoſe auxiliar Legions we requir'd;
And Money ſent to pay the laſt Arrears?
Ari. Nothing obey'd: When firſt your Orders came,
Which by your Brother were in the *Forum* read,
I never ſaw ſo ſudden a Revolt.
At once they cry'd, our Liberty's betray'd,
Our Courts of Juſtice robb'd; old Rights infring'd;
Our Gods muſt down, our Shrines and Temples burn:
And all for a fantaſtick old Wives Tale;
A Croſs they cry'd, one of *Silveſter*'s Lyes,
Which never yet was ſeen by waking Eyes;
But either feign'd, or dreamt of in the Skies.
Conſt. Is this their Anſwer to my ſtrict Commands?
Ari. *Criſpus* by this return'd to join your Brother;
When ſtrait ſome Devil whiſper'd in their Ears,
Your Son already had begun the Change,
The Statue of *Apollo* was pull'd down,
To make his Father's Place: Whereon they cry'd,
Your Image ſhould be burnt, and with a Breath
The Cockle, and the Corn, bow'd all that way.
Eub. But were revers'd by a more powerful Gale;
Your Brother and your Son appear'd like Gods,
And ſtopt the Madmen in their full Career.
Ari. At cloſe of Day, in dark Cabals they met,
And in the Morning gave their final Anſwer;
Lycinius, who that Night was brought a Captive,

To grace the Triumph of your firſt Appearance,
Was firſt prpos'd to ſhare th' imperial Power:
Next they demand a general Perſecution
Of all the Chriſtians, and *Silveſter's* Head.
Conſt. Tell 'em their City ſhall be Aſhes firſt.
Have I for this, with hazard of my Life,
So oft redeem'd 'em from their Tyrants Racks,
When all their Streets were but one hideous Grave;
Their Wives and Daughters raviſh'd in their View?
When Age was drain'd of its laſt ebbing Drop,
When Babes were ſnatch'd their earlieſt Breath to give,
And dy'd e'er knowing what it was to live.

Trumpets. — *Enter* Dalmatius,

More Treaſon, *Arius*—or do the Slaves repent?
My Brother here. Still to my Arms, and Heart,
Thou Nerve of all my Wars: How fares my Friend,
And my Beloved?
Dalm. Criſpus, our Care, is well.
And the late Tempeſt, which muſt reach your Ear,
By skilful Pilots rockt into a Calm.
Believe me, Sir, your Preſence gains the Cauſe,
Therefore upon the Inſtant march to *Rome*;
Vanquiſh'd *Lycinius* waits to grace your Triumph.
Bleſs me! Is't poſſible? *Arius* with you, Sir?
Arius the Traitor?
Conſt. Have you found him ſo?
Dalm. The ſubtleſt Snake, the ſofteſt civil Villain
That ever warm'd himſelf in Prince's Boſom;
Diſeaſes, Blaſts, Plagues, Death and Hell are in him:
Whate'er his Outſide ſeems, this ſhameleſs Traitor
Was the foul Spring of all thoſe poiſon'd Waters,
That late ſtad like to overflow the Empire;
Yet while his Emiſſaries fired the People,
This *Judas* on my ſide appear'd an Angel:
For after the firſt Mutiny was quell'd,
Tho he had ſworn to juſtify your Cauſe,
He warn'd the Slaves, I have his Hand to ſhow,
Next Day to make thoſe impudent Demands.

Ari. Plots on my Innocence! As I am a Chriſtian,
If e'er I ſet my Hand to ſuch a Treaſon,
May theſe rot off, which thus I hold to Heav'n:
As I am of Prieſtly Order ——
Dalm. A Devil ordain'd ——
Sir, if I do not prove him ——
Conſt. I believe you;
I know him Heretick, a ſeditious Traitor,
But yet have Reaſons to defer his Ruin,
Therefore no more at preſent. *Arius* hence;
And let me hear no further of theſe Miſchiefs.
I have pardon'd you; be gone, you *Eubulus*, and tell the Rebels,
I come embattl'd now for my Revenge;
My Standard and my Banners bear the Croſs.
Tell 'em, *Lycinius*, whom once before
I took to Grace, and marry'd to my Siſter,
Their new petition'd *Cæſar*, ſoon ſhall bleed.
Silv. Forgive your Enemies.
Conſt. But not my Friends;
Lycinius was my Friend, and has betray'd me;
Therefore I'll execute him in their View.
Away and warn him, for the Doom is given.

[*Exit* Arius, Eubulus.

'Tis not by halves that we will worſhip Heav'n:
No, my *Dalmatius*, I have made a Vow,
The *Romans*, or their Emperor ſhall bow.
They're Subjects, and 'tis fit: Nay, bow they ſhall,
Or *Cæſar* in th' Attempt their Victim fall;
Bow to the Man, whom Heav'n ordain'd for Sway,
And in his great Vicegerent learn their Maker to obey.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome, Conſtantine's Palace.*

Enter Lycinius, Labienus.

Labi. The Miſchief's ripe, and ready for our wiſh:
Confuſion to the Houſe of *Conſtantine*,
And Fortune points their Fate. For mark the Method:

The Father ſends the Son to ſee the Priſoner;
The Son, not knowing of his Father's Contract,
Appears a God to *Fauſta*'s charming Eyes,
And marry'd her.

Lycin. How came you by the Secret? (the Son,

Labi. *Arius* told me; he who betroth'd the Father weds
And ſtands for ever bound to ſerve *Lycinius.*

Lycin. He's voted Heretick among the Chriſtians.

Labi. No matter what they vote him, Sir; He's yours,
And Foe to all Religion, but his Friends.

Lycin. By *Mars*, he falls the righter to my Purpoſe.
I was my ſelf bred up in Blood and Wars,
Untaught, and ſcoft at by theſe civil Cowards,
Wherefore I hate Religion, Arts and Learning;
And if I ever mount the *Cæſars* Throne,
I'll raiſe another general Perſecution,
Like *Nero*; bait theſe Chriſtian Dogs to Death;
And build the Temples of the Old Gods again.

Labi. And be a God your ſelf: In the mean time,
Let your Wife's Tears prevail upon your Temper,
Supple your haughty Spirit, bow your Body,
Low as the Earth, before the Emperor's Feet.

Lycin. I had rather die: If he thinks fit to ſave me,
'Tis well; if not, why let him take my Head.

Labi. Yet for the ſake of thoſe whom you muſt govern,
Rebate this martial Fire, and hear your Wife:
Hear what Return our long'd-for *Arius* brings.

Enter Criſpus, *with* Annibal.

But ſoft! the Bridegroom *Criſpus* and his Friend:
Conſtantia with Impatience waits your coming;
Conſtantia, who has Power to ſave your Head,
Tho *Cæſar* with an Oath had doom'd you dead.

[*Ex.* Lycinius, Labienus.

Criſp. How, *Annibal!* What! out of Temper now:
When Crowns are offer'd, and the *Cæſar*'s Purple?
What, tho not born in the immediate Way?
Yet thou art collaterally Great as I:
And if I ever heir this ſpacious Empire,

By

By Heav'n, thou ſhalt not ſhare, but guide, engroſs
My Heart's beſt Love, and all the World beſide.
Annib. Your Heart? Ay, there you eccho'd my Deſires,
Enrich me there, and trowl your empty Globe
To thoſe crown'd Slaves, that know no other Greatneſs:
But tell me, O my *Criſpus!* all Mens Joy,
Tell me, and truly from thy generous Soul,
Haſt thou a Friend whom more thou lov'ſt than me?
Criſp. Not more belov'd, more fonded than my ſelf,
But more——
Annib. Nay, add not to that broken Truth,
There's more in that; no more, than thou had'ſt ſworn.
Criſp. Wilt thou not hear me out?
Annib. There needs no more;
Thou art no Friend, that lov'ſt another more:
Nay half ſo much; but now I find that all
The former Flatteries of thy glozing Friendſhip
Were Courtiers Promiſes, and Womens Vows:
But let me know his Name.
Criſp. Thy Father, *Annibal*, my godlike Friend,
Dalmatius, who before thou could'ſt write Man,
Hugg'd *Criſpus* to his Heart: Like Lambs in Peace
Together we lay down, together roſe;
In War like Lions, coupled on a Side,
E'er yet thy Infant Arms a Sword could wield,
And drove like Herds the Nations from the Field.
Annib. Why then we're Friends again, more faſt than ever.
Yet ſince we have happen'd into this Diſorder,
To make a Trial of renew'd Affection,
I'll put thee to the Teſt.
Criſp. Name the Danger,
Tho kin to Death, my Arm, young Man, ſhall right thee.
Annib. 'Tis Death indeed; moſt certain Death to me,
Unleſs thy ſoftning Charms have Pow'r to ſave me.
Criſp. Speak this cloſe Grief, that wrings thee with the Anguiſh:
If I am not eloquent in ſuch a Cauſe,
Cut out my Tongue.
Annib. My Life is in the Hands
Of one that hates me; or, what wounds me more,

Of one, my *Criſpus*, that can never love me. (that?
Criſp. Not love thee? O ye Powers! What Heart is
Annib. Haſt thou not ſeen the beauteous Priſoners?
Criſp. Ha!
What, *Fauſta* mean'ſt thou?
Annib. Fauſta and *Serena*. (thee?
Criſp. Say which of 'em; which Beauty has inflam'd
Annib. Which ſhou'd, but the moſt ſoft and artleſs.
The languiſhing——— (Melter;
Criſp. The killing Beauteous———Come——
Annib. Ha! *Criſpus* thou art concern'd!
Criſp. I am to help thee——
Her Name.
Annib. Why take it then, the fair *Serena*.
Criſp. O ſhe's the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt, killing Fair.
By Heav'n——I am glad——I'm raviſh'd that 'tis ſhe!
By this Embrace I promiſe thee ſucceſs,
I know her Temper well——No more, but leave me.
I was upon the Inſtant when I met thee,
Going to their Apartments;———Nay look up———
And truſt thy Friend.
Annib. Plead then for my Life,
I beg thee as a God to plead my Cauſe;
Thou canſt not know o'th' ſudden how 'tis with me:
How great, how mortal, and how deep the Wound.
May all the Saints, and Powers that pity Love,
Inſpire thy Breaſt, as if 'twere poſſible
That *Annibal's* Soul cou'd actuate thy Body.
So ſigh, weep, languiſh, and for Mercy ſue,
As were I *Criſpus*, I my ſelf wou'd do. [*Ex.* Annib.
Criſp. The Youth is haughty, martial, hot and brave;
Right for the Field, unhappy Parts for Love: ● ●
Therefore perhaps the Virgin likes him not.
But thou haſt luckier Stars; no ſooner ſeen (Tranſport?
But lik'd——lov'd, marry'd——ha!——but where's the
Without thy Father's Knowledge thou wert marry'd;
'Tis the firſt Fault of my unhappy Youth,
Yet 'tis a Fault——but 'tis the Fault of Love.
Had he not lov'd, *Criſpus* had not been here:

Away,

Away, you Damps, and darkning Images,
Be gone I ſay——behold ſhe comes to meet me;

Enter Fauſta.

Lag as I am, in this great Race of Love——
O *Fauſta, Fauſta!*
Fauſt. O my *Conſtantine!*
Criſp. Ha!
Fauſt. A Miſtake; my Fear out-went my Love.
Criſp. My *Conſtantine!* thy Fear——by Heav'n 'twas ominous:
What Cauſe haſt thou to fear?
Fauſt. Bondage and Death.
Are not thoſe Reaſons for a Virgin's Fear?
Criſp. Yes for another, *Fauſta*, not for thine.
For oh! when he has ſeen and heard, like me,
Th' abſtracted Charms of all this beauteous World,
Expect not Death, but Offers of a Throne.
Fauſt. 'Tis poſſible; yet by thy ſelf I ſwear,
By dear lov'd thee, my *Criſpus* in a Cottage
Shall be preferr'd to all the Thrones on Earth.
Criſp. And thou, forgive me Heav'n! I had almoſt ſaid
To Heav'n it ſelf: No *Fauſta*, that's the Jar,
Religion makes this Diſcord in my Soul.
I find it now. Hence come my Starts and Fears,
Even in the height of my expected Joys;
But Time, the Saints and Miracles muſt win thee.
Fauſt. No Time, no Miracle, no Saint but thou:
Why, thou art all the Wonders of the Earth,
My Saint, my Heart's Religion, and my Heav'n;
With thee I am embark'd to live or periſh,
Not only here but in the World hereafter.
Criſp. O Extaſy! Oh Pattern for thy Sex!
Yet ſhalt thou maſter me by this Subjection.
Give me thy Hand, thy Lip——the Sweets are richer,
The Taſte ennobled. Oh! my raviſh'd Love
Glows with the pointed Charms. The Heav'ns are open'd,
And I behold thee crown'd a Saint already.
But I will hold thee faſt, leſt that the Angels ſnatch thee
E're we have mingled Souls——

Fauſt. Oh, not to Night!
Criſp. Ha! not to Night? Not on this lov'd Confeſſion?
Not when thou haſt ſet my Spirits all on fire?
Nor now enjoy thee? Thou mak'ſt my Fears return,
Far more extravagant than they were before,
Leſt e'er we join an Apoplex ſhou'd ſeize me,
The Palace fall, and thouſand other Chances,
That awe th' Imagination of my Love.
Oh come——
Fauſt. I will, and with theſe longing Arms
Hold thee till Morn; and from that Morn till Evening;
From Evening to Mid-day; from Day to Night;
From Night to Death——I'll claſp thee thus for ever.
Criſp. Let's haſte then, while the beckning Minute ſmiles.
Fauſt. But I muſt ſwear thee firſt.
Criſp. Take Oath on Oath;
I ſwear to obey thee without asking why.
Fauſt. Swear thou wilt never leave thy wedded *Fauſta*;
What ever dreadful Chance, or ſtrange Misfortune,
Shou'd ſtart to undo me, almoſt to a Crime. (Heav'n,
Criſp. No Crime, but want of Love; nor that, by
Shall make me hate thee, tho it bring me Death.
Oh thou ſoft Dear! if ever I forſake thee,
At my laſt Hour may I deſpair of Mercy;
And may thoſe Saints, that knew the Wrong I did thee,
When at Heav'ns Gate I beg for Entrance, anſwer,
Remember what thou didſt to *Fauſta* ſwear;
Be gone, for ever leave this happy Sphere,
For perjur'd Lovers have no Manſion here.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *ROME.*

Enter Arius, Labienus, *and* Eubulus.

Ari. WE have done our Work by halves; follow'd by the Scent,
Trac'd to our Holes! Oh I could play the mad Man!
Men of our Make ſo poorly hide a Murder,
That Dogs can rake it up. Spies, Spies by Hell!
The Courſe of former Councils was too ſlow,
I am proclaim'd a Traitor, Heretick,
And Ponyards muſt proclaim my Accuſer nothing.
Labi. Were it not better to comply?
Ari. Impoſſible!
The Genius of the proud Imperial Brothers
And mine, by Nature mortally oppos'd,
Hate ſtrongly at firſt ſight; which Hate improv'd,
By the late Flaw I found in their Religion.
They hear too how I tainted Infant *Julian:*
Yet being made the Emperor's Confident
In the late Contract, all might have been retriev'd,
And I at Helm, had not his hated Brother
Thus interpos'd to my eternal Ruin——
Poiſon and Ponyard——
Eub. Is it come to that?
Ari. It is; without diſpatch, we are all undone.
Oh for a Slave to mould ſome Maleconten
His Blood aduſt, and blacken'd with the Blows
Of adverſe Fortune; yet of Soul elate,
And to be fluſh'd for Fame, or Hire,
To any kind of daring!
Labi. Why?

Ari. I would work the Melancholy brave
To ſtab *Dalmatius.*
Eub. Why not *Conſtantine?*
Ari. Becauſe ten *Conſtantines* live at leaſt in him;
The one's not half ſo open to Deſtruction,
As t'other cloſe, and on the Guard to ſave him;
He has unravell'd our cloſe Web of Thought,
And from the bottom of our dark Deſign
Drawn Treaſon forth, perhaps to hang us all.
Labi. 'Tis juſtly thought; this Lett muſt be remov'd;
And who ſo fit to hew it into pieces
As that ambitious, brawny Fool, *Lycinius?*
Ari. Thou haſt hit the Man my buſy Brain had loſt.
The Emperor dooms him dead: By whoſe Advice?
Tell me, I hear the dull *Lycinius* cry,
That e'er I fall the Victim of the War,
I may at once deſtroy his Life and Name.

Enter Lycinius. *Guards.*

But ſee he comes! — I bring you News.
Lycin. Ha! of my Death! I read it in thy Face.
Ari. The Emperor, as at firſt I told your Story,
Inclin'd to Mercy: But fierce *Dalmatius*
Repeal'd the hint of your half-granted Pardon,
And forc'd him to your Death.
Lycin. By *Mars* I'll fight him.
Ari. 'Tis not in your Power,
You're Priſ'ner of War.
Lycin. Yet I may curſe:
My Tongue is not their Priſoner; therefore I'll curſe,
Bitterly curſe *Dalmatius*; curſe 'em all.
Ari. Curſe for the Loſs of Empire, and of Life!
Bitterly curſe! why, Whores will there out-do you.
I bluſh to think the great *Lycinius*
Should e'er be brought in ſuch Compariſon!
Would it not ſeem more worthy your paſt Honour
To ſtrike than ſay? Strike, if I may adviſe,
And e're you ſuffer ——

Lycin.

Lycin. Kill *Dalmatius*,
Conſtantine, *Criſpus*, *Annibal*, nay all——
Quite root up all th' Imperial Stock at once.
Ari. This Dagger then be yours; the Legacy
Of an old Propheteſs; who dying, told me,
He that had Courage to employ it well,
And where it ought, ſhould make himſelf the greateſt——
[*Trumpet at diſtance.*
Lycin. It ſhall be well employ'd, and where it ought.
But hark! the Emperor comes!
Ari. Rather *Dalmatius*,
Perhaps commiſſion'd for your Execution!
Lycin. Why then I'll forth and meet him. By the Fates,
If I muſt fall, he ſhall not live to laugh:
And in remembrance of this ſolemn Oath,
I kiſs the ominous Gift thou haſt bequeath'd me;
I'll treaſure it next my Heart; where it ſhall reſt,
Till ſheath'd by Vengeance in *Dalmatius'* Breaſt. [*Exit.*
Ari. Or live or die, thou art contriv'd for Miſchief!
Next I muſt mend the Hereſies I've broach'd,
And reconcile my ſelf, by ſome bold Offer,
With *Conſtantine*; which while I undertake,
Be it your Care to ſpread th' old poiſonous Doctrine:
Sow it in all Habits, Perſons, Forms, and Places;
Grow with the Times, and cultivate Sedition.

Enter Serena.

My fair Devoteſs;—— but hence, as I have order'd,
And meet me at the Trial of *Lycinius*.
[*Ex.* Labi. *and* Eubul.
Seren. The Morning's come, and fain I would have reſt,
Who all the Night have walk'd upon my Pillow,
And made it wet with Tears: My lonely Groans,
That pierc'd Heav'ns Vaults (tho Heav'n was deaf the while,
Deaf to redreſs) have made my Breaſt ſo ſore,
That I can ſigh no longer.
Criſpus and *Fauſta!* Oh you happy Lovers!
Not ſo with you the gladſome Minutes paſt:
For, e'er 'twas Day, I left my tedious Bed,

And

And liſten'd to your Joys.
Ari. Her Sorrows lull me,
And I grow good, I know not how, o'th' ſudden.
Seren. Such ſoft Expreſſions flow'd from the charming (*Criſpus*,
As did but aggravate my Paſſion more;
Yet hide it, O *Serena!* tho thou dieſt,
Tell it to none, but to the midnight Groves,
The Flocks and Streams, and thoſe unhappy Stars
Whoſe mercileſs Fires thus fated thy undoing:
Ari. What, not to *Arius?* to thy Confeſſor;
To him who has a Privilege from Heav'n?
Seren. Oh *Arius!* would I had the Power to hide it!
But you have heard it all;
And will, perhaps, proclaim a Virgin's Frailty.
But, Sir, I ſhall not long ſurvive my Shame:
And ſince 'tis known, confeſs it to the World;
Confeſs, that Paſſion has dethron'd my Reaſon;
That unbelov'd, I love the beſt of Men;
And ſigh unheard, and without Witneſs mourn,
And dote to Death without the leaſt Return.
Ari. 'Tis ſaid, young *Annibal* is vow'd your Servant.
Seren. O *Arius*, mark the Malice of our Fates!
That Prince loves me, as *Criſpus* is belov'd,
And failing in his Suit, employ'd his Friend
To plead his Cauſe. Oh, had it been his own!——
But all my Pray'rs, alas, are now in vain,
And wanting *Criſpus*, I muſt wed my Grave.
Therefore I beg you, Sir, procure his Picture
To entertain my melancholy Thoughts,
Since him himſelf I ne'er muſt ſee again.
Ari. That, and all Helps which *Arius* can command.
Seren. I thank you, Sir, by the bleſt Saints I do;
I thank you for this Favour, from my Heart.
But hark! they come: *Criſpus* and *Fauſta* come!
Oh Heart! why doſt thou leap againſt my Boſom
Like a cag'd Bird, and beat thy ſelf to Death
For an impoſſible Freedom?
Ari. Stay to ſalute 'em.
Seren. No, *Arius*, no; I cannot, dare not ſtand 'em:
But ſee, they come, wreath'd in each others Arms,

And

And mingling Kiſſes. Has not then the Night
Been long enough, but you muſt love by Day?
Do, *Fauſta*, do, be ſtifled with the Joy.
Follow him from thy Chamber to the Grove,
To Garden haunts, and claſp him in the Bowers,
Thence to your golden Beds again; while I
Sink to my Grave, and there forgotten lie. [*Exit.*

Aſt. *Criſpus* to court *Serena* for his Friend!
His Picture! ſhe ſhall have it — Miſchief! Hell!
And if it be thy Will thy Slave obeys.
Criſpus and *Annibal*, that late were Friends,
Shall ſtrait be Foes. But huſh, the Lovers come.
This Cloſet hides me to diſcover more.

Enter Criſpus *and* Fauſta.

This Cloſet be my School, to learn their Language.
Fauſt. Your Father's Trumpets call you. Let 'em call,
You ſhall not go. Oh, are there any Sounds
To charm, more powerful than your *Fauſta's* Cries?
Criſp. No, not the Tongues of Angels! O beſt Joy
Of my abounding Soul! What ſhall I call thee?
By Heav'n, thou art all Heav'n, all Paradiſe;
Talk not then of going from thee: for I'll ſtay till Age
Has ſnow'd a hundred Winters on my Head,
Yet give and take Enjoyments then, as now.
Fauſt. And Oh, for thee, thou deareſt of the World,
My Soul's beſt Life, and my Heart's graſp'd Deſire,
Oh what Return! the Mother on her Throes,
After the Rack, when hanging o'er her Babe,
With bleeding Joys, wild Looks, and earning Smiles,
Loves not her Darling more than I love *Criſpus*.
Thou ſhalt not leave me, *Criſpus*.
Criſp. Yes, to meet again;
Our Loves approv'd by him that gave me Being;
And then ——
Fauſt. What then? He dooms me to that place,
Where in his Shroud the poor *Maximian* lies,
Where I ſhall lie as I had never been,
Nor think of *Criſpus* more ——

Criſp.

Criſp. Canſt thou fear Death,
While I have Life?
Fauſt. Oh do not truſt thy Father!
Truſt not the Paſſions of a Conqueror;
For in his fatal Look, when laſt he left me,
Something I ſaw, that bid me fly his Preſence;
Fly to the Verge of Earth, and leap the Bounds,
Rather than ever meet his Eyes again.
Criſp. Thy Father's Fate makes thee miſtruſt thy own.
Fauſt. No *Criſpus*, not Miſtruſt, but certain Danger;
Which, like a mouldring Promontory, hangs
Burſting above our Heads; and threatens Death,
Unleſs we houſe betimes, and ſcape the Fall.
Criſp. What Danger? Death? What Fall?
Fauſt. Thy Father.
Criſp. Ha!
Fauſt. Thy Father, *Criſpus* ——
Criſp. Knows not we are marry'd,
But ſhall, and will, I hope, forgive my Paſſion.
Fauſt. I dreamt laſt Night thy Father was in love,
In love with me, my *Criſpus*; catch'd us claſp'd,
And with his Dagger ſtabb'd us in the fold.
Criſp. Is't poſſible?
Fauſt. Moſt true.
Criſp. And catch'd thee with me?
Fauſt. Catch'd us in Bed.
Criſp. There?
Fauſt. Here. Why doſt thou wonder?
'Twas but a Dream.
Criſp. Yet there is wonder in't,
Becauſe, by Heav'n, I dreamt the very ſame.
Is it not ſtrange?
Fauſt. If it ſhould happen true!
Criſp. That would be ſtrange indeed.
Fauſt. Therefore let's fear the worſt, and arm againſt it;
For Oh, why ſhould I hide a Secret from thee?
When I beheld him laſt, he languiſhed,
And wrung my Hand at parting.
Criſp. But what ſaid he?

Fauſt.

Fauſt. I will not tell you, *Criſpus*, till you anſwer
What you would do with me, my deareſt Joy,
If it were true indeed, your Father lov'd me.
Criſp. What, at your parting? ha!
Fauſt. Why, if 'twere true,
Would you forſake me?
Criſp. Be thy own Murderer!
I know not what, but ſpeak your parting. Oh!
Fauſt. Why are you ſo enrag'd? I dare not tell you.
Criſp. If ought thou hid'ſt, by Heav'n, thou doſt not love me.
Fauſt. By Heav'n! I hope no other Heav'n, but thee.
What if he talk'd a little? Age will talk,
And think of it no more.
Criſp. What was your Talk?
I'll know each Syllable.
Fauſt. Why ſo you ſhall;
But then be calm: what if he talk'd of Love?
And what? Oh be not angry, and I'll tell you;
What if, to ſave my Life, I promis'd him?
Criſp. Ha! promis'd, *Fauſta?*
Promiſe the Father, and engage the Son?
But ſpeak, I ſtand upon a Precipice;
For if 'tis true, that e'er ſo little paſt
Of Love before ——
Fauſt. What then?
Criſp. And thou haſt promis'd?
Fauſt. Suppoſe I have ſworn.
Criſp. Suppoſe then thy Diſhonour;
Suppoſe me never to behold thee more;
Suppoſe my Death, both Soul and Body's Ruin.
Fauſt. Suppoſe no more; but what my Soul hath ſworn,
To love his Son, none but the lovely *Criſpus*;
O therefore clear thy Brow, and take me to thee,
Be ſtill my Love, forgive this little Fault,
And Jealouſy ſhall ne'er offend thee more.
Criſp. O Charms! Beauty! what! where was the need?
Why haſt thou kept me on the Rack ſo long?
Tho taken down, I feel the Strains upon me,

And

And ſhall, I fear, too long. But hark, they call, [*Trumpets.*
And I muſt go.
Fauſt. But will you then return?
Criſp. Quick as thy Wiſhes, or my own Deſires;
But make no more ſuch Tryal. Hark again. [*Trumpets again.*
Fauſt. I cannot part with you, tho for a moment.
Criſp. I'll but enquire whether my Father's come.
Fauſt. Swear to come back then, ſwear, before you ſee
To give me one Look more. (hi[illegible]
Criſp. What needs an Oath?
Before I ſpeak with him ——
Fauſt. You'll ſpeak with me,
For I have much to ſay of mighty moment;
Swear therefore to return.
Criſp. Swear on thy Lips;
Thus with my Heart I ſeal my Vows for ever. [*Ex.*
Fauſt. Heart and the holieſt Vows deep writ in Blood;
Blood and Diſhonour: take then, take my Cauſe,
Thou that haſt made me ſin, O mighty Love!
And let thy Mother plead it with her Tears:
He ſees his Father and my Crime at once;
And then reſolves never to ſee me more.

Enter Arius.

Ari. What then?
Fauſt. What then! O *Arius*, doſt thou know me?
And ask what then, when he ne'er ſees me more?
I'll tell thee then, I'll never ſee the Day:
Shades, Night and Death, Deſpair and Dungeons hold me,
When thoſe dear Eyes ſhall never light me more.
Ari. Since you enjoy'd him, let the Tides of Love
Be ſwallow'd in the Ocean of Ambition.
Fauſt. Ambition, Pomp, and Greatneſs of the World,
All empty ſounds to Love! But thine's a downward Senſe,
Thou haſt no Taſte of theſe ſublimer Joys.
But haſte! look out; Why comes he not again?
He ſwore he would; but he has ſeen his Father,
Who ſtops him with my firſt unhappy Contract.
Ari. I ſee him yonder.

Fauſt.

Fauſt. Bleſſings on thy Tongue;
But I'll run forth to meet him, and no longer
Conceal the innocent Deceit of Love.
Ari. Hold, Madam, ſtay, *Dalmatius* comes; retire.
Fauſt. Dalmatius! Let me ſee my ſelf.
Ari. They come.
Fauſt. Dalmatius! Gods, 'tis he, he tells him all;
The Emperor told it him. Nay, it muſt out,
I am loſt, undone: But gentle *Arius*, wait,
And watch, and bring me word, how *Criſpus* bears it.
Oh that I were a Spirit to ſtand unſeen!
To mark his Paſſions how they riſe and fall,
With every Glance of thoſe dear, dreadful Eyes:
But ſee they come, and yet I cannot ſtir,
I grow diſtracted with my Hope and Fear,
Compell'd to go; yet long to tarry here. [*Ex.* Fauſta.

Enter Dalmatius *and* Criſpus *to* Arius.

Dalm. I have much againſt you, *Criſpus*, and you know
Therefore with all the freedom of a Friend,
Tell me what is the Cauſe you have not been
So free as formerly.
Criſp. You know I am.
Dalm. I'll preſs you, Sir, no more; only remember,
There ſtands a Villain, whom I have ſeen you whiſper.
[*Ex.* Arius.
Criſp. I'll tell you all.
Dalm. You dare not: come, there is a Guilt at bottom
You bluſh to own, a Crime of ſuch a nature
As will admit no Pardon. Thou haſt ſinn'd
Againſt the great Divinity of Friendſhip;
Which my Soul takes to death.
Criſp. Can it be
Ever too late to gain a Pardon here?
Dalm. I cannot tell; yet I can tell thee this,
There was a Time, not many Days are paſt,
Since I preferr'd thy Friendſhip to the World;
When I cou'd ſay, Why yonder goes the Man,
Whom my Soul worſhips more than *Conſtantine*,

And

And loves beyond my Son. By Heav'n, thy Fault
Is ominous, and grinds my Temper through.
Criſp. That Son you nam'd unhappily's in Love.
Dalm. Then he's a Fool. With whom?
Criſp. Maximian's Daughter;
The younger Beauty.
Dalm. Ha! and you love the Elder:
My Life on't, ſome ſuch maſterly Deſign.
This makes you ſhun the Camp, to lurk beneath
The Eves of Palaces, and droop in Corners.
But, Sir, your Pardon. I almoſt forgot
To urge your ſwifteſt Speed, to wait your Father.
Criſp. I but will take my leave.
Dalm. I fear there is
Too much already taken; but no more ——
If you have ought to ſay, I'll viſit for you. ——
Criſp. Be all as you would have it. Oh, your Hand!
Nay, I will force my Entrance to your Heart,
By opening all my own; and ſo farewel. [*Ex.* Criſpus.
Dalm. I blame my Friend for walking in the Dark,
Yet hide my ſelf, who when I ſeem moſt ſtrange
Am fondeſt of his Love. So, Sir, what now?

Enter Annibal.

Annib. The fair *Conſtantia*, with condemn'd *Lycinius*,
Dreſt in the ſaddeſt Glaſs of dying Sorrow,
Was coming to entreat you for his Pardon;
But ſoon as ſhe had heard, from weeping *Arius*,
Her Husband's Doom, ſhe in our Arms expir'd.
Dalm. I mourn her Fate; but for *Lycinius*,
I urg'd at firſt, and ſtill reſolve his Death
Is neceſſary to the Emperor's Life:
Nor ſhould a few weak Drops, by Women ſhed,
Stop a Decree ſo abſolute and royal.
Annib. He comes attended with a mournful Croud
To ſue for Life.
Dalm. I'll have him executed in their View;
Yes, *Annibal*, and ſhew thy Youth a Pattern
Of the old Romans, for thy Imitation;

Who

Who haſt but poorly copy'd from thy Father.
Annib. Why, Sir, what Villain has traduc'd my Virtue?
Dalm. No Villain, but thy Prince has own'd thy
And ſays thou lov'ſt a Captive Foe of *Rome.* (Weakneſs;
Annib. The Virgin's beautiful, and greatly born.
Dalm. Perhaps the Virgin may as greatly die,
And yield her Beauties to the fatal Stroke.
Annib. To the fatal Stroke! Oh all ye Powers!
No Sir, the fair *Serena* ſhall not die
While I wear this.
Dalm. Ha Rebel! Traitor! How!
Not at the Emperor's Doom?
Annib. No, nor at yours,
That gave me, Sir, my Being; take it again,
Unleſs you give me leave to lay it there,
Where I have plac'd my Love.
Dalm. The Emperor
Decrees thee *Cappadocia:* Wilt thou forfeit
The noble Heritage of ſuch Ambition,
For infamous Love?
Annib. Wrong not a Paſſion,
That equals your own Virtue. For could *Cæſar*
Give with a Daughter of his own the World,
I would prefer my Love in this Condition,
To all the proffers of his Blood and Empire.
Dalm. Hence from my ſight; and till thou break'ſt (this Paſſion,
See me no more.
Annib. Then I muſt never ſee you;
For when I ceaſe to love, where I have vow'd,
I am no more: therefore upon my Knees,
I beg you to recal this dreadful Sentence;
Repeal my Baniſhment, and give me leave
To win the Heart of this unhappy Maid,
Or bid me die before you.
Dalm. Riſe my Boy,
Thou lov'ſt indeed, who canſt refuſe a Kingdom.

Enter

Enter Arius, Lycinius, Labienus, Eubulus, *with the Populace.*

But ſee *Lycinius* with his Followers here;
Take to the habit of thy former Wars,
And ſoften not my Juſtice by thy Sorrows.
Annib. I have heard *Lycinius* lately threatned you,
Therefore your Guardian's Eye be watchful o'er you.
Dalm. Fear not, I'm arm'd againſt 'em. Know, *Lycinius*,
The Emperor has decreed to ſhew his Subjects
What weary'd Mercy dares reſolve to do.
Cleanthes, you the Captain of the Guard,
Lead to the *Forum*, and in the Peoples view
Strike off his Head.
Lycin. I bear the Sentence as becomes my Honour;
And all the favour which I beg in Death,
Is to reveal a Secret to your Ear,
Which may import the Emperor's Life, and yours.
Dalm. What would you, Sir?
Lycin. My Lord, are you in earneſt?
Or is there room for Hope?
Dalm. Sir, be not flatter'd:
Hope is the fawning Traitor of the Mind,
Which while it cozens with a colour'd Friendſhip,
Robs us of our laſt Virtue, Reſolution.
Lycin. Speak then the force of Reſolution — Thus.
Annib. No Villain — Thus.
[Annibal *diſarms and offers to ſtab him.*
Dalm. Hold, *Annibal!* hold thy Hand.
An Executioner in the beſt of Cauſes,
Is a vile Trade for honourable Men;
Therefore let Slaves diſpatch him.
Annib. Rack him firſt,
To know who counſel'd him to this damn'd Deed.
Dalm. No: To *Silveſter* let him own his Fault,
And die a Chriſtian; I am ſatisfy'd.
Lycin. Ha ha!—A Chriſtian! What, and fall a Sheep?
Confeſs! No, as he urg'd, bring forth the Rack;
Wire-draw my Limbs, ſpin all my Nerves like Hairs,

And

And work my tortur'd Fleſh as thin as Flame,
You ſhall not know a Tittle more than this;
I was ſet on to ſtab *Dalmatius*,
And would the Emperor, were he in my reach.
Who were the Gods that prompted thus my Arm,
You Chriſtian Curs ſhall never know from me;
Therefore go learn the Myſtery in Hell.
This much I may acquaint you; they are living,
Warm in your Boſoms, and I hope will ſting you;
Sting you to Death. Plagues, Famine, Sword, and Fire;
Fire from the Gods on your proud City fall;
And with that dying Curſe I leave you all. [*Ex. guarded.*

Dalm. His Fate was juſt. Now *Romans* to the Triumph;
Go forth and meet your Emperor, whoſe Mercy
Extends her peaceful Wings to all that ſeek him;
And is the darling Attribute of his Soul.
But hark! He comes! the Saviour of your Empire;
Bring forth his Statues; Crown his Images;
Meet him with Garlands, Songs, and Shouts of Triumph;
But ſee his Entrance is already made,
And there he comes, with *Criſpus* in his Arms.

Enter Conſtantine, Criſpus, *&c. to the Triumph.*

Conſt. Dalmatius, I muſt thank thee for the Fate
Of that too ſtubborn Troubler of our Reign:
Silveſter to his Hermitage retires,
And ſays the Saints are ſad at my delay:
Tell him e'er long, and urge him to return,
The Emperor and the Court ſhall be baptiz'd.

Dalm. Take to your former Freedom, Mirth and Humour,
For 'tis obſerv'd you are not as you were.

Conſt. O Brother! Friend! In all my Hazards try'd,
Thy Son ſhall ſhare the Heart and Empire too
Of my lov'd *Criſpus*, whom for ſome few Minutes
I would diſcourſe alone.

Dalm. Your Wiſhes on you;
Peace to your Thoughts, and Heav'n ſtill guide your Counſels. [*Exeunt.*

Manent

Manent Conſtantine, Criſpus.

Conſt. Haſt thou perform'd thy Embaſſy, my *Criſpus*,
And ſeen the Daughter of *Maximian!*
Criſp. I have ſeen her Sir; and ſeen her beauteous Siſter.
Conſt. How lik'ſt thou? Ha! Are they not charming
Both beautiful? (both?
Criſp. They are. But why Sir both?
Conſt. Becauſe the latter only catch'd thy Praiſe;
When *Fauſta*, in the Pride of blooming Nature,
As much tranſcends her, as the Summer's Roſe
The little Beauties of a backward Spring.
Criſp. 'Tis true, ſhe is the elder.
Conſt. And the fairer,
In all Compariſons to be preferr'd,
Not only to her Siſter, but the World.
Criſp. Is't poſſible?
Conſt. That thou ſhouldſt be ſo dull
To aſk the Queſtion, having ſeen the Wonder!
Criſp. But Sir, when I was ſent you talk'd of Death.
Conſt. Death to my ſelf, and thee, and all Mankind,
Rather than wound a Part of my lov'd *Fauſta*. (them?
Criſp. Oh Heav'n? What ſaid you? Do you love her
Conſt. Love her, my Son? In Age I love her more,
Than in my Youth I lov'd the Chace of Glory.
Criſp. And does ſhe know you love her?
Conſt. Know? approves;
Approving join'd, and ſeal'd the Contract ſure.
Criſp. Death and Deſpair! Approv'd, join'd, ſeal'd,
How ſeal'd? and how contracted? (contracted!
Conſt. Why, our Lips
Have ſign'd and ſeal'd an everlaſting Love.
Criſp. What, kiſs'd her? Ha! But I'm too credulous;
All you have ſaid is but to try my Temper,
How much your Son can bear.
Conſt. I muſt confeſs
Thy Fears were juſt, hadſt thou another Father;
But as I am, I ſwear whatever Iſſue
I have by *Fauſta* thou ſhalt heir my Power.

Criſp.

Criſp. Talk not of Power, but tell me of your Love
Diſtract me not with theſe ambiguous Anſwers,
But tell me; ſwear to ſave my loſs of Reaſon,
If as you love, you are by *Fauſta* lov'd.
Conſt. That I love *Fauſta*, is as true by Heav'n,
As I love thee; But whether I am lov'd
With juſt return, is hard indeed to ſwear:
Yet, as I ſaid before, our Hands have join'd,
Our Lips have ſeal'd, and binding Oaths have paſt.
Criſp. What Oaths?
Conſt. Betrothing Oaths.
Criſp. Oh, all ye Saints!
Are you contracted too?
Conſt. Ah *Criſpus*, we're contracted;
Weep not my Son; I ſwear by this Embrace,
Thou ſhalt not leſs be lov'd than heretofore. (her?
Criſp. Betroth'd! Oh Heav'n! And have you, Sir, enjoy'd
Conſt. No *Criſpus*; That's a Heav'n I have to come.
Criſp. A Hell! All Hell! And if not yet enjoy'd,
Let me conjure you by my Mother's Aſhes,
Touch her not for the World.
Conſt. What means my Son?
I have decreed to marry her this Night,
And taſte the Sweets of long expected Joys.
Criſp. By Heav'n, I ſwear thoſe Sweets have poiſon in
Bane to your Soul, your Empire, Life and Glory. ('em,
Conſt. Take heed, my *Criſpus*, that thou do not wrong
I know the hazard of Succeſſion frights thee. (her;
Criſp. No: By your ſacred Life, nothing but Honour
Provokes me in the Point: She's falſe, forſworn,
And to my certain Knowledge loves another.
Oh! therefore touch her not; and, to convince you
That Empire could not work me thus, this Night
I'll turn a Hermit, and renounce the World.
Conſt. If ſhe be falſe: I know his Temper well;
And Nature cannot make ſuch Faults o'th' ſudden:
If ſhe be falſe! By Heav'n, thou haſt mov'd me, *Criſpus*:
But ſpeak the Traitor's Name, who thus has wrong'd me.
Criſp. Pardon me, Sir, his Name; he could not wrong (you,
Becauſe he knew not.

Conſt.

Conſt. What?
Criſp. Your Love.
Conſt. His Name,
There's more in this; his Name, again I charge thee;
Not only name him, but produce his Perſon;
Or I ſhall think all Forgery thou haſt ſworn.
Criſp. O let me beg you, wed her not to Night,
And when I ſee you next I'll tell you more;
Perhaps betray the Innocent to Death.
Conſt. Let that be prov'd; I ſwear he ſhall not die;
Thou art it ſeems his Friend as well as mine;
But look you calm the Tempeſt you have rais'd,
Or I will make thee ſtranger to my Soul. [*Exit.*
Criſp. ſolus. I am content; if that ſome pitying Power,
Would make me too a Stranger to my ſelf:
But hold my Heart a while, till I have found her.
Yet there's a lucid Joy in theſe Diſtractions,
To know he has not bedded her; then had follow'd,
Her Death and mine, and conſequent Damnation:
Yet leſt ſhe ſhould conſent, I'll haſte, and warn her;
When warn'd I'll watch, and if ſhe after yield,
Thro Love or Fear, to his inceſtuous Charms,
I'll ruſh thro all, and ſtab her in his Arms. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Annibal *and* Serena.

Annib. IS this your Anſwer then, you cannot love me?
This the Reward for Offers of my Blood,
And braving a ſtern Father to preſerve you?
This the Effect of *Criſpus'* Eloquence?
To make his Friend a moſt untimely Grave?
For, bear it as you pleaſe, or laugh or grieve,

I will not be a Trouble to you long.
Seren. What ſhall I ſay? Alas! I might delude you,
Like other faithleſs Beauties of the Age;
But the Gods fram'd me of ſo plain a Temper,
I cannot hide my Thoughts, tho to my undoing.
But ſomething more there is, if you could bear it,
To turn your deſp'rate Love for ever from me.
Annib. Produce it then; for, what can Nature ſhew
Than Death more dreadful, wilder than Deſpair, (me
Which now are my Familiars?
Seren. Take it, Sir,
The only Secret of my wounded Soul.
I love, I languiſh, and deſpair like you.
Annib. What, do you love another?
Seren. Love him to death, nor does he know I love
Or if he did, he would not make Return. (him;
Annib. Can this be poſſible! but where, where is he?
That I may ruſh with all my Rage upon him,
And bear him with me to the other World. (him —
Seren. Not for a thouſand Worlds; you muſt not have
Annib. Plagues! Curſes on his Head, Rage and Deſpair!
Is this then the Return of all my Vows,
To make my ſetting yet more deep in Blood?
But give me quick his Quality and Name. (geance?
Seren. His Name! what, after ſuch Reſolves of Ven-
Your Fate and mine ſhould not compel it now.
Annib. What, not to ſave my Life!
Seren. No; for what Life can ſtand in competition,
When his is threaten'd? Better you, and I,
And all the reſt of human Kind, ſhould periſh,
Than he, the Maſter-piece of Nature, ſuffer.
And ſhould you know him, ſpite of your Reſolves,
Sir, you would kneel and worſhip too like me.
Annib. Show me the God then, if I muſt adore.
Seren. No, ſince you have ſworn, I ſhould do ill to truſt
Yet, for his Preſervation, I muſt tell you, (you;
Whene'er he dies *Serena* too ſhall bleed.
From the ſame Hand the ſame Diſpatch I crave,
And if at laſt one Monument we have,
What Joys can Life compare with ſuch a Grave! [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Arius *with* Criſpus's *Picture.*

Annib. Death, Hell, and Furies; if my Sword have
Which never fail'd me yet, I'll find him out, (Charms,
This Rival God ——
And drive him from the World.
Ari. Ha! goes it there?
Then to my Task!
Annib. *Arius* in Contemplation!
'Twere worth my while to ſpy: *Criſpus*'s Picture!
Forgive me *Arius*, if I rob your Hand
Of what's ſo deep ingraven in my Heart.
For whom this pretty Preſent? (great Secrets.
Ari. Your Pardon —— The Myſtery is one of Love's
Annib. *Criſpus* in Love, and hide it from his Friend!
From *Annibal*, that open'd all to him!
'Twas much unkind: *Arius*, I am concern'd:
And you muſt tell me where his Heart's engag'd,
E'er I return the Picture.
Arius. Sir, I am in haſte,
And dare not tell her Name; therefore I beg you;
She waits my coming —— Good my Lord, —— ſhe loves
To that degree, each Moment's ſtay is Death:
Therefore let me conjure you.
Annib. Thou doſt but raiſe my Admiration more:
Therefore, your Buſineſs, or farewel ——
Ari. Stay; ſtay!
My Lord, you are his Friend! yet 'tis a Breach
Of Truſt: but ſince there is no other help,
And the fair Miſtreſs of his Heart may pine
To death upon the Loſs; reſtore the Picture,
And take the Secret, Sir; her Name's *Serena.* (tects thee,
Annib. Traitor, thou ly'ſt; and, but thy Robe pro-
Shouldſt feel, even now, th' Effects of my Revenge.
Ari. To clear th' Aſperſion, bear it Sir, your ſelf,
And to *Serena*'s Face I'll juſtify
The Secret of her Love; tho *Criſpus* kill me.
Annib. By Heav'n, thou doſt recal a dreadful Image:
Of late I met him, e'er I made my Viſit

To

To her thou haſt nam'd, and ask'd him of my Love!
He ſeem'd in haſte, his Anſwers were abrupt;
His Count'nance ſad; and thus in ſhort return'd,
Hunt not a Bubble Beauty, like a Boy;
Fall like a Man, and let your Reſt be Fame ——
And ſo it ſhall: If what thou ſay'ſt be true,
I'll level him with Earth.
Ari. What ſaid you, Sir?
Annib. Yet I will have more Proof; ſhe ſhall, her ſelf,
Be witneſs to the Fall of this high Virtue:
Then Friendſhip to the Winds, like meeting Tides,
We'll fight the Tempeſt out, nor give it o'er,
Till one lies daſh'd and broken on the Shore. [*Exit.*
Ari. Thus far the Devil is the beſt mounted yet,
And Hereſy at laſt ſhall win the Race.

Enter Labienus *and* Eubulus.

Ha! *Labienus* here,
And my *Eubulus*; we ſhall ſhortly govern.
Labi. I met the Emperor of late, alone;
Who ask'd for you.
Ari. I'll inſtantly attend him.
Where is his Son?
Eub. I left him with *Dalmatius*.
Ari. Unloading his ſick Heart upon his Friend.

Enter Dalmatius *and* Criſpus.

But ſee, the Maſter Enemy's at hand;
Sculk to your Poſts, and dive in Miſts away.
[*Exit* Ari. Lab. Eub.
Criſp. Now my *Dalmatius*, now thou haſt my Heart,
And make good uſe on't, if I ne'er ſee thee more.
By Heav'n, my Friend, I have not hid a Point
Of that ſad Story that muſt make my Ruin.
Dalm. Would thou hadſt told me half of it before!
I might have ſav'd thee many a Sigh and Tear:
Pray Heav'n no worſe come on't; but 'tis no Time
T' upbraid thee now: What wou'dſt thou have me do?

Criſp. Perſuade my Father from enjoying her;
For if that be to Night, as once he vow'd,
Thou ſhalt behold thy *Criſpus* dead to-morrow.
Dalm. And what of *Fauſta?*
Criſp. I know not what.
That ſubtle falſe one, that has thus deceiv'd me,
And with her Charms enſnar'd my innocent Soul:
But I will hence.
Dalm. For what?
Criſp. To execute
The Vows I made.
Dalm. Go then and kill her.
Criſp. Ha!
Dalm. Kill the Adultreſs, this inceſtuous Charmer,
And have her borne in Triumph to thy Father:
Then tell thy Tragick Story like a Man;
And greatly thus atone for both your Crimes.
Criſp. Farewel: I'll find another Way to end her.
Dalm. Tongue-kill her, go; or ſwear, and be forſworn,
Thou ne'er wilt ſee her more. Heav'n! that a Man
Born to the Empire of the World, ſhould dote
On ſuch ſlight Stuff as Woman!
Criſp. See my Father,
Look thou to him, as I'll be guard on her.
Inceſt! Diſhonour! to all future Ages——
Think,——think on that——and puſh him from his Ruin.
[*Ex.* Criſpus.

Enter Conſtantine *and* Silveſter.

Conſt. What ſay the People to the Rumour ſpread
Of my new Contract?
Silv. All the Chriſtians mourn,
And ſicken in their Souls, as if Heav'n warn'd
The Earth of ſome unheard Calamity:
The Heathens on the other ſide rejoice,
And cry, a Perſecution is at hand.
Conſt. No matter, to the Point; know'ſt thou the Man
Whom *Fauſta* loves?

Silv.

Silv. I told you, Sir, before,
I would be dumb for ever on this Theme.
Conſt. Yet this implies thou know'ſt, but wilt not ſhow (him:
All know him, all, all but he that ſhou'd;
For *Criſpus* has confeſs'd,
Yet hides the Name;—— But I'll find out one,
Leſs meriting Reſpect, whom Racks ſhall force.
Dalm. If you intend your Empire's Safety, Sir,
Caſt *Fauſta* from your Boſom, turn her out;
Away with her——far let her be exil'd,
With all her Race; for Death is in her Beauty.
Conſt. My Brother offer this!
Death in her Beauty?
Dalm. Violent, ſudden Death;
Death to your Health, and Ruin to your Glory.
Conſt. Perhaps he is the Man. Her Lover! yes;
And thus conceals his Flame with covert Rage:
For elſe what Cauſe could thus provoke his Paſſion?
What is the Publick Intereſt here concern'd?
Their Murmurings, or their Joys, which with a Nod
My Power can huſh. By Heav'n there's more at bottom,
And I will find it out; their Looks betray 'em:
Prieſt, Princes, all engag'd; and for ſome great one.

Enter Arius.

But hold——here comes my Man! Brother, I've thought,
And will conſider further what you urg'd
Againſt my Wife.
Dalm. We leave you to Heav'ns Care,
And wiſh you to beware that waiting Fiend.
[*Ex.* Dalm. Silv.
Conſt. So, now your Buſineſs, *Arius?*
Ari. Sir.
Conſt. Your Buſineſs?
The Coaſt is clear; be your Confeſſion ſo;
And ſpeak what all the Court have ſworn to hide.
Ari. Sir, *Labienus* gave me your Commands,
That I ſhou'd wait.

Conſt. Doſt thou dally with me?
Thou know'ſt the leaſt of thy enormous Crimes
Deſerve a lengthen'd Death: Think on thy Treaſon,
Atheiſm, Blaſphemies againſt the Higheſt;
Think on the purpos'd Murder of my Brother,
Wrought by thy Charms, thou damn'd one: after this,
Let thy affrighted Soul deſpiſe my Wrath,
And if ſhe dares be dumb to my Demands.
Ari. What muſt I anſwer?
Conſt. Give me Truth for Truth.
Once more then; and this Warning be thy laſt,
Show me the Robber of my Heart's Repoſe,
Friend to my *Criſpus*, but his Father's Foe;
The conqu'ring Rival of my raviſh'd Love.
Ari. What, has your Son reveal'd?
Conſt. He ſays ſhe's falſe, but tells me not to whom;
Swears ſhe's forſworn; and when I ſee him next,
I ſhall know more.
Ari. What if you never ſee him?
Conſt. Why doſt thou ſtart a Queſtion ſo unlikely?
Ari. I cannot think he will betray his Friend;
He who betrays his Friend, betrays himſelf;
And rather than do that, I judge he'll leave
Your Sight, the Empire, and his Love for ever.
Conſt. Love, *Arius!* ha! his Love! What Love? To (whom?
Ari. Why Love to you:
What other Love ſhou'd *Criſpus* entertain?
He has no Miſtreſs ſure!
Conſt. Thou ſeem'ſt to hint
As if he had; mark thy foregoing Words:
He who betrays his Friend, betrays himſelf:
By Heav'n! thou haſt ſet my anxious Soul a'work
For when thou ſaid'ſt, he has no Miſtreſs, ſure——
Thy Meaning was, to make me think he had;
And that this Miſtreſs could be none but *Fauſta.*
Ari. I hope, dread Sir, you will not wreſt my Words,
And innocent Thoughts, to any evil Purpoſe.
Conſt. What at your Tricks again? be quick my Traitor,
And ſpread at once thy double Heart before me;
Doſt thou not judge my Son his Father's Rival?

Ari.

Ari. If you would know my Heart, indeed I do.
Conſt. Why, what a Devil wert thou then to deny't?
So pitifully play the Hypocrite!
And ſcrue that lying Face into a ſhow
Of Innocence,
When Nature ſtampt thee for a Villain!
Ari. Forgive me, Sir, if I avow 'twas Fear,
Not Villany, that made me hide my Thought.
Conſt. All Fear, but Fear of Heav'n, betrays a Guilt;
And Guilt is Villany. But let thy Fear
Produce what paſt betwixt the wicked Pair;
Shew me th' Adultreſs and Adulterer;
Where, how, and when, this Inceſt was committed,
Who was the Inſtrument, and curſed Bawd
And damn'd Contriver of their horrid Joys.
Ari. Oh Heav'n!
Conſt. O Hell! for there ſhalt thou be hurl'd,
And roaſt in Sulphur, if thou not tell me all;
Thou, who perhaps thy ſelf wert the Contriver,
The Bawd I nam'd, and Inſtrument of their Luſt.
Ari. Hold Sir! and I'll confeſs; I've ſeen your Son,
Oftner than I have wiſh'd, attend your *Fauſta*,
And ſeen him late from her Apartment come;
I've heard him praiſe her long, and when the Praiſe
Was finiſh'd, ſigh, that he durſt praiſe no longer;
At leaſt I thought ſo, but my Thought's no Proof.
Conſt. No, *Arius*, not enough for *Criſpus'* Death:
But there's enough to turn my Spirit from him,
To make me loath his Form; when next we meet,
From head to foot to meaſure him with my Eye,
Both as an Object of my Scorn and Hate.
Ari. That Love has paſt betwixt 'em is paſt doubt,
But for enjoying ———
Conſt. Know'ſt thou ought of that?
Ari. Not I, by Heav'n!
Conſt. Why didſt thou ſtart it then?
Ari. Sir to be ſatisfy'd, what you wou'd do,
Upon the Demonſtration.
Conſt. Both ſhou'd bleed,
Both die, as ſure as we are living, *Arius*;

For him, 'twere Sacrilege to think to ſave him,
If thus he has tranſgreſs'd; not then my Vows,
Not all the Conqueſts of his blooming Years,
With my whole Empire's Knees and lifted Hands;
Not the Remembrance of his Mother's Tears,
When on her Death-Bed ſhe bequeath'd his Safety
To my beſt Care and Love, ſhall once redeem him.
Ari. What ſhall be done to him that finds the Truth?
Conſt. Reward and Honour. He ſhall be my Friend.
Ari. I ask no more; henceforth I'm yours;
To ſearch, tho at the Peril of my Life,
The bottom of this Buſineſs.
Conſt. Say and do ——
But ſend my Wardrobe now to *Fauſta*'s Side,
Bear her the Diadem, with Stile of Empreſs;
And ſay this Night I bed her.
Ari. That will prove her ——
If ſhe refuſe, you know Sir what to judge.
Nor would it be amiſs to break diſcourſe
About your Son, and ſift her ſubtle Soul.
Conſt. I apprehend thee; but as I commanded ——
Away — Oh *Conſtantine!* Yet e'er this Search, [*Ex. Ari.*
Whatever comes, remember he's thy Son;
Son of thy Love, and once was next thy Soul.
But as the beſt are worſt, when once corrupted,
If he has ſinn'd at all, he has ſinn'd to Death;
The Thought diſtracts me; Heav'n remove this Trouble,
Or I ſhall run to my old Gods again.
But hush awhile: I'll bear my Paſſion cold,
I'll curb it while the Reins of Reaſon hold;
But if they break, then Nature, where's thy Call?
Be deaf to Reaſon, Nature, Judgment, All ——
The Precipice is Fate; and if we roll,
The Fault is theirs that fool'd us with a Soul. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Criſpus *with a Dagger, and* Fauſta.

Fauſt. Hold, hold thy Hand ———
Criſp. Think not I meant to kill thee———
No, thou Seducer, were thy Stains more deep,
Think not Deſpair and Rage cou'd ſo unman me
To hurt a Woman. Yet thou ſhalt hear me, *Fauſta*;
And if the Story of thy Crimes can kill thee,
I'll lay thy Wounds wide open to the Air;
Diſplay the Perjuries of thy bleeding Heart,
And to thy Inceſt, add at laſt a Murder.
Fauſt. Stab with thy Dagger then; but let thy Tongue
Deſtroy no more.
Criſp. O all ye Powers, who that had known laſt Night
The Joys which I have known, could once have thought it!
Who that had heard her Vows, when on my Breaſt,
Wearied with Oaths, and out of Breath with Kiſſes,
She panting ſwore! and wiſh'd Deſtruction ſeize her,
If ſhe were not content, ſo one Night more
Her raviſh'd Soul like that might entertain,
To live her Miſeries and paſt Life again.
Fauſt. By all thoſe Powers you name, and by your own,
I wiſh ſo ſtill.
Criſp. Yet at that very Minute
When thus ſhe ſwore, to know ſhe was forſworn,
Conſcious her Faith was plighted to another!
And who that other pick'd from all Mankind,
To make her more abhorr'd, but my own Father?
Fauſt. What, Load on Load?
Criſp. Her violated Hands
Were plighted faſt with his, and Kiſſes paſt ——
Fauſt. Hold, hold, and let my Tears atone, my Lord,
Or ſink upon the Earth.
Criſp. The Center, *Fauſta*,
The Center cannot hide thee from the Horrors
Of thy own Conſcience, which are my Avengers;
And whereſoe'er thou fly'ſt, ſhall follow thee.

With inward Hells, for the baſe Wrong thou 'aſt done me.
Fauſt. O *Criſpus!* never, never, wilt thou end?
Criſp. By Heav'n! I know thy damnable Deſign;
Thou haſt this Night contriv'd to ruin Nature,
To make the Angels ſick with ſuch a Crime,
As equals her's that firſt betray'd the World.
Fauſt. I'll ſtop thee with my Kiſſes!
Criſp. Off, Crocodile!
Fauſt. Why uſe thy Ponyard then.
Criſp. Nor that, nor this.
I had deſign'd, 'tis true, to ſtab my ſelf;
But ſecond Thoughts inſtruct me thus to haunt thee;
Like an eternal Fiend to follow thee;
To hollow ſtill Damnation in thy Ear,
And hinder thee from Inceſt with my Father.
Oh horrid Thought!
Fauſt. Oh horrid Thought indeed!
Criſp. Why does it not poſſeſs thee!
Thou fair inſinuating Snake! wouldſt thou then gild thy (Poiſon?
Swear on my Ponyard, ſwear, and damn thy ſelf,
Thou haſt not plotted, as this Night, to twiſt
Thy inceſtuous Arms about my Father's Neck!
Fauſt. Yes, I will ſwear. But let me lean my Head
Againſt thy Breaſt, while I recover Breath:
For I am faint with Groans.
Criſp. Oh Heart! Oh Love!
She graſps ſo hard, and locks ſo with her Charms,
I cannot put her from me! *Fauſta*, is't poſſible?
Is it then poſſible thou canſt be good?
So good at leaſt, as being thus gone in Sin,
To go no further?
Fauſt. Let me ſwear,
For I will face the Gods in ſuch a Cauſe;
And ſtanding on the Guard of Innocence,
Swear, all I've done was but th' Effect of Love.
Criſp. Again thou'rt fallen; for thou art guilty, *Fauſta*,
Of impious Treaſon, and inceſtuous Love.
Fauſt. I am not, *Criſpus*.
Criſp. Ha! not guilty, *Fauſta*?
Then farewel.

Fauſt.

Fauſt. Hold, hold, not guilty to my *Criſpus*.
Fall not to Rage again, and I'll confeſs
I was compell'd to be contracted to him;
Not wedded, nor poſſeſt.
Criſp. Why didſt thou hide thy Contract?
Fauſt. Becauſe 'twas forc'd by Fear; nor did I dare
Reveal it to thee, e'er I had thee ſure:
So much I lov'd thee, *Criſpus*.
Criſp. But what hadſt thou decreed to do to Night,
This fatal Night, if that the Emperor
Had ſworn to enjoy thee?
Fauſt. Stop him with my Tears;
Or if they fail'd, to dam his Paſſion thus,
And ſheathe this hidden Ponyard in my Heart.
Criſp. Is't poſſible thou ſhouldſt ſo greatly dare?
Fauſt. Yes, *Criſpus*: thou ſhalt ſee, by what's to come:
Oh! therefore take me to thy Breaſt, and ſwear——
Criſp. Swear firſt thy ſelf, he never ſhall poſſeſs thee.
Fauſt. What needs an Oath after poſſeſſing thee?
Criſp. Yet, for the Satisfaction of my Soul,
And Cement of our everlaſting Loves,
Swear thou wilt never.
Fauſt. Never *Criſpus*, never.
By Heav'n and Earth, by all that's great and holy,
I ſwear thy Father never ſhall embrace me.
Criſp. What, never! Oh yet cloſer! never, *Fauſta*?
Fauſt. By all this Dearneſs, never *Criſpus*, never.

Enter Arius.

Ari. What Faults are gone and paſt, it matters not:
But you had beſt beware of what's to come——
Haſte Sir away.——See there the Bed's prepar'd——
[*Scene draws.*
The Diadem; and Name of Empreſs given——
Your Father's at my Heels! hark! you are warn'd.

Soft Muſick.

I hear him come, and wiſh you Sir away. [*Ex. Arius.*
Criſp.

Criſp. Oh *Fauſta!*
Fauſt. Take no thought.
Criſp. If he ſhould charm thee,
Or ſcare thee to Compliance——
Fauſt. That Diſtruſt
Again! by Heav'n I'll die before he enters.
Criſp. Hold thee, my Heart! my Life, my Love, my Soul!
I'll ſtay——and hazard all——but hark! he comes.
I would adviſe—— Live, if thou canſt with Honour——
If not——he's here, fall, and I'll follow thee.
[*Exit* Criſpus.

Re-enter Arius *with* Conſtantine.

Conſt. Ha *Arius!* ſee'ſt thou there?
Ari. Criſpus, I think.
Conſt. Didſt thou not ſee him?
Ari. Yes.
Conſt. Why doſt thou then ſuppoſe it but by Thought?
Ari. Becauſe I do not like his being here.
Conſt. Nor I, by Heav'n! withdraw, and wait my Call.
[Arius *retires.*
What now, my *Fauſta!* ha! in Tears my Fair!
What, on thy Wedding Night? Why doſt thou fly me?
Am I a Raviſher? Howe'er reputed
Bloody in Fields, in Chambers I am gentle
As thy own Thoughts.
Therefore let our Vows be ſeal'd, and then to Bed.
Fauſt. What ſaid you, Sir?
Conſt. Why, to Bed my Love,
And hide thy Virgin Fears: Thou wilt be bolder there.
Fauſt. Alas! I dare not.
Conſt. Why?
Fauſt. I've ſworn, my Lord ——
Conſt. What, and to whom?
Fauſt. To Heav'n I've ſworn,
Howe'er contracted, that I will not wed you.
Conſt. When?
Fauſt. Not to Night.
Conſt. When then?

Fauſt.

Fauſt. Preſs me no further,
For I can only anſwer with my Tears.
Conſt. Speak, for I'll know th' Extremity to Night—
Why then to morrow; but by Heav'n no longer;
For now I've ſworn too.
Fauſt. But I vow'd firſt;
And ſwear again to keep that Vow till Death.
To morrow and to morrow, add to thoſe
Ten Millions more. You never ſhall embrace me—
Conſt. Is't poſſible! after thy Faith was given!
Fauſt. Not given, but by a Conqueror compell'd.
Conſt. And haſt thou rightly ſcann'd the Conqueror's (Rage?
Ha *Fauſta!* haſt thou plac'd thy Father's Fate
Before thy Eyes? and thought upon thy own?
Fauſt. Juſt to your purpoſe; I'm prepar'd for Death,
Rather than entertain you in my Bed:
Therefore if you ſet down t' enjoy me, Sir,
Or doom me dead, upon the Earth I beg you
To ſpeak your Will, and *Fauſta* ſhall revenge you.
This Ponyard ſtrait ſhall act your vow'd Revenge,
And take her from the World—
Conſt. Riſe, *Fauſta* riſe—
By Heav'n I find 'tis vain to ſtrive againſt thee!
Take then what more thou valu'ſt than the World,
And what, in ſpite of me, the Fates ordain thee—
My *Criſpus* for thy Love—
Fauſt. Ah, Sir, what mean you?
Conſt. Why wouldſt thou ſtrive to hide what Nature (ſhews?
Dalmatius, *Arius*, and *Silveſter*, know it:
And over-wrought me, for my Empire's Safety,
To this great Act, to yield thee to my Son.
Fauſt. Did *Arius* too? No ſure, they rather wrought
To yield me to my Grave— (you
Conſt. No; to my Throne:
Already 'tis decreed, my *Ceſar* weds thee:
Not but I own I came to work thee from him.
But ſince not Death it ſelf can daunt thy Love,
Forbid it Heav'n, that I ſhould break ſuch Union.
Haſte *Arius!* call my Son. I'll give him now;

Now

Now while my Reaſon lets me ſee my Dotage.
How ill ſuch Autumn ſuits thy Beauty's Spring!
But haſte and bring him, while the Heat is on me;
For I will have you wedded in my Preſence:
And if thy Heart conſent to make a turn,
As ſtrange as kind; this Night he ſhall enjoy thee.
Fauſt. Oh Heav'n, inſtruct my Frailty what to anſwer!
Can this be real Sir? Is't poſſible?
Conſt. My Council know it, and confirm the Order.
Fauſt. That I ſhall wed your Son?
Conſt. Why thus repeated?
Fauſt. And you approve it?
Conſt. Canſt thou doubt me ſtill?
Fauſt. No. I will own Sir, ſince you approve it,
Own it to Death, I love him more than Life.
Conſt. O *Fauſta!*
Fauſt. Ha! What now? He turns away.
He bluſhes! Gods——I'm loſt, betray'd, undone!
Undone for ever! *Criſpus* is betray'd:
The innocent *Criſpus*——
Conſt. Guilty, guilty *Criſpus*——
And guilty *Fauſta!* Guilty both to Death;
But moſt my Son who wrought thee to this Ruin.
Fauſt. O ſay not ſo. 'Twas *Fauſta* wrought your Son—
And over-lov'd him, to his own Deſtruction.
Therefore as you are powerful be juſt,
And let the Stroke of Vengeance light on me.
But Sir, for him——
Conſt. For him! each Syllable
Thou plead'ſt in his behalf, but wings his Death.
Fauſt. By the juſt Heav'ns! and by the Saint that bore you,
By your Religion, Sir, I do conjure you,
Spare, ſpare his Innocence——
Conſt. If thou conſent,
That I this Night ſhall wed thee.
Fauſt. Wed me, *Conſtantine?*
Conſt. *Fauſta*, why not?
Art thou enjoy'd already, married? Speak, confeſs——
That I may pardon thee——

Fauſt.

Fauſt. What you know, you know;
You have betray'd me once, but ſhall no more:
More! There's no more, but that I love your Son,
And whether he loves me, the Gods can tell:
I know the natural Goodneſs of your Temper,
Howe'er tranſported, will not let you kill him.
Therefore I leave you ——

Conſt. Stay, and tell me when,
When I may hope Love's Conſummation ſure?

Fauſt. When you behold me wedded to your Son,
As you engag'd, and paſt your Royal Word;
When after many rolling Years I bring you
A Race of ſmiling Boys to bleſs your Age,
To play about your Throne, and be your *Ceſars*:
Then may your Happineſs compleated be,
Then may your Eyes the Conſummation ſee,
But never hope for other Joys from me. [*Ex.* Fauſta.

Conſt. What, *Arius!* help and free me from this plunge
Of Love and Nature. She loves, ſhe loves to Death;
And tho ſhe hides it, is belov'd again.

Ari. What's your Reſolve? To give her to your Son?

Conſt. No, *Arius*; firſt I'll give her to the Grave —
Reſign my Empire: All ——

Ari. Then *Criſpus* dies ——

Conſt. If he has not enjoy'd her, he ſhall live;
For that I lov'd him once is full as true
As that, tho now he has ſinn'd, I cannot hate him.
But if enjoy'd! how ſhall I find it out?
I'll ſeize and rack him.

Ari. How Sir, rack your Son!

Conſt. By Heav'n 'twas well remember'd by a Villain:
Therefore I ſwear thou ſhalt be rack'd thy ſelf.

Ari. Who I, my Lord?

Conſt. Ay Villain, Traitor, thou!
I'll rack the Racker, till I find it out;
For my miſgiving Heart ſays thou know'ſt more:
Therefore when next I ſee thee, bring me proof
She's not enjoy'd, her Vows and Virtue clear;
Do't, or thy Death ſhall teach ſucceeding Kings

No more by falſe Reports to be abus'd,
But ſtrait confront th' Accuſer with the Accus'd;
To prove the Treaſons urg'd againſt the Throne,
Or ſhow the Sycophants that ſet 'em on:
So ſhall the Sovereign Pow'r unclouded ſway,
When ſuch Court Devils ſhun the glorious Ray,
And drive like Fogs, before the riſing Day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Annibal *and* Serena.

Annib. THEN you confeſs you did beſpeak the Picture?
Gods! and you own you love him! love the Traitor!

Seren. Call him not Traitor, *Annibal*, he who ſpoke
The kindeſt things of you.

Annib. Wondrous kind!
Accurſt Diſſembler! that could ſpeak for me,
But acted for himſelf.

Seren. Juſt contrary.
For when by Signs, which Paſſion could not hide,
I let him know my Love, he turn'd away,
Shaking his Head as loth to underſtand me,
Anger and Pity combating in his Face,
And with his Bluſhes taught *Serena* Shame.

Annib. Shameleſs himſelf, and Traitor to my Friendſhip!
For all I have heard, your Love has forg'd to ſave him.

Seren. Heav'n knows 'tis true! nothing was left unſaid,
To his own Diſgrace and your immortal Honour:
In the moſt melting Terms and ſweeteſt Words
That Heart could think, or Friendſhip could invent;
Therefore forgo, my Lord, this fruitleſs Paſſion,
And ſpeak for *Criſpus* as he ſpoke for you.

Annib.

Annib. I will; and ſpeak ſo loud the Gods ſhall hear me;
There! take his Picture, feed your hungry Paſſion,
Till with my Sword I carve another Feaſt,
To glut your fatal Eyes ——
Seren. Hold; whither go you?
And what fierce Purpoſe has your Heart in hand?
Annib. I'll tell thee, and if poſſible force a Warmth
In that cold Breaſt, kindle a dying Spark
In that inhoſpitable Land of Love;
And never ſee thee more —— I go to die,
To blot my Youth and Glory from the World;
Tho Conqueſt waits my Sword, I ſwear to die,
And make thee ſport with my untimely Fall.
Seren. To die! by whom? for what?
Annib. For love of thee.
But if I ſuffer by the Hand of *Criſpus*,
And Perjury ſhould proſper in my Ruin,
Then you may revel in each others Arms,
And laugh indeed at my ridiculous Fortune.
Yet if revenging Ghoſts have power to riſe,
Expect me at the Riot of your Joys;
With hollow Eyes, to ſtare you in the Face;
At Midnight, look to have your Curtains drawn;
Expect me in your Bed, a Corſe of Clay,
To claſp your trembling Limbs with cold Embraces,
And print my gelid Kiſſes on your Lips:
So to revenge my Death upon your Scorn,
And groan about you till the dawning Morn. [*Exit.*
Seren. Stay —— and I'll tell thee; 'tis impoſſible ——
Criſpus already is in love with *Fauſta* ——
He's gone to the execution of his Purpoſe ——
And *Criſpus* muſt be ſlain; why then my Hour
Of Fate is come. What's that to *Criſpus'* Murder?
He's gone to fight; perhaps not give him leave,
But take the Innocent at unawares;
Haſte after him, and by thy own Deſtruction,
Prevent both Ruins. Follow the Fate that wafts thee,
And letno Interrupter croſs thy Paſſage. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Conſtantine, Sylveſter, *and* Dalmatius.

Conſt. Were you both Fathers, and in love like me,
I no more doubt what you would put in Act,
Than now I doubt my ſelf, who am reſolv'd ——
Dalm. On what?
Conſt. On Death.
Silv. Of whom?
Conſt. Of any Man
That knows, yet hides this ſecret Treaſon from me.
Dalm. Has *Criſpus* own'd he loves her?
Conſt. Yes, in effect;
For when I firſt reveal'd this Contract to him,
He ſtopt me from enjoying her with Oaths.
He knew her falſe, forſworn: to whom? to him;
To him himſelf: for this laſt Night I prov'd;
Drawing the Secret from her by a Wile,
Which ſhe before as craftily conceal'd.
Dalm. But have you marry'd and enjoy'd her, Sir?
Conſt. O no; the Ceremonies and the Dues,
Without a Bluſh, were frontleſly deny'd;
In all the heat of boiling Love deny'd;
Not only from poſſeſſing her that Night,
But, matchleſs Impudence! deny'd for ever:
Now judge if 'tis not fit I ſhould let go
The ſtruggling Thunder, and deſtroy 'em both.
Dalm. Not both —— for yet you have not heard your (Son;
Hear him but plead ——
Conſt. Then let him plead in time. [*Ex.* Dalm.
The Bolts are brandiſh'd, and 'twill be too late
To liſt his blaſted Hands, when I have hurl'd.
Silv. How far, Sir, would your utmoſt Search extend?
Conſt. To know if actually they have embrac'd
Each other, as in Will th' have done already.
Silv. Be not too haſty in your Anſwer, Sir,
If I ſhould ask, What then, what then muſt follow?
Conſt. Death certain, on the Inſtant; imminent Death;
Death; and I ſwear not all the Gods ſhall ſave him.

Silv.

Silv. Ruin of Piety! Not all the Gods!
That your Religion?
Conſt. Oh forgive me, Saint,
I am eaten up with Paſſion: So o'er-wrought
With racking Love, I knew not what I ſaid.
But if he has enjoy'd her, By that Power
Whom thou remember'ſt well, I now adore,
His Death muſt waſh th' inceſtuous Guilt away.
Silv. Not Inceſt, Sir.
Conſt. Not if he has enjoy'd her?
Silv. No; for to prove the Guilt compleated Inceſt,
You muſt have married and enjoy'd her firſt. (Death,
Conſt. True; but what makes his Crime deſerving
More than imputed Treaſon, Inceſt, all;
All Faults by Art and Nature join'd in one:
If he has touch'd her, ſhe muſt ne'er be mine;
And that's a Cauſe ſo pointing to his Fate,
That Death's their due that offer to excuſe him.
Silv. He comes—I'm ſilenc'd. Nature, now or never.

Enter Criſpus *and* Dalmatius.

Criſp. O Emperor! for I dare not call you Father,
Behold meat your Feet prepar'd for Death.
Conſt. O *Criſpus!* for I muſt not call thee Son,
Juſtice ſurveys thee as a Criminal:
But riſe and ſpeak; plead like a Man for Life.
Come on, and look thy Father in the Face;
I call thee Traitor, and I'll prove thee one,
Who impiouſly, for all my former Love,
Haſt dar'd to violate my ſacred Bed.
Now anſwer, Criminal. What canſt thou ſay
That Sentence ſhould not paſs upon thy Treaſon?
Criſp. Moſt awful Emperor, my Judge and Father!
Father, alas! I would have offer'd firſt;
But ſince you are not pleas'd it ſhould be ſo,
I'll do as Criminals uſe, and you command;
Thus plead my Innocence at your Judgment-Bar.
If either, Sir, I ſaw or lov'd the Princeſs,
You were the only Cauſe, 'twas you that ſent me:

So

So far from once but hinting thus your Contract,
You told me, Sir, her Fate was yet in doubt:
Which made me wonder when I ſaw the Virgin,
So innocent, ſo beautiful, ſo young:
Which Charms did more my Admiration move;
Wonder begot my Pity, that my Love.

Conſt. But if I told you that her Fate was doubtful,
I told you too, ſhe was a Foe to *Rome*;
Therefore, to think of loving her was Treaſon.

Criſp. If Love be Treaſon, Sir, I own I am guilty;
Guilty indeed, becauſe it was a Fault
In any Caſe to wed without your Knowledge:
But yet I hop'd, in time you might forgive me;
And ſo my Conſcience tells me ſtill you would,
Had you not been engag'd your ſelf before.

Conſt. Rebellion, not thy Pardon, was thy Thought:
If otherwiſe, how canſt thou anſwer, Traitor,
For not confeſſing all when firſt I met thee?

Criſ. Pardon me, Sir, for that I had done too,
Had you not told me firſt you were betroth'd;
But conſcious then how cloſely I was link'd,
I durſt not tempt your Wrath.

Conſt. How cloſely, Traitor! haſt thou then enjoy'd her?

Criſp. Can you forgive me?

Conſt. No, by this ſhaking Fleſh,
Tho there my Mother kneel'd too by thy ſide;
If thou haſt touch'd her, Death and Curſes on thee.

Criſp. Oh by thoſe Knees and Hands which I muſt hold,
Racks, Racks, and Death; but not your Curſes, Sir.

Conſt. If thou wouldſt have my Bleſſing, ſwear, then
Thou haſt not enjoy'd her. (ſwear

Criſp. Swear then to forgive me.

Conſt. Forgive thee, Villain! if thou haſt poſſeſt her,
Speak, or be curſt.

Criſp. I will; but give me time. (ready

Conſt. Let go. What time? Thou haſt confeſs'd al-
By that Demand; I ſwear thou haſt enjoy'd her.

Criſp. Swear not, and I'll confeſs this Moment.

Conſt. What!

Criſp.

Criſp. O Heav'n,
What if your Son has plighted holy Vows?
Conſt. Why then I make that Vow and Marriage vain.
Therefore, if thou haſt not embrac'd her yet,
I charge thee, on my Bleſſing, never hope it,
Nor never think of loving her again.
Criſp. Impoſſibilities! Were you a God,
And doom'd me thus, I could not, Sir, obey you:
For I have ſworn to love her while I have Life;
And if I love her I muſt hope Enjoyment.
Conſt. Death then and Curſes on thy Diſobedience!
Off Villain! Traitor! grovel there on Earth.
What, are you Plotters too? Nay, then 'tis time
To haſte his Ruin. Ruin is thy Doom;
And wing'd with all my Curſes it ſhall come.
[*Ex. with* Dalm. *and* Silveſter.
Criſ. Dalmatius and *Silveſter!* Call him back,
And I'll renounce my Love: Heav'n, 'tis too much!
But hark! I hear a Voice cry, *Criſpus* come,
Come to the thoughtleſs Grave where all is ſtill.
It ſhall be ſo: Up then, and fall a Man.
Come forth, thou Miniſter of others Fates,
And be thy Maſter's now! Where art thou, *Fauſta?*
Where is my Love to cloſe my dying Eyes?

Enter Annibal.

Annib. Ha, Traitor! art thou then prepar'd for Death?
Criſp. Yes *Annibal*, I will receive it calmly,
[illegible]y Hand but thine. What have I done
[illegible]hould call me Traitor?
[illegible]. Guard thy ſelf,
[illegible]oy Heav'n thou dy'ſt.
[illegible] Hold. Is't poſſible? ſo quickly?
[illegible] the deſire of Empire loſe a Friend?
My Father I offended, but not thee;
Execute then the Ruin which he dooms,
Ungrateful Man. I will not make Defence,
But ſpread my Arms t' embrace the Death he ſends me.

Annibal

Annib. What thou deſerv'ſt from him I neither know,
Nor care, reſolv'd upon my own Revenge;
No. but I think the Man who did his Friend
So horrible a Wrong as thou haſt done,
Is fit for any Miſchief. Therefore guard thee.

Criſp. Never to fight with thee; not tho my Father
Should grant my Love. Therefore I ſheath my Sword.

Annib. Traitor, Coward.

Criſp. O *Annibal*, I know I am no Traitor;
And thou, whoſe Life I have ſo oft preſerv'd,
Know'ſt but too well I am no Coward.

Annib. Draw,
Draw then, or periſh. By the Gods I'll kill thee,
Be what thou wilt; and take this to provoke thee.
[*Strikes him with his Sword.*

Criſp. Well *Annibal*. 'Tis well. Thou haſt done well.
Yet thus much Villany am I content to bear;
No longer, oh ungrateful, for thy ſake,
Who injur'ſt me, yet wilt not tell the Cauſe.
But for thy noble Father I will ſpare thee,
Spare thee thus far; ſo thou reſolve to leave me.

Annib. Not yet? Why then another.

Criſp. But the next
Be mine: Humanity can bear no further. [Annib. *falls.*

Annib. I have my Death: and now my Heart relents—

Criſp. Cut off my Hand.

Annib. Criſpus, thou haſt wrong'd me.

Criſp. Speak how, and where.

Enter Serena.

Annib. See, ſhe comes to tell thee.
Serena, oh *Serena!*

Criſp. Gone for ever!

Seren. Oh, never to return! and I, alas,
Who could not love again, the wretched Cauſe!

Criſp. The curſed Cauſe.

Seren. Call me not curſed, *Criſpus*,
Who think no Bleſſing equal to thy Love.

Criſp.

Criſp. Wert thou a Man, by Heav'n ſuch Love I bear
I think that I ſhould ſeek thee thro the World, (thee,
To give thee Death ———
Seren. Take then the Death you threaten,
Prepare to ſuffer by a Virgin's Hand.
Criſp. Kill me, and I'll forgive thee *Annibal's* Death;
But take this Sword, yet reeking with his Blood,
And thruſt it thro my Heart.
Seren. Yet hold, *Serena:*
What will become of him when thou art ſlain?
Kill himſelf laſt, and that I would prevent.
Criſp. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Enter Silveſter.

Silv. *Criſpus*, I come to tell thee, thy Father will not (hear us.
Seren. Take theſe Swords, *Silveſter*; bear 'em hence
Without Reply —— or *Criſpus* kills himſelf — Away.
Silv. *Criſpus'* Death!
I thank thee Heav'n that ſent me to preſerve him. [*Exit.*
Criſp. Why haſt thou thus delay'd my Ruin?
Seren. To make thy Torments laſting,
Live, that my Ghoſt and *Annibal's* may haunt thee:
Yet when I come, believe, for all my Threatnings,
My Soul ſhall ſeek thee in a gentle Form;
Court thee to Cells, and to the Garden Shade,
And tell thee there, what Love with us is made;
What Fires the Fiends for wilful Murder make;
And what my Spirit ſuffers for thy ſake.
But hark! I'm call'd —— behold the Dead awake.
They waft me, *Criſpus*, to the ſleepy Shore,
And I ſhall never, never ſee thee more. [*Ex.* Seren.
Criſp. She's gone, and takes the means of Death too from me.
So, what's the next? What have the Fates to add
To my vaſt Sufferings? Lightning blaſt me,
Mountains fall on me, gape to the Center Earth,
To hide me from my Friend.

Enter

Enter Dalmatius.

Dalm. Why, my deareſt *Criſpus!* but alas ——
In vain I urg'd thy Father, deaf to all
Our Prayers, remorſleſs, rocky and unmov'd;
Yet think not but I preſs'd with all my Love.
Criſp. Therefore in great requital for thy Love
Look there, and let thy Blood congeal to Stone;
Behold thy *Annibal* butcher'd by this Hand.
Dalm. Cold, cold my Boy! *Criſpus*, have I? have I——
But I waſte Time by ſuch unmanly wailing.
Take to thy Sword.
Criſp. Thou ſeeſt I've none: but ſtrike ——
Dalm. What could provoke thee to this horrid Deed?
Criſp. His Jealouſy, and Anger of the Heav'ns:
Jealous I robb'd him of *Serena*'s Love,
He call'd me Traitor, Coward, ſtruck me twice
Before I drew, then ran upon my Sword.
Dalm. Whatever happen'd —— I'm a wretched Father,
And thou haſt robb'd me of an only Child;
Therefore hereafter we no more are one.
Where'er I go I'll ask before I enter,
If *Criſpus* be not there? that I may ſhun thee.
Therefore if thou haſt any Gratitude
For thoſe kind Offices which I have done thee,
Fly theſe ſad Eyes, as I will run from thine,
To moan my Son, and howl my Life away. [*Exit.*
Criſp. ſolus. And whither thou? thou heap of walking Woe!
Thou that haſt pull'd thy Father's Curſe upon thee?
Kill'd thy beſt Friend, and ruin'd all that lov'd thee ——
Where will at laſt thy cruel Fortune drive thee?
Hence tear thy Robes, and naked fly the World;
Unmantled to the Weather, wander on
To ſome dark Wild, where Sun-beam never ſhone. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Conſtantine, Arius, Fauſta, Silveſter.

Fauſt. Conſider, Sir, his Youth ———
Conſt. I have conſider'd all ——
But find thy Love ſo rooted in my Heart,
I muſt forgo my Life, or loſe my Claim.
Yet mark how deep thy Tears have wrought my Temper,
If thou wilt ſwear to null thy Marriage with him,
By wedding me in publick, and this Night,
By making me thy Lord ———
Fauſt. No Sir, 'tis impoſſible; yet if you'll ſwear
To ſave your Son, if I ſhould prove him guiltleſs,
I'll tell you Wonders, Sir, which otherwiſe
Not Racks ſhall e'er compel.
Conſt. Forbid it, Heav'n! I ſhould deſtroy the guiltleſs,
Tho Strangers to my Blood, much leſs my Son:
Therefore I ſwear by Heav'n and all the Saints,
Prove *Criſpus* innocent he ſhall not die.
Fauſt. Be witneſſes, oh *Arius* and *Silveſter*,
What he has ſworn; Let *Criſpus* ſtrait be call'd,
And quitted of his Crime: Run, *Arius*, haſte,
That I may ſee the Royal Friendſhip made. [*Ex.* Arius.
Conſt. By an entire Surrender of thy ſelf
To me.
Fauſt. To *Criſpus*.
Conſt. By all thy former Oaths, I ſwear to me.
Fauſt. I told you 'twas impoſſible before,
And now confirm it.
Conſt. How?
Fauſt. I am married.
Conſt. Curſes and Vengeance! Married! ſay to whom.
Fauſt. To *Criſpus*.
Conſt. When, thou falſe one? When? and where?
Fauſt. Here in your Palace, on that happy Night
Before you made your dreadful Triumph.

Conſt. Dreadful indeed: for now the Wretch ſhall die,
Tho Angels pleaded ——
Silv. Emperor, you have ſworn.
Conſt. I know it Sir, to ſpare the innocent Blood;
But I will prove him now ——
Fauſt. White as the Saints;
By all the Powers of Heav'n and Earth I ſwear,
'Twas I that puſh'd the Marriage, conſcious before
What I had ſworn to you; nay caſt the Veil
Of Modeſty aſide to make him ſure;
And after Marriage, you may gueſs the reſt.
Conſt. Oh Curſes! Vengeance! Curſes yet unthought!
Such Curſes as thou wilt let fly at me,
When thou ſhalt ſee his Head beneath the Ax,
Even Woman's Curſes on thee.
Silv. How Sir, the Ax!

Enter Arius *with* Criſpus.

Conſt. Doſt thou not find the Traitor?
But ſee, he comes. Oh thou Diſſembler, anſwer,
Didſt thou not tell me, when thy Life was ſtak'd,
This Marriage was not yet conſummate? Speak.
Criſp. 'Tis true, dread Sir.
Conſt. Mark all, he has confeſs'd!
His own Mouth has condemn'd him —— he ſhall die.
Criſp. I own'd Sir, I was marry'd — but confeſs'd
No further.
Conſt. How, Traitor!
Did I not force the Queſtion often?
Criſp. True;
Which I as often wav'd with low Submiſſion ——
Conſt. Yet thoſe thy low Submiſſions all were Lyes.
For well thou know'ſt thy ſubtle working wrought me
To a Satisfaction that thou hadſt not poſſeſt her.
Criſp. That was alas my Crime.
Conſt. That Crime was Treaſon;
Purpos'd Abuſe; A Plot upon thy Father.
Nay the whole Cozenage ſhows thee rank in Sin:
Or Ha! —— How know I yet ſhe is enjoy'd?

I've but thy Word and her's, and both are Traitors.
But ſee my Brother comes to join my Juſtice.

Enter Dalmatius.

Dalm. What, *Criſpus* here?
Conſt. Stay, my *Dalmatius*, ſtay.
Dalm. Your Pardon Sir,
There's one among you whom I cannot ſuffer,
And *Criſpus* knows the Cauſe. [*Exit* Dalm.
Criſp. Come back, and hear it then,
Hear thou unhappy Father, hear me own
The Murder which this curſed Hand committed,
That Hand that ſlew the wretched *Annibal.*
Conſt. *Annibal* ſlain! O Traitor! And by thee!
Is Murder added to thy Treaſon too?
Criſp. It ſhall not ſtand me, Sir, in ſtead to ſay,
Miſtaken *Annibal* forc'd me to his Ruin.
For ſee I lay my Body at your Feet,
And plead for Death, as others beg for Life.
Conſt. *Cleanthes*, take him —— *Criſpus*, thou ſhalt die.
Therefore be this our fatal laſt Farewel ——
One ſtruggle more. His Mother's in his Eyes.
Fauſt. And where's his Father, but in all his Form?
His every Grace; his Smiles —— all but his Frowns:
So exact in Body, qualities of Mind,
That if you kill your Son, you kill your ſelf.
Oh therefore liſten to the Call of Nature,
once more view him with an Eye of Mercy.
Conſt. I have look'd my laſt, and now am Judge again.
Cleanthes, take 'em both. They're both your Priſoners,
Criſpus and *Fauſta*. *Arius* —— look you to 'em:
Keep 'em apart; and wait me in my Cloſet ——
What yet again? 'Tis the laſt Tug of Nature ——
And yet another —— Why that Sigh uncall'd? ——
And theſe wet Eyes? Oh —— if I longer ſtay!
My Vows of Juſtice will diſſolve away —— [*Exit.*

Manent Criſpus, Fauſta, Arius, *Guard.*

Fauſt. Ruin on Ruin, let Deſtruction come,
With all the Wings of the moſt violent Death,
Yet arm'd with Innocence, I'll face the Gorgon,
And brave his bloodieſt Terrors: But thy Death,
My *Criſpus'* Death, my Spirit cannot bear ——
Therefore I have reſolv'd; and think not, *Criſpus,*
Think not thy Tears ſhall move me from my Purpoſe.
Criſp. Speak, *Fauſta,* ſpeak, how come theſe Earthquakes here?
And thoſe o'erflowings? Why do thy Sighs redouble?
Fauſt. Becauſe my deareſt Life, my all, my *Criſpus,*
Soul of my Soul, that's martyr'd for thy Love ——
I am reſolv'd, rather than ſee thy Death,
To wed thy Father ——
Criſp. Ha! do I hear thee truly?
But ſpeak again, for I'll not truſt my Senſes.
Fauſt. To wed him, *Criſpus,*
Criſp. Sorrow ſure diſtracts thee ——
Fauſt. No ——'tis the effect of Reaſon ——
That makes me deſperate in this laſt Reſolve ——
Criſp. No more of this. Haſte, caſt the Poiſon up.
'Tis Hell that tempts thee to eternal Ruin.
Therefore if thou deſir'ſt my Spirit ſhou'd part
In Peace, and leave my Love and Bleſſing with thee;
Repent this laſt Reſult of thy Deſpair,
Leſt I conclude thee falſe ——
Fauſt. How falſe, my *Criſpus!*
Criſp. Falſe to thy Vows, unconſtant to thy Love:
And that thy Soul, unable for a Ruin,
Choſe rather to ſuſtain an infamous Life,
Than die with Honour.
Fauſt. Oh I cannot bear it!
Criſp. Not when I beg thee with my lateſt Breath ——
Fauſt. Thy Death, my Dear! And I the hated Cauſe!
Criſp. Therefore I love thee: And would die again
For ſuch another Proof of thy Affection.
Fauſt. As wrought thy Death?

Criſp.

Criſp. Thy Purpoſe was to ſave me,
And die thy ſelf. Therefore let's fall together ——
Be not caſt down, my Fair, but raiſe thy Eyes;
Thoſe watry ſetting Suns ſhine forth, my *Fauſta*,
And make our Love look beautiful in Ruin ——

Enter Soldier.

Ari. The Emperor ſends again to have you parted.
Fauſt. Oh *Criſpus!* Whither now?
Criſp. To our long Home,
Where purer Spirits drink immortal Air,
And thin-clad Souls in flying Chariots move,
And give, and take, an everlaſting Love.
Fauſt. Such Love, grant Heav'n, our meeting Souls betide
Which no inhuman Father may divide:
Where at firſt ſight, our Minds enlarg'd may ſpread
Thro all the Space, and know the mighty Dead.
Such is my Hope: But, *Criſpus*, what my Fear?
If I ſhould ſeek, but never find you there ——
Criſp. One laſt Embrace! Oh *Fauſta!* do not ſtain
Our Bliſs, with Fears we ne'er ſhall meet again.
Thro all the Heav'n, in all their Manſions bleſt,
To ev'ry Saint my Prayers ſhall be addreſt;
Nor ſhall the Happy taſte a Moment's Reſt,
Till ſome kind Angel guides my wandring Eyes,
And ſhews me where thy charming Spirit flies.
Then crown'd with Joys, we never knew before,
We'll waſte the Stock of Love's immortal Store,
And cruel Fate ſhall never part us more. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Dalmatius *and* Serena.

Seren. NOW Sir, you have it all, the whole ſad Story
Of your unhappy Son, his Love and mine;
Serena's Guilt, and *Criſpus*' Innocence.
Therefore if you ask Blood, and would revenge him,
Here waits his Murdreſs for the ſtroke of Death.
But hate not *Criſpus*, hate not the Innocent;
Much leſs proceed to the Murder of your Friend,
Your faultleſs, guiltleſs, too deſerving Friend;
The gentleſt, beſt, of all th' Imperial Race.

Dalm. No more; there needs no more: My Son is dead;
Eternal Peace attend him: A few ſad Drops,
And now no more. *Serena*, I believe thee.
My Heart avows th' Innocence of my Friend;
Which I had own'd before, had not the Wounds
Of *Annibal* lain green upon my Soul.
But that I now forgive him, be thou witneſs,
Be witneſs Heav'n, and this laſt Reſolution
I now put on to ſave my *Criſpus*' Life,
Or loſe my own.

Seren. O let me kneel to ſuch exalted Virtue.
But Sir, be quick to ſave him, or this Goodneſs
Will come too late.

Dalm. Where is the Emperor?

Seren. Lock'd in his Cloſet, deaf to the Peoples Cries:
Fly Sir, I ſaw him paſs in Fury by,
With *Arius* in diſcourſe.

Dalm. I fear that Traitor.

Seren. Your Fears, my Lord, are mine. I never [illegible]'d him;
The Picture which he gave your Son, has ſhown him:

He

He has all the Marks we Virgins reckon ominous;
A pale, down Look, red Hair, and leering Eyes,
Miſchief is in him: He's with th' Emperor now,
Perhaps ſoliciting the Fate we fear.
I met 'em, Sir, and interrupted *Cæſar*;
Who firſt receiv'd me kindly; but at the Name
Of *Criſpus* frown'd, and ſhook me from his Arm.

Dalm. Fear not, as thou haſt counſel'd, I will join *Silveſter* on the inſtant.

Seren. Force the Door,
If he refuſe to let you in, do all
That Pity, Love, and Friendſhip can inſpire;
Do all that I would do, were I *Dalmatius.* [*Ex. ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber.*

A Bowl and a Dagger on a Table.

Enter Conſtantine *and* Arius.

Conſt. Arius!

Ari. Sir.

Conſt. I am reſolv'd to be at Reſt,
Thou art my Friend, Phyſician, I am ſick;
Sick even to death: Reach me that Goblet hither:
The Dagger too.

Ari. Sir.

Conſt. What an eaſy matter
[illegible]ere for Man, in any Caſe,
Tho rack'd with th' Gout, Stone, any kind of Torture,
With one of theſe to ſleep?

Ari. For ever, Sir.

Conſt. Right, *Arius.*

Ari. Then there is Poiſon in the Bowl?

Conſt. There is moſt deadly.

Ari. May I, Sir, preſume
To ask for what?

Conſt. Arius, thou art my Friend;
[illegible]nk me, thou wouldſt venture Life. Why yes!

'Tis Poiſon, and I'll tell thee too for what;
To ſee how long a Dog will be a dying.
Or ſay, what if we try'd it on a Man;
Some Enemy that Laws will not take hold of?
Ari. Sir, I underſtand you. (me?
Conſt. Look then you do: How doſt thou underſtand
Ari. Why thus, you paſt your Oath, your Son ſhou'd
If *Fauſta* prov'd him innocent. (live
Conſt. 'Tis true;
And ſpite of my Revenge, my Heart muſt clear him.
Ari. Right Sir, I find it, you are grip'd in Conſcience:
Now, if a Friend ſhould help you, ſo; or Fate,
Not always anſwering moſt Mens Expectations,
Should call your Son to Heav'n.
Conſt. To Heav'n, *Arius!*
Ari. To Heav'n, or Hell, it matters not for that,
So he be out o'th' way, and you not know't.
Conſt. And I not know't?
Ari. No Sir, nor I. What then?
How then! you never ſee him more.
And ſo farewel——I'll take this Poiſon with me.
Conſt. Stay, ſtay! Come back.
How ſtrange a Guilt is mine, who dare not ſpeak
But indirectly, what my Soul deſires
Directly done. Why ſhould I hide my Thoughts
From thee?
Ari. Why, Sir, indeed?
Conſt. When no Eye ſees.
Ari. None.
Conſt. None but the Eye of Heav'n.
But Walls they ſay have Ears; therefore we'll whiſper
This horrid, barbarous, and unnatural Murder!
Give him his Choice. Tell him I cannot live,
Unleſs he dies: Tell him I ſtrove to ſave him,
And Nature pleaded wonders in his Cauſe.
Ari. I'll ſtab him firſt, and tell him after——
Conſt. No, Poiſon's the gentler Fate. Thou ſpeak'ſt too loud——
O Conſcience! how it heaves within my Boſom——
Ari. Conſcience! the Soul's riſing of the Lights.
Drink Blood.——

Conſt.

Conſt. Blood, ſay'ſt thou! what, the Blood of *Criſpus*?
Hark!
Who's there? Run to the Door! Say I am not well,
I'll not be ſeen to night.
Ari. Your Fancy, Sir.
Conſt. I thought I heard my Mother's Voice.
But ſhe's long dead: 'Twas, as thou ſay'ſt, my Fancy.
My Fear, my Guilt that haunts me: But be gone;
If he muſt fall there is no hiding it;
Call it no longer Murder, but a Juſtice,
Survey him as a Thief that robb'd thy Soul
Of all its Wealth; *Arius* —— how am I now?
Ari. All Emperor. And, Sir, I'll haſte to obey you.
Conſt. Thou ſhalt; but go not *Arius*, till I ſend thee——
All Emperor and Judge. But where's the Father?
Work me there, Nature, ſave him if thou canſt;
Remember him as once thy Boſom-Love.
Ari. I like not this Remembrance.
Conſt. Remember the whole Progreſs of his Life;
Obedient all, ev'n in his Infant-Years;
When every Morn to my Bed-ſide he came,
And as I bleſt him, thank'd me with his Tears.

Serena *knocking without.*

Seren. My Lord, the Emperor.
Conſt. Arius, hark. Who's there?
Hark; 'tis my Wife. Run to the Door. My Wife!
She's riſen from the Dead to ſave my Son.
Seren. I will have Audience.
Ari. Madam, you muſt not enter.
Conſt. Arius, let her in.

Enter Serena.

Seren. Caſar, ſave thy Son;
Save him in time; the People are in Arms.
Dalmatius, with the Guards, is gone to quell 'em.
Conſt. How! Mutiny? And in my Son's behalf?
Is this the Courſe to ſave him? *Arius*, hence——

And execute my Orders.
Seren. May I think it?
A Bowl of Poiſon, Sir! Is that your Order?
Conſt. There is no Myſtery now to be conceal'd——
'Tis as you ſaid: And *Criſpus* dies this Minute.
Arius away,
Seren. He ſha'not, till you hear me.
Think Sir, oh think!
Conſt. I've thought too much already;
But with this laſt Reſolve my Heart is ſteel'd;
Tho as you enter'd I was fooling Time
With Thoughts of Mercy.
Seren. And has this curſed Wretch prevented you?
Conſt. Dalmatius and *Silveſter* will be here
To hinder Juſtice; break her hold. Away.
Seren. Fall then *Serena* firſt, and ſtay that Fury.
[*Stabs her ſelf.*
Conſt. Arius, come back. What haſt thou done, *Serena*?
Seren. I've paid the Debt of Nature e'er my Time.
Conſt. 'Twas a too honeſt Part. What was the Cauſe?
Seren. The Love of *Criſpus*; Love of him you hate.
But let this Victim to Deſpair ſuffice.

Enter Dalmatius *and* Silveſter.

Your Brother here! *Dalmatius* pardon me.
Your Son is now reveng'd. Reſtrain the Emperor——
And look to *Arius*. Oh! [*She dies.*
Dalm. The Joys of Heav'n,
And an eternal Requiem waft thy Soul.
Conſt. Brother, how are the People?
Dalm. All huſh'd again.
Why will you harbour, Sir, that Snake about you,
That puts you on theſe fatal Reſolutions?
For, elſe could it be poſſible a Prince
So good, ſo full of every kingly Grace,
Should once conceive a Thought to put his Son,
His guiltleſs Son, to an untimely Death,
Without the Inſtigation of a Devil?

Silv.

Silv. Conſider, *Cæſar*, you that have had the Glory
By Miracles from Heav'n to be converted:
We know your Paſſion manacles your Reaſon;
But here are Hands to help you.
Conſt. Is that then the Reſult of all your Reaſon?
To hope for ſober Actions from a mad Man?
Dalm. Not till the Frenzy leaves him. But we know
You are not ſo far gone, to loſe all Temper.
Your Hopes, and Fears, your broken Reſolutions,
Are Symptoms all of a moſt noble Nature,
Where Judgment ſeems half ſunk, but not quite drown'd.
Conſt. Why this I can alledge as well as you;
I know the Laurels which I've worn ſo long
Muſt wither: If my Son ſhould find a Grave,
My preſent Fame, and Glory too hereafter,
Is all upon the Hazard. But what then?
I ſee the Storm before me threatning Wrack;
I ſee the Shelves, but who can point the Shore?
Silv. Caſt over-board the Casket of your Love.
I know 'tis precious; but 'twill ſink you, Sir.
Divorce her, Sir; and give her to your Son.
Conſt. Forego my *Fauſta!* 'tis impoſſible.
Dalm. Nothing's impoſſible to a Mind reſolv'd:
But paſs beyond *Silveſter*'s mild Remonſtrance,
And ſave your Love by Death, by *Fauſta*'s Death.
When ſhe is paſt recal, you'll love no more;
[illegible] no more.
[illegible] If that could be reſolv'd——
Conqueſt were a great one.
[illegible]*m.* The more you think, the more the Thought will ſtrike you.
[illegible]ut the Difference of Counſellors;
What Colours good and bad can give to Reaſon.
Had *Arius* ſtay'd, by this time you had doom'd
Your Son to Death, who now has gain'd the Conqueſt.
Conſt. Would half were gain'd; yet, ſince the Start was noble,
I'll try to win in this Olympick Race:
Tho hilly all the way, and at the Goal
The Summit touches Heav'n.
Dalm. [illegible]rge the Neceſſity; ſhe or *Criſpus* dies:
[illegible]nocent *Criſpus*, or the guilty *Fauſta*,

That,

That after all her Vows could thus deceive you,
Deceive you both; who, if your Son were dead,
No doubt, as quick would practiſe with another.
Conſt. By Heav'n, why not? She that could ſwear, and
Forſworn, may ſwear and be forſworn again: (was.
Oh! I remember now with what a Look,
An Angel-Look, ſhe vow'd.
Dalm. Yet with that Look,
This Angel, like a Devil, drew in your Son:
Methinks the very Groſſneſs of the Cheat
Should make you loath her.
Conſt. Ha!
Dalm. Deteſt and ſcorn her.
Conſt. Scorn on her Scorn, and Death Diſdain ſucceed;
By Majeſty, by Empire, ſhe ſhall bleed.
Silv. Baniſh her, *Caſar.*——
Dalm. No, Sir; Death, or nothing.
Baniſh her to day, and ſhe'll be here to morrow:
Down with her, down; dwell on her perjur'd Vows,
When the ſame Breath that ſwore her yours for ever,
Doom'd her another's.
Conſt. *Arius*, bring her forth.
She dies! I'll ſweat and bleed, but I will conquier——
Call, call my Son.—Henceforth but name a Woman,
'Tis Treaſon to my Ear: Why, what a Plague
Might ſhe have here engender'd! forc'd a Father
To put his guiltleſs Son to horrid Death.
Dalm. Royally urg'd. By Heav'n 'twas ever thus
Where Women had to do. Therefore behold her
As a Gangrene to the State.
Conſt. And cut her off.
Dalm. The Bane of Empire——
Conſt. And the Rot of Power!
Yet there I'll ſtay and fix my Imagination,
On all their Miſchiefs, Murders, Maſſacres,
And Seas of Blood they have ſpilt in former Ages.
Woman, no more. And when my Heart is ſwoln,
Sound but that Name, the pow'rful Spell ſhall bind

Beyon

Beyond *Circean* and *Egyptian* Charms:
'Twill raiſe the loweſt Devils up in ſwarms,
Unhinge the Globe, and put the World in Arms.
Woman, that dooms us all to one ſure Grave,
And faſter damns than Providence can ſave. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Conſtantine *and* Fauſta.

Conſt. *Fauſta*, thou art falſe, forſworn.
Fauſta. I ſay ſo too.
Conſt. Therefore ſhalt die.
Fauſt. I have no other Wiſh.
Conſt. What, not to live,
If I ſhould pardon thee?
Fauſt. That were Life indeed;
To gain your Pardon, and to live for *Criſpus*.
Conſt. No, Wretch! remember as you ſwore to me,
I now return; it is impoſſible.
Yet thou ſhalt die for *Criſpus*.
Fauſt. And not with him, Sir?
Conſt. No; I've decreed
That thou ſhalt die to ſave him.
Fauſt. But have you, Sir, decreed to love him too
On *Fauſta*'s Death?
Conſt. I have.
Fauſt. Oh! then the Gods
Have heard my Pray'r, which, next to living for him,
Is ſtill to die to ſave him.
I grant me, Sir, in Death one laſt Farewel.
Conſt. No; thou haſt look'd thy laſt.
Fauſt. Yet you may let 'em bear me by his Window;
If it be poſſible to ſnatch a Glance,
And not delay my Execution, Sir.
Conſt. She weeps; and there is Magick in her Tears.
I ſhall weep too. Bring forth the Poiſon. Haſte.
She ſhall not ſtay the making of a Bath.
What, *Ari*[illegible]
Ari. [illegible]

Conſt.

Conſt. Give her the Poiſon. Haſte, and ſee her die.
Fauſt. Stay, Sir, come back. I have no Load upon me—
But what you all may know; give me the Bowl,
I'll drink it for my Love. Alas, my Lord,
Methinks one laſt Farewel had not been much;
But ſince you judge it; Sir, unfit——I'll die,
Without complaining. Therefore tell my Love——
That my laſt Pray'r was for his Life and yours.
Conſt. Hold, *Fauſta: Arius*, take the Poiſon from her,
And bring the Bath. My Son ſhall ſee her die:
Call *Criſpus* hither: Since her Fate's decreed,
'Twere juſt he ſhou'd be harden'd with the View.
She weeps again, and with the Trick unmans me;
Spite of my Vows, ſhe works my Lion Heart,
And melts me into Love. How fares my *Fauſta?*
Fauſt. Sir.
Conſt. Thy Hand, before we part for ever, *Fauſta*——
I am loſt——I'm vanquiſh'd; with a Touch o'ercome——
Dalm. Wake Sir. Where are you?
Conſt. Ha!
Dalm. Silveſter's here:
And *Criſpus* waits.
Conſt. Why then ſhe dies again.
Haſte, bring him in, bring him to my Relief.
The yerning of a Father comes upon me,
And my Soul longs to meet him. *Fauſta*, turn,
Turn thy bright Eyes on Death; and carry Fires
To ſcorch new Worlds, but warm the old no more:
For here's the riſing Sun, to eclipſe thy Beams.

Enter Criſpus *with* Silveſter.

O *Criſpus!* Who that has beheld our Diſtance,
That infinite Space that Paſſion caſt betwixt us,
Would e'er have thought we thus ſhould meet again?
Criſp. What can be added, Heav'n, to ſuch a Kindneſs!
Conſt. What, *Criſpus?* What indeed, to make it laſting?
See'ſt thou that fair one?
Criſp. Sir, you give me hopes; tho daſh'd with Fears.
But, hold, perhaps I have to Death offended,

For

For ſinning but in wiſh: A dawning Joy
Shines in her Eyes, and revels in her Smiles,
Which ſeem to tell me, we ſhall both be happy.
Conſt. Would'ſt thou be happy in thy Father's Love?
Criſp. Judge me, you Powers, if that be not my Thought,
The utmoſt Reach of my extended Soul,
Which knows no other wiſh, but *Fauſta*'s Love——
Conſt. And that's the Love, which you, by my Example,
Muſt learn to hate.
Criſp. To hate, Sir! What?
Conſt. Hate thy Love:
Or what's all one, to bear the Effect of Hate,
Her Execution here before thy Eyes.
Criſp. My *Fauſta*'s Death?

SCENE *draws.* Arius, Labienus, Eubulus, *with a Bath.*

Conſt. Behold the poiſon'd Bath.
Criſp. For me——I am ready Sir. Haſte, launch my
You that are deſtin'd here for my Deſtruction, (Veins:
Unrobe me——haſte——
Conſt. None touch him, on your Lives.
They may as ſafely launch their Emperor;
A wound his Son. But *Fauſta* muſt prepare,
There is no other way to reconcile us.
Criſp. Then hold me, Sir, at everlaſting Diſtance,
me again for ever from your Sight.
me; curſe me, as you did before——
ke not *Fauſta*'s Death the curſed Cauſe,
e this Villain's Life, this Hangman Traitor,
Nay, Coward that can live and hear her threaten'd!
Fauſt. My Love, my Lord, blame not thy noble Father,
Nor curſe thy ſelf, for this was all my ſeeking.——
Criſp. Thy ſeeking? Ha! and ſeek'ſt thou my Embraces——
After the baſe Diſhonour thou haſt done me?
Hence from my Arms——
Fauſt. I will not, I will hold thee
To my laſt Graſp, and graſp thee after Death.

Why;

Why, puſh me yet again: Nay, ſtrike me *Criſpus*,
I will not leave thy Boſom.
Criſp. See he's going——
By my bleſt Mother's Soul, let me come at him——
Conſt. Arius, ſee it done.
All Prayers are vain; ſome of you break his hold.
Criſp. Dalmatius and *Silveſter* will not ſure,
And for the reſt, let me but ſee who dares.
Conſt. Their Emperor commands 'em——help to force him.
I charge thee *Criſpus*, leave me,
And dare not by this Wilfulneſs provoke me.
Criſp. I have no Wilfulneſs, but theſe ſtubborn Tears;
Hear my laſt Sighs, for Groans quite choak my Words:
My *Fauſta*'s Life; or break my Heart before you.
Fauſt. Sir, do not hear him, ſnatch your ſelf away,
And leave us here——I'll huſh him, e'er I die;
And ſend him weeping to you for his Pardon.
Conſt. He ſees 'tis vain; and has let go his hold.
Withdraw——yet Brother, we'll obſerve unſeen——
I do not like this ſudden Sullenneſs——
Fauſta farewel. *Arius* diſpatch. No more. [*Exeunt.*

Criſpus, Arius, Fauſta, *Executioners.*

Fauſt. Now *Criſpus*, now my Dear, wilt thou forgive me
This glorious Conqueſt of triumphing Love?
Criſp. No; by my Soul, and by my hopes of Heav
Not at thy parting Groan, will I forgive thee;
But rather curſe the Hour when firſt I ſaw thee:
Curſe our firſt Kiſſes, Marriage and Embraces,
Unleſs thou join me——ha——come forwarder;
With *Arius*, join me, to provide ſome Means,
That I may bear thee company in Death.
If this thou doſt deny me, by the Saints,
By all our Loves——I ſwear thou never lov'dſt me——
Ari. By Heav'n, my Lord, I pity you; and if——
Fauſt. Ha, *Arius!* What? thou wilt not join his Madneſs?
Criſp. Hark *Arius*: By our Friendſhip——I conjure thee;
For I have ſworn I will neither eat nor drink,
Tho I ſurvive this Hour——

Ar

Ari. I have the Means.
Criſp. A Dagger. Bleſſings on thee—give't me, I ſay—
Fauſt. Arius, thou art a Villain!
Criſp. I'll tell my Father, that I forc'd it from thee.
Fauſt. Keep, keep it from him, or I'll tell the Emperor,
'Twas you that firſt betray'd him to my Love,
And marry'd us.
Ari. Hold Madam! let me beg you——
Criſp. Now Love, I am for thee.
Fauſt. No! I'll call the Emperor.
Oh that damn'd Villain, Traitor, Devil, *Arius.*
Help there without. *Criſpus* is murder'd. Help——
Ari. Nay, then 'tis time to fly——.

Conſtantine *meets him with the reſt.*

Conſt. Yes Fiend, to Hell,
Where thou ſhalt make thy damn'd Account.——In with him,
Caſt the unblooded Villain in the Bath,
Which he prepar'd for others: Throw him in.
Ari. Hold Sir, the Bath's not poiſon'd.
Conſt. How!
Ari. Compaſſion for your Empreſs,
Made me contrive this only way to ſave her.
Conſt. Thou haſt done well. Yet in with him, to try.
Ari. Hold Sir! and I'll confeſs, it is, it is,
poiſon'd——Pardon.
Conſt. Down with him, keep him down
he be dead. Then give him to his Slaves.——
[*The Bath ſinks with him.*
O *Criſpus*——Why? why doſt thou eye me thus
With ſnatch'd Regards? Why doſt thou eye thy Father?
Now looking on thy Dagger, now on *Fauſta*——
As if 'twere poſſible to deny her ſtill?
Criſp. Deny her? Why, Sir? mean you then to give her?
Conſt. Or let me ſtand a Curſe to After-Ages.
It is the Hate of Heav'n, not mine, that gives her;
The Treaſons of the perjur'd *Arius*
So ſtain my Soul, and quite reduce my Reaſon,
That I will give her thee without a Pang.

Take

Take her, my Son, and with her all the Bleſſings
And all the Love, my loaded Boſom bears;
The Dews of Heav'n, and theſe thy Father's Tears.
Criſp. Oh Joys!
Fauſt. Oh Heav'n!
Criſp. Fauſta!
Fauſt. Criſpus! Cæſar!
Criſp. Father!
But let us proſtrate—as a God, approach him—
Thou glorious Image of the Deity!
What ſhall we anſwer?
Conſt. Criſpus! Fauſta—Nothing;
Nothing but riſe, and take me in your Arms.
Thus brooding o'er you with a fruitful Joy,
I propheſy, by my Example led,
Such Love and Peace thro all the World ſhall ſpread,
And *Roman* Arts that *Britiſh* Iſle adorn,
Where *Helena* deceas'd, and I was born:
While *Criſpus* thus to *Fauſta*'s Love I give,
And both for ever in my Boſom live. [*Ex. Omnes.*

THE

THE DUKE OF GUISE, A TRAGEDY.

Written by

LEE and Mr. DRYDEN.

Οὕτως δὲ φαῦλον φύσεις ἐν ταῖς πολλείαις τὸ ἄγαν μὴ φυλαξάμεναι, τῷ ἀγαθῷ μεῖζον τὸ κακὸν ἔχυσι.

Plutarch. in Agesilao.

To the Right Honourable

LAURENCE,

EARL of *Rochester*, &c.

My Lord,

THE Authors of this Poem prent it humbly to your Lordship's Patronage, if you shall think it worthy of that Honour. It has already been a Confessor, and was almost made a Martyr for the Cause. But having stood two Tryals its Enemies, one before it was acted, another in the Representation, and having been in acquitted, 'tis now to stand the publick ...ure in the reading: Where since, of necessity, it must have the same Enemies, we hope it may also find the same Friends; and therein we are secure not only of the greater Number, but of the more honest and loyal Party. We only expected bare Justice in the Permission to have it acted; and that we had, after a severe and long Examination, from an upright and knowing Judge, who having heard both Sides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cause in a strict

perusal

peruſal of the Play, gave Sentence for us, it was neither a Libel, nor a Paralſel of particular Perſons. In the Repreſentation it ſelf, it was perſecuted with ſo notorious Malice by one ſide, that it procur'd us the Partiality of the other; ſo that the Favour more than recompens'd the Prejudice: And 'tis happier to have been ſav'd (if ſo we were) by the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deſerts; becauſe thereby the Weakneſs of the Faction is diſcover'd, which in us, at that time, attack'd the Government; and ſtood combin'd, like the Members of the rebellious League, againſt the lawful Sovereign Authority. To what Topick will they have recourſe, when they are manifeſtly beaten from their chief Poſt, which has always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices? They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gather'd in a Play-Houſe; and yet even there, the Enemies as well as Friends have free Admiſſion: But while our Argument was ſerviceable to their Intereſts, they could boaſt that the Theaters were true Proteſtant, and came inſulting to the Pla where their own Triumphs were repreſen But let them now aſſure themſelves, that can make the major Part of no Aſſembly, ex it be a Meeting-Houſe. Their Tide of Popularity is ſpent, and the natural Current of Obedience is, in ſpite of them, at laſt prevalent. In which, *my Lord*, after the merciful Providence of God, the unſhaken Reſolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifeſt Innocence of his Royal Highneſs, the prudent Management of the Miniſters is alſo moſt conſpicuous. I am not par-

ticular

this Commendation, becauſe I am unto raiſe Envy to your Lordſhip, who are too juſt not to deſire that Praiſe ſhou'd be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavour and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough, *my Lord*, that your own Part was neither obſcure in it, nor hazardous: And if ever this excellent Government, ſo well eſtabliſh'd by the Wiſdom of our Foreſathers, and ſo much ſhaken by the Folly of this Age, ſhall recover its antient Splendor, Poſterity cannot be ſo ungrateful, as to forget thoſe, who in the worſt of Times have ſtood undaunted by their King and Country, and for the Safeguard of both, have expos'd themſelves to the Malice of falſe Patriots, and the Madneſs of an headſtrong Rabble. But ſince this glorious Work is yet unfiniſh'd, and tho we have reaſon to hope well of the Succeſs, yet the Event depends on the unſearchable Providence of Almighty God; 'tis no time to raiſe Trophies, while the Victory is in diſpute: But every Man by your Example, to contribute what is in his Power, to maintain ſo juſt a Cauſe, on which depends the future Settlement and Proſperity of three Nations. The Pilot's Prayer to *Neptune* was not amiſs, in the middle of the Storm: *Thou mayſt do with me, O* Neptune, *what thou pleaſeſt, but I will be ſure to hold faſt the Rudder.* We are to truſt firmly in the Deity, but ſo as not to forget, that he commonly works by ſecond Cauſes, and admits of our Endeavour with his Concurrence. For our own parts, we are ſenſible as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak Aſſiſtance. The moſt we can boaſt of, is, that we are not ſo inconſiderable as to want Enemies,

mies, whom we have rais'd to our ſelves, [illegible] other account, than that we are not o[illegible] Number: And ſince that's their Quarrel, [illegible] ſhall have daily occaſion to hate us more. 'Tis not, *my Lord*, that any Man delights to ſee himſelf paſquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers; but on the other ſide it ought to be our Glory, that themſelves believe not of us what they write. Reaſonable Men are well ſatisfy'd for whoſe ſakes the Venom of their Party is ſhed on us, becauſe they ſee that at the ſame time our Adverſaries ſpare not thoſe to whom they owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Deſpair has puſh'd them to break thoſe Bonds; and 'tis obſervable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write: As *Luciſer* and his Companions were only proud when Angels, but grew malicious when Devils. Let them rail, ſince 'tis the only Solace of their Miſeries, and the only Revenge which, we hope, they now can take. The greateſt and the beſt of Men are above their reach; and for our Meanneſs, tho they aſſault us like Foot-padders in the dark, their Blows have done us little harm; we yet live, to juſtify our ſelves in open Day, to vindicate our Loyalty to the Government, and to aſſure your Lordſhip, with all Submiſſion and Sincerity, that we are

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient, Faithful Servants,

John Dryden, Nat. Lee,

P R[illegible]

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. *Dryden*. Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

OUR Play's a Parallel: The holy League
Begot our Cov'nant; Guiſards *got the Whig*:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Faſhions, firſt produc'd in France;
And, when worn out, well ſcourg'd, and baniſh'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars, here.
Cou'd the ſame Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or ſerv'd us up in ſcorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The firſt ſome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in Reaſon,
Had giv'n us all our Bellies full of Treaſon:
And yet the Name but chang'd, our naſty Nation
Chaws its own Excrement, th' Aſſociation.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning way,
For that's a Mode but newly come in play;
Beſides, your Drugs uncertain to prevail;
But your true Proteſtant can never fail,
With that compendious Inſtrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite, ev'n tho the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age expel the Lawful Heir:
Once more decide Religion by the Sword;
And purchaſe for us a new Tyrant Lord.
Pray for your King; but yet your Purſes ſpare;
Make him not Two-pence richer by your Prayer.
To ſhow you love him much, chaſtiſe him more;
And make him very Great, and very Poor.
Puſh him to Wars, but ſtill no Pence advance;
Let him loſe England, *to recover* France;

Cry Freedom up with popular noiſy Votes;
And get enough to cut each other's Throats:
Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne,
For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave him none.
A Noiſe was made of Arbitrary Sway;
But in Revenge, you Whigs have found a Way,
An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let his own Servants turn, to ſave their Stake;
Glean from his Plenty, and his Wants forſake.
But let ſome Judas *near his Perſon ſtay,*
To ſwallow the laſt Sop, and then betray.
Make London *independent of the Crown;*
A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let Ignoramus *Juries find no Traytors;*
And Ignoramus *Poets ſcribble Satirs.*
And, that your Meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Do what in Coffee-houſes you began;
Pull down the Maſter, and ſet up the Man.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*. Spoken by Mrs. *Cook*.

MUCH Time and Trouble this poor Play has coſt;
And, Faith, I doubted once the Cauſe was loſt.
Yet no one Man was meant; nor Great nor Small;
Our Poets, like frank Gameſters, threw at all.
They took no ſingle Aim:
But like bold Boys, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzza'd and fir'd Broadſides at the whole Party.
Duels are Crimes; but when the Cauſe is right,
In Battel every Man is bound to fight.

For what shou'd hinder me to sell my Skin
Bear as I cou'd, if once my Hand were in?
Se Defendendo *never was a Sin.*
'Tis a fine World, my Masters, right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their Tongue.
They must do all they can——
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian Mind;
And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind;
Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wondrous wise,
To cry, box fair, and give him time to rise.
When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally:
Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan *or* Mally
Tip you th' inv ting Wink, stand shill I, shall I?
A Trimmer *cry'd, (that heard me tell his Story)*
Fie, Mistress Cook! *Faith you're too rank a Tory!*
Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard Cases;
You Women love to see Men make wry Faces.
Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the Devil his due.
Lenitives, says he, suit best with our Condition.
Jack Ketch, *says I, 's an excellent Physician.*
I love no Blood——Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But Hanging is a fine dry Kind of Death.
We Trimmers *are for holding all things even:*
Yes, just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heav'n.
Have we not had Mens Lives enow already?
Yes sure:——but you're for holding all things steady:
Now, since the Weight hangs all on one side, Brother,
You Trimmers *shou'd, to poize it, hang on t'other.*
Damn'd Neuters, in their middle Way of steering,
Are neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red Herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not Birds, nor Beasts; but just a Kind of Bat:
A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cause,
With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teeth and Claws.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

THE King,	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Duke of *Guiſe*,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Duke of *Mayenne*,	Mr. *Jevon.*
Grillon,	Mr. *Smith.*
The Cardinal of *Guiſe*,	Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
Archbiſhop of *Lyons*,	Mr. *Perin.*
Alphonſo Corſo,	Mr. *Mountfort.*
Polin,	Mr. *Bowman.*
Aumale,	Mr. *Carlile.*
Buſſy,	Mr. *Saunders.*
The Curate of St. *Euſtace*,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Malicorne,	Mr. *Percival.*
Melanax, *a Spirit*,	Mr. *Gillo*
Two Sheriffs,	*Bright* and *Samſon.*
Citizens and Rabble, *&c.*	

WOMEN.

Queen-Mother,	Lady *Slingsby.*
Marmoutier,	Mrs. *Barry.*

SCENE, *PARIS.*

THE

THE DUKE of *GUISE.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Council of Sixteen ſeated: An empty Chair prepar'd for the Duke of* Guiſe.

Buſſy *and* Polin, *two of the Sixteen.*

Buſ. LIGHTS there! more Lights; what burn the Tapers dim,
When glorious *Guiſe*, the *Moſes*, *Gideon*, *David*,
The Saviour of the Nation, makes approach?

Pol. And therefore are we met; the whole Sixteen,
That ſway the Croud of *Paris*, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purſes, Perſons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the *Guiſe*, where Merit calls him, high:
And give him a whole Heav'n, for room to ſhine.

Enter Curate of St. Euſtace.

Buſ. The Curate of St. *Euſtace* comes at laſt;
But, Father, why ſo late?

Cur. I have been taking godly Pains to ſatisfy ſome Scruples rais'd amongſt weak Brothers of our Party, that were ſtaggering in the Cauſe.

Pol. What cou'd they find t'object?

Cur. They thought to arm againſt the King was Treaſon.

Buſ. I hope you ſet 'em right.

Cur. Yes; and for Anſwer, I produc'd this Book.
A Calviniſt Miniſter of *Orleans*
Writ this, to juſtify the Admiral
For taking Arms againſt the King deceas'd:
Wherein he proves that irreligious Kings
May juſtly be depos'd, and put to Death.

Buſ. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not ſo prudent.

Cur. Yes, from the Devil, if it would help our Cauſe.
The Author was indeed a Heretick;
The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our holy League,
Is to preſerve the King, his Pow'r and Perſon.

Cur. That muſt be ſaid, you know, for Decency ſake.
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot ſecure.

Buſ. But did the primitive Chriſtians e'er rebel,
When under heathen Lords? I hope they did.

Cur. No ſure, they did not; for they had not Pow'r:
The Conſcience of a People is their Pow'r.

Pol. Well; the next Article in our ſolemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buſ. What is't? I ſhou'd be glad to find the King
No ſafer than needs muſt.

Pol. That in caſe of Oppoſition from any Perſon whatſoever ——

Cur. That's well, that's well; then the King is not excepted, if he oppoſe us ——

Pol. We are oblig'd to join as one, to puniſh
All, who attempt to hinder or diſturb us.

Buſ.

Buſ. 'Tis a plain Caſe; the King's included in the Puniſhment, in caſe he rebel againſt the People.

Pol. But how can he rebel?

Cur. I'll make it out: Rebellion is an Inſurrection againſt the Government; but they that have the Power are actually the Government: Therefore if the People have the Power, the Rebellion is in the King.

Buſ. A moſt convincing Argument for Faction.

Cur. For Arming, if you pleaſe; but not for Faction.
For ſtill the Faction is the feweſt number;
So, what they call the lawful Government,
Is now the Faction; for the moſt are ours.

Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King, I wou'd gladly underſtand whom we are to obey; or whether we are to be all Kings together.

Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and aſk that Queſtion?
There's an Article, that, I may ſay, is as neceſſary as any
In the Creed: Namely, that we, the ſaid Aſſociates, are
Sworn to yield ready Obedience, and faithful Service,
To that Head which ſhall be depuied.

Buſ. 'Tis moſt manifeſt, that by virtue of our Oath
We are all Subjects to the Duke of *Guiſe*. The King's
An Officer that has betray'd his Truſt; and therefore we
Have turn'd him out of Service.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed.

Enter the Duke of Guiſe, *Cardinal of* Guiſe, Aumale, *Torches before them. The Duke takes the Chair.*

Buſ. Your Highneſs enters in a lucky Hour;
Th' unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Choice,
As Head of *Paris*, and the holy League.

Card. I ſay *Amen* to that.

Pol. You are our Champion; Buckler of our Faith.

Card. The King, like *Saul*, is Heav'n's repented Choice;
You his Anointed one, on better Thought.

Gui. I'm what you pleaſe to call me: any thing,
Lieutenant General, Chief, or Conſtable,
Good decent Names, that only mean your Slave.

Buſ. You chas'd the *Germans* hence, exil'd *Navarre*;
And reſcu'd *France* from Hereticks and Strangers.
Aum. What he and all of us have done, is known.
What's our Reward? Our Offices are loſt;
Turn'd out like labour'd Oxen, after Harveſt,
To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.
Buſ. Our Charters will go next; becauſe we Sheriffs
Permit no Juſtice to be done on theſe
The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.
Gui. Yes, we are all involv'd, as Heads, or Parties:
Dipt in the noiſy Crime of State, call'd Treaſon:
And Traitors we muſt be to King, or Country.
Buſ. Why then my Choice is made.
Pol. And mine.
Omn. And all.
Card. Heav'n is it ſelf Head of the holy League;
And all the Saints are Cov'nanters, and *Guiſards*.
Gui. What ſay you, Curate?
Cur. I hope well, my Lord.
Card. That is, he hopes you mean to make him Abbot,
And he deſerves your care of his Preferment,
For all his Prayers are Curſes on the Government:
And all his Sermons Libels on the King:
In ſhort, a pious, hearty, factious Prieſt.
Gui. All that are here my Friends, ſhall ſhare my Fortune;
There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in *France*;
'Tis but deſerve and have: The *Spaniſh* King
Conſigns me fifty thouſand Crowns a Week,
To raiſe and to foment a Civil War.
'Tis true, a Penſion from a foreign Prince
Sounds Treaſon in the Letter of the Law,
But good Intentions juſtify the Deed.
Cur. Heav'n's good, the Cauſe is good, the Money's good;
No matter whence it comes.
Buſ. Our City Bands are twenty thouſand ſtrong;
Well diſciplin'd, well arm'd, well ſeaſon'd Traitors;
Thick rinded Heads, that leave no room for Kernel;
Shop Conſciences, of proof againſt an Oath,
Preach'd up, and ready tinn'd for a Rebellion.

Gui. Why then the noble Plot is fit for birth;
And labouring *France* cries out for Midwife hands.
We miſs'd ſurpriſing of the King at *Blois*,
When laſt the States were held; 'twas Overſight:
Beware we make not ſuch another Blot.

Card. This holy time of *Lent* we have him ſure;
He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
In that Proceſſion, he's more fit for Heav'n:
What hinders us to ſeize the Royal Penitent,
And cloſe him in a Cloyſter?

Cur. Or diſpatch him? I love to make all ſure.

Gui. No, guard him ſafe;
Thin Diet will do well; 'twill ſtarve him into Reaſon,
Till he exclude his Brother of *Navarre*,
And graft Succeſſion on a worthier Choice:
To favour this, five hundred Men in Arms
Shall ſtand prepar'd to enter at your Call,
And ſpeed the Work: St. *Martin's Gate* was nam'd:
But the Sheriff (*Conty*, who commands that Ward,
Refuſs'd me Paſſage there.

Cur. I know that *Conty*;
A ſniveling, conſcientious, loyal Rogue:
He'll preach and ruin all.

Card. Give out he's Arbitrary, a *Navarriſt*,
A Heretick; diſcredit him betimes,
And make his Witneſs void.

Cur. I'll ſwear him guilty.
I ſwallow Oaths as eaſy as Snap-dragon,
Mock-Fire that never burns.

Gui. Then, *Buſſy*, be't your care t'admit my Troops
At *Porte* St. *Honore*: [*Riſes.*] Night wears apace,
And Day-light muſt not peep on dark Deſigns.
I will my ſelf to Court; pay formal Duty;
Take leave; and to my Government retire,
Impatient to be ſoon recall'd; to ſee
The King impriſon'd, and the Nation free. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Malicorn.

Mal. Each diſmal Minute, when I call to mind
The Promiſe that I made the Prince of Hell,
In one and twenty Years to be his Slave,
Of which near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
The Wards of Reaſon roll into their Spring.
O horrid Thought! but one and twenty Years,
And twelve near paſt, then to be ſteep'd in Fire,
Daſh'd againſt Rocks, or ſnatch'd from molten Lead,
Reeking and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
And quench'd ten thouſand Fathom in the Deep!
[*Knocking at the Door.*
But hark! he comes, ſee there, my Blood ſtands ſtill;
My Spirits ſtart an end for *Guiſe*'s Fate.

A Devil riſes.

What Counſel does the Fate of *Guiſe* requi[re]?
Dev. Remember with his Prince there's no [tela]
But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath aw[ay];
Let not the fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,
The Tomb is ſtill, whatever Fools believe;
Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,
Proverbs and Morals, let the waxen King
That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;
Let *Guiſe* by Blood reſolve to mount to Pow'r,
And he is great as *Mecha*'s Emperor;
He comes, bid him not ſtand on Altar Vows,
But then ſtrike deepeſt, when he loweſt bows;
Tell him Fate's aw'd when an Uſurper ſprings,
And joins to croud out juſt indulgent Kings. [*Vaniſhes.*

Enter the Duke of Guiſe, *and Duke of* Mayen.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives
To your profeſt and moſt inveterate Foes;
But if he were inclin'd, as we could wiſh him,

There

There is a Lady Regent at his Ear,
That never pardons.
Gui. Poiſon on her Name!
Take my Hand on't, that Cormorant Dowager
Will never reſt, till ſhe has all our Heads
In her Lap. I was at *Bayonne* with her,
When ſhe, the King, and griſly *d'Alva* met;
Methinks I ſee her liſtening now before me,
Marking the very motion of his Beard,
His op'ning Noſtrils and his dropping Lids:
I hear him croak too to the gaping Council;
"Fiſh for the great fiſh, take no care for Frogs,
"Cut off the Poppy-Heads, Sir; Madam, charm
"The Winds but faſt, the Billows will be ſtill.
May But, Sir, how comes it you ſhould be thus warm,
Still puſhing Councils when among your Friends;
Yet at the Court cautious, and cold as Age,
Your Voice, your Eyes, your Mien ſo different,
You ſeem to me two Men?
Gui. The Reaſon's plain:
Not with my Friends, becauſe the Queſtion giv'n,
I ſtake the Judgment right where others drag.
This is the effect of equal Elements,
And Atoms juſtly pois'd; nor ſhould you wonder
More at the ſtrength of Body than of Mind.
'Tis equally the ſame to ſee me plunge
Headlong into the *Seine* all over arm'd,
And plough againſt the Torrent to my Point,
As 'twas to hear my Judgment on the *Germans*.
This to another Man wou'd be a brag;
Or at the Court among my Enemies,
To be as I am here quite off my Guard,
Would make me ſuch another thing as *Grillon*,
A blunt, hot, honeſt, downright, valiant Fool.
May. Yet this you muſt allow a Failure in you;
You love his Niece, and to a Politician
All Paſſion's bane, but Love directly Death.
Gui. Falſe, falſe; thy *May*, thou'rt but half *Guiſe* again;
Were ſhe not ſuch a wondrous Compoſition,
A Soul ſo flaſh'd as mine is with Ambition,

Sagacious

Sagacious and ſo nice, muſt have diſdain'd her;
But ſhe was made when Nature was in humour,
As if a *Grillon* got her on the Queen,
Where all the honeſt Atoms fought their way,
Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
But left the Dregs of Wickedneſs behind.
May. Have you not told her what we have in hand?
Gui. My utmoſt aim has been to hide it from her,
But there I'm ſhort, by the long Chain of Cauſes
She has ſcan'd it, juſt as if ſhe were my Soul:
And tho I flew about with Circumſtances,
Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities;
Yet thro the Hiſtories of our Lives, ſhe look'd,
She ſaw, ſhe overcame.
May. Why then we're all undone.
Gui. Again you err.
Chaſte as ſhe is, ſhe wou'd as ſoon give up
Her Honour, as betray me to the King:
I tell thee, ſhe's the Character of Heav'n:
Such an habitual over-womanly Goodneſs,
She dazzles, walks mere Angel upon Earth.
But ſee, ſhe comes, call the Cardinal *Guiſe*,
While *Malicorn* attends for ſome Diſpatches,
Before I take my Farewel of the Court.

Enter Marmoutier.

Mar. Ah, *Guiſe*, you are undone.
Gui. How, Madam?
Mar. Loſt,
Beyond the Poſſibility of Hope:
Deſpair, and die.
Gui. You menace deeply, Madam;
And ſhould this come from any Mouth but your's,
My Smile ſhould anſwer how the Ruin touch'd me.
Mar. Why do you leave the Court?
Gui. The Court leaves me.
Mar. Were there no more but Wearineſs of State,
Or cou'd you, like great *Scipio*, retire,
Call *Rome* ungrateful, and ſit down with that;

Such

Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
Than all the ſullied Conqueſt you can boaſt.
But oh, you want that *Roman* Maſtery;
You hate too much of the tumultuous Times,
And I muſt mourn the Fate of your Ambition.
Gui. Becauſe the King diſdains my Services,
Muſt I not let him know I dare be gone?
What when I feel his Council on my Neck,
Shall I not caſt 'em backward if I can;
And at his Feet make known their Villany?
Mar. No, *Guiſe*, not at his Feet, but on his Head;
For there you ſtrike.
Gui. Madam, you wrong me now;
For ſtill what-e'er ſhall come in Fortune's whirle,
His Perſon muſt be ſafe.
Mar. I cannot think it.
However, your laſt Words confeſs too much.
Confeſs! What need I urge that Evidence,
When every Hour I ſee you court the Croud,
When with the Shouts of the rebellious Rabble,
I ſee you born on Shoulders to Cabals;
Where with the Traiterous Council of Sixteen,
You ſit and plot the Royal *Henry*'s Death;
Cloud the majeſtick Name with Fumes of Wine,
Infamous Scrowls, and treaſonable Verſe;
While, on the other ſide, the Name of *Guiſe*,
By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung:
Pamphleteers, Balladmongers, ſing your Ruin,
While all the Vermin of the vile *Pariſians*
Toſs up their greaſy Caps where-e'er you paſs,
And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.
Gui. Can I help this?
Mar. By Heav'n, I'd earth my ſelf,
Rather than live to act ſuch black Ambition:
But, Sir, you ſeek it with your Smiles and Bows,
This ſide, and that ſide congeing to the Croud;
You have your Writers too, that cant your Battels,
That ſtile you the New *David*, Second *Moſes*,
Prop of the Church, Deliverer of the People.
Thus from the City, as from the Heart, they ſpread

Thro

Thro all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
Where they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your Wonders,
Then cry, The King, the King's a Hugonot,
And, ſpite of us, will have *Navarre* ſucceed,
Spite of the Laws, and ſpite of our Religion:
But we'll pull 'em down, down with 'em, down. *Kneels.*
Gui. Ha, Madam! Why this Poſture?
Mar. Hear me, Sir:
For, if 'tis poſſible, my Lord, I'll move you
Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
E'er 'tis too late, I beg you by these Tears,
These Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me;
By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
That bleeds to Death, O ſeek the beſt of Kings,
Kneel, fling your ſtubborn Body at his Feet:
Your Pardon ſhall be ſign'd, your Country ſav'd,
Virgins and Matrons all ſhall ſing your Fame,
And every Babe ſhall bleſs the *Guiſe's* Name.
Gui. O riſe, thou Image of the Deity;
You ſhall prevail, I will do any thing;
You have broke the very Gall of my Ambition,
And all my Powers now float in Peace again:
Be ſatisfy'd that I will ſee the King,
Kneel to him, e'er I journey to *Champaign*,
And beg a kind Farewel.
Mar. No, no, my Lord;
I ſee thro that, you but withdraw awhile,
To muſter all the Forces that you can,
And then rejoin the Council of Sixteen.
You muſt not go.
Gui. All the Heads of the League
Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour. (ſav'd.
Mar. Would all thoſe Heads were off, ſo yours were
Once more, O *Guiſe*, the weeping *Marmoutier*
Intreats you do not go.
Gui. Is't poſſible
That *Guiſe* ſhould ſay, in this he muſt refuſe you?
Mar. Go then, my Lord. I late receiv'd a Letter
From one at Court, who tells me the King loves me:
Read it, there is no more than what you hear.

I have Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em;
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.
Gui. But Madam, I have often heard you ſay,
You lov'd not Courts.
Mar. Perhaps I have chang'd my Mind:
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And ſuch a King, ſo good, ſo juſt, ſo great,
That at his Birth the Heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at laſt cry'd out, This is a Man.
Gui. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit; you dare not go.
Mar. Go to your Government, and try.
Gui. I will.
Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King.
Gui. By Heav'n
I ſwear, you cannot, ſhall not, dare not ſee him.
Mar. By Heav'n I can, I dare, nay, and I will:
And nothing but your Stay ſhall hinder me;
For now, methinks, I long for't.
Gui. Poſſible!
Mar. I'll give you yet a little time to think:
But if I hear you go to take your leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll ſtand;
Nay, you ſhall ſee me kneel, and kiſs his Hand. [*Exit.*
Gui. Furies and Hell! She does but try me: Ha!
This is the Mother Queen and *Eſpernon*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonſo Corſo* too,
All pack'd to plot, and turn me into Madneſs.
[*Reading the Letter.*

Enter Cardinal Guiſe, *Duke of* Mayen, Malicorn, *&c.*

Ha! can it be! *Madam, the King loves you.* *Reads.*
But Vengeance I will have; to pieces, thus,
To pieces with 'em all. [*Tears the Letter.*
Card. Speak lower.
Gui. No;
By all the Torments of this galling Paſſion,
I'll hollow the Revenge I vow, ſo loud,
My Father's Ghoſt ſhall hear me up to Heav'n.
Card. Contain your ſelf; this Outrage will undo us.
Gui.

Gui. All things are ripe, and Love new points their Ruin.
Ha! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our Power, ſhould they eſcape our Juſtice?
I ſee by each Man's laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you ſwear the like Revenge.
For me, I wiſh that mine may both rot off —
Card. No more.
May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.
Gui. I go— That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barbers Hands, Impoſthumes choak me,
If while alive I ceaſe to chew their Ruin;
Alphonſo Corſo, *Grillon*; Prieſt, together,
To hang 'em in Effigy, nay, to tread,
Drag, ſtamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene, Polin.

Q. M. PRAY mark the Form of the Conſpiracy: *Guiſe* gives it out he journeys to *Champaign*,
But lurks indeed at *Lagny*, hard by *Paris*,
Where every Hour he hears, and gives Inſtructions.
Mean time the Council of Sixteen aſſure him
They have twenty thouſand Citizens in Arms.
Is it not ſo, *Polin*?
Pol. True, on my Life;
And if the King doubts the Diſcovery,
Send me to the *Baſtile* till all be prov'd.
Q. M. Call Colonel *Grillon*, the King would ſpeak with him. [*Exit* Polin.
Ab. Was ever Age like this?

Q. M.

Q. M. Polin is honeſt:
Beſide, the whole Proceeding is ſo like
The hair-brain'd Rout, I gueſs'd as much before.
Know then, it is reſolv'd to ſeize the King,
When next he goes in Penitential Weeds,
Among the Friars, without his uſual Guards;
Then, under ſhew of popular Sedition,
For Safety, ſhut him in a Monaſtery,
And ſacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.

Ab. When is this Council to be held again?

Q. M. Immediately upon the Duke's Departure.

Ab. Why ſends not then the King ſufficient Guards,
To ſeize the Fiends, and hew 'em into pieces?

Q. M. 'Tis in appearance eaſy, but th' Effect
Moſt hazardous; for ſtrait, upon th' Alarm,
The City would be ſure to be in Arms:
Therefore to undertake, and not to compaſs,
Were to come off with Ruin and Diſhonour.
You know th' *Italian* Proverb, *Biſogna Coprierſi*;
He that will venture on a Hornet's Neſt,
Should arm his Head, and buckler well his Breaſt.

Ab. But wherefore ſeems the King ſo unreſolv'd?

Q. M. I brought *Polin*, and made the Demonſtration,
Told him Neceſſity cry'd out to take
A Reſolution to preſerve his Life,
And look on *Guiſe* as a reclaimleſs Rebel.
But thro the natural Sweetneſs of his Temper,
And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd,
Madam, I will conſider what you ſay.

Ab. Yet after all, could we but fix him:

Q. M. Right,
The Buſineſs were more firm for this Delay;
For nobleſt Natures, tho they ſuffer long,
When once provok'd, they turn the Face to Danger.
But ſee, he comes, *Alphonſo Corſo* with him:
Let us withdraw, and when 'tis fit, rejoin him. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter King, Alphonſo Corſo.

King. Alphonſo Corſo.
Alph. Sir.
King. I think thou lov'ſt me.
Alph. More than my Life.
King. That's much; yet I believe thee.
My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
And all things move by that: But my *Alphonſo*,
She has a cruel Wit.
Alph. The Provocation, Sir.
King. I know it well:
But if thou'dſt have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Name of Kings.
What Honours, Intereſt, were the World to buy him,
Shall make a brave Man ſmile, and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, ſo cry'd up in Story.
Cæſar did ill, but did it in the Sun,
And formoſt in the Field; but ſneaking *Brutus*,
Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Boſom, ſtabb'd his Father.
This is a Blot which *Tully*'s Eloquence
Could ne'er wipe off, tho the miſtaken Man
Makes bold to call thoſe Traytors Men Divine.
Alph. Tully was wiſe, but wanted Conſtancy.

Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene.

Q. M. Good even Sir; 'tis juſt the time you order'd
To wait on your Deſires.
King. Oh Madam!
Q. M. Sir,
King. Oh Mother, but I cannot make it way;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddled up in Night.
Q. M. Speak then, for Speech is Morning to the Mind,
It ſpreads the beauteous Images abroad,
Which elſe lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.

King

King. You would imbark me in a Sea of Blood.

Q. M. You ſee the Pilot directly on your Perſon;
But give it o'er, I did but ſtate the Caſe.
Take *Guiſe* into your Heart, and drive your Friends;
Let Knaves in Shops preſcribe you how to ſway,
And when they read your Acts, with their vile Breath
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that;
Then in a drove come lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'd have it mended, that they will,
Or you ſhall be no King.

King. 'Tis true, the People
Ne'er know a Mean, when once they get the Power;
But Oh, if the Deſign we lay ſhould fail,
Better the Traitors never ſhould be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out, 'tis done.

Q. M. No Sir; you cannot fear the ſure Deſign:
But I have liv'd too long, ſince my own Blood
Dares not confide in her that gave him Being.

King. Stay Madam, ſtay, come back, forgive my Fears;
Where all our Thoughts ſhould creep like deepeſt Streams.
Know then, I hate aſpiring *Guiſe* to Death;
Whor'd *Marguerite* plots upon my Life;
And ſhall I not revenge?

Q. M. Why this is *Harry*;
Harry at *Moncontour*, when in his Bloom
He ſaw the Admiral *Coligny*'s Back.

King. O this Whale *Guiſe*, with all the *Lorain* Fry,
Might I but view him after his Plots and Plunges,
Struck on thoſe cowring Shallows that await him,
This were a *Florence* Maſter-piece indeed.

Q. M. He comes to take his leave.

King. Then for *Champaign*;
But lies in wait till *Paris* is in Arms.
Call *Grillon* in; all that I beg you now,
Is to be huſh'd upon the Conſultation,
As Urns that never blab.

Q. M. Doubt not your Friends;
Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.

Enter

Enter Grillon.

King. Welcome my Honeſt Man, my old try'd Friend.
Why doſt thou fly me *Grillon*, and retire?
Grill. Rather let me demand your Majeſty,
Why fly you from your ſelf? I've heard you ſay,
You'd arm againſt the League, why do you not?
The Thoughts of ſuch as you are Starrs Divine,
And when you mould with ſecond Caſt, the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the golden Vapour's gone.
King. Soft, my old Friend, *Guiſe* plots upon my Life,
Polin ſhall tell thee more: haſt thou not heard
Th' unſufferable Affronts he daily offers,
War without Treaſure on the *Hugonots*,
While I am forc'd againſt my bent of Soul,
Againſt all Laws, all Cuſtom, Right, Succeſſion,
To caſt *Navarre* from the Imperial Line? (tor.
Grill. Why do you, Sir? Death, let me tell the Trai-
King. Peace, *Guiſe* is going to his Government;
You are his Foe of old: Go to him, *Grillon*;
Viſit him as from me, to be employ'd
In this great War againſt the *Hugonots*,
And prithee tell him roundly of his Faults;
No farther, honeſt *Grillon*.
Grill. Shall I fight him?
King. I charge thee not.
Grill. If he provokes me, ſtrike him?
You'll grant me that.
King. Not ſo, my honeſt Soldier.
Yet ſpeak to him.
Grill. I will by Heav'n to th' purpoſe,
And if he force a bo[illegible]ting, who can help it? [*Ex.* Grill.
King. Follow *Alphonſo*; when the Storm is up,
Call me to part 'em.
2. *M. Grillon* to ask him Pardon,
Will let *Guiſe* know, we are not in the dark.
King. You hit the Judgment; yet, O yet, there's more,
Something upon my Heart, after theſe Counſels,
So ſoft, and ſo unworthy to be nam'd.

Q. M. They ſay that *Grillon*'s Niece is come to Court,
And means to kiſs your Hand. [*Exit* Q. Mother.
King. Could I but hope it.
O my dear Father, pardon me in this,
And then enjoin me all that Man can ſuffer;
But ſure the Powers above will take our Tears
For ſuch a fault, Love is ſo like themſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Louvre.*

Enter Guiſe *attended with his Family*, Marmoutier *meeting him new dreſt, attended*, &c.

Gui. Furies, ſhe keeps her Word, and I am loſt;
Yet let not thy Ambition ſhew it to her,
For after all ſhe does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Deſigns. Madam, I ſee
You're come to Court; the Robes you wear become you,
Your Air, Your Mien, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will kill at leaſt your thouſand in a Day. (ſand?
Mar. What, a whole Day, and kill but one poor thou-
An Hour you mean, and in that Hour ten thouſand?
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murder.
Mend me this Curl.
Gui. Woman!
Mar. You ſee, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you: I ſwear
The Court's a Heav'nly Place; but o' my Heart,
I know not why that Sigh ſhould come uncall'd;
Perhaps 'twas for your going, yet I ſwear
I never was ſo mov'd, O *Guiſe*, as now;
Juſt as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I ſaw the King.
Gui. Woman, all over Woman.
The World confeſſes, Madam, *Henry*'s Form
Is Noble and Majeſtick.
Mar. O you grudge
Th' extorted Praiſe, and ſpeak him but by halves.
Gui. Prieſt, *Corſo*, Devils! how ſhe carries it!

Mar.

Mar. I ſee, my Lord, you are come to take your leave;
And were it not to give the Court Suſpicion,
I would oblige you Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King.

Gui. Death and the Devil!

Mar. But ſince that cannot be, I'll take my leave
Of you, my Lord; Heav'n grant your Journey ſafe,
Farewel once more. Not ſtir? Does this become you?
Does your Ambition ſwell into your Eyes?
Jealouſy, by this Light: Nay then, proud *Guiſe*,
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace,
But I will carry't, Sir, to thoſe that are,
And leave you to the Curſe of Boſom War. [*Exit.*

May. Is this the Heav'nly?

Gui. Devil, Devil, as they are all;
'Tis true, at firſt ſhe caught the Heav'nly Form,
But now Ambition ſets her on her Head,
By Hell, I ſee the cloven Mark upon her:
Ha! *Grillon* here! ſome new Court Trick upon me.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. Sir, I have Buſineſs for your Ear.

Gui. Retire. [*Exeunt his Followers.*

Grill. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait
And bid you welcome to the Court.

Gui. The King
Still loads me with new Honours, but none greater
Than this the laſt.

Grill. There is one greater yet,
Your High Commiſſion againſt the Hugonots;
I and my Family ſhall ſhortly wait you,
And 'twill be glorious Work.

Gui. If you are there,
There muſt be Action.

Grill. Oh, your Pardon, Sir,
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;
But you, whoſe Life is one continued Broil,
What will not your Triumphant Arms accompliſh?
You, that were form'd for Maſters in War;

The

That, with a ſtart, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
To Horſe, and ſlaughter'd forty thouſand *Germans*.
Gui. Let me beſeech you, Colonel, no more.
Grill. But, Sir, ſince I muſt make at leaſt a Figure
In this great Buſineſs, let me underſtand
What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
Upon ſo dangerous an Expedition.
Gui. Sir, I intend the Greatneſs of the King,
The Greatneſs of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Buſineſs, Aim, and Glory;
And where ſo proper, as upon thoſe Rebels
That cover'd all the State with Blood and Death?
Grill. Stor'd Arſenals and Armories, Fields of Horſe,
Ordnance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry, not harraſs'd and diſeas'd,
To meet the fierce *Navarre*, ſhould firſt be thought on.
Gui. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm;
Therefore, thus much, and I have done. I go
To join the holy League in this great War,
In which no Place of Office, or Command,
Not of the Greateſt, ſhall be bought or ſold:
Whereas too often Honours are conferr'd
On Soldiers, and no Soldiers; this Man knighted
Becauſe he charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
And ſculk'd behind a Hedge i'th' Afternoon.
I will have ſtrict Examination made
Betwixt the Meritorious and the Baſe. (doubt
Grill. You have mouth'd it bravely, and there is no
Your Deeds would anſwer well your haughty Words;
Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
Curſe on the Hearts that hate him, that wou'd better,
Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
That better would become the Great Bellona;
That when he ſhines in Arms, and ſuns the Field,
Moves, ſpeaks, and fights, and is himſelf a War.
Gui. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the Great *Navarre*;
But yet ——
Grill. No yet, my Lord of *Guiſe*, no yet;
By Arms I bar you that, I ſwear, no yet;
For never was his like, nor ſhall again,

The

Tho voted from his Right by your curs'd League.
Gui. Judge not too raſhly of the holy League,
But look at home.
Grill. Ha! dar'ſt thou juſtify
Thoſe Villains?
Gui. I'll not juſtify a Villain
More than your ſelf; but if you thus proceed,
If every heated Breath can puff away,
On each Surmiſe, the Lives of free-born People,
What need that awful General Convocation,
The Aſſembly of the States? Nay, let me urge,
If thus they vilify the holy League,
What may their Heads expect?
Grill. What, if I cou'd,
They ſhould be certain of, whole Piles of Fire.
Gui. Colonel, 'tis very well, I know your Mind,
Which without fear or flattery to your Perſon,
I'll tell the King, and then, with his Permiſſion,
Proclaim it for a warning to our People.
Grill. Come, you're a Murderer your ſelf within,
A Traitor.
Gui. Thou a —— hot old hair-brain'd Fool.
Grill. You were Complotter with the curſed League,
The black Abettor of our *Harry*'s Death.
Gui. 'Tis falſe.
Grill. 'Tis true, as thou art double-hearted:
Thou double Traitor, to conſpire ſo baſely,
And when found out, more baſely to deny't.
Gui. O gracious *Harry*, let me ſound thy Name,
Leſt this old ruſt of War, this knotty Trifler
Should raiſe me to Extremes.
Grill. If thou'rt a Man,
That didſt refuſe the Challenge of *Navarre*,
Come forth.
Gui. Go on, ſince thou'rt reſolv'd on Death,
I'll follow thee, and bid thy ſhaking Soul.

Exeunt.

Enter King, Queen Mother, Alphonſo, Abbot, *&c.*

But ſee, the King: I ſcorn to ruin thee,
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.
King. Ha, Colonel, is this your friendly Viſit?
Tell me the Truth, how happen'd this Diſorder?
Thoſe ruffled Hands, red Looks, and port of Fury?
Grill I told him, Sir, ſince you will have it ſo,
He was the Author of the Rebel League,
Therefore a Traitor, and a Murderer.
King. Is't poſſible?
Gui. No matter, Sir, no matter:
A few hot Words, no more upon my Life;
The old Man rouz'd and ſhook himſelf a little:
So if your Majeſty will do me Honour,
I do beſeech you let the Buſineſs die.
King. Grillon, ſubmit your ſelf, and ask his Pardon.
Grill. Pardon me! I cannot do't.
King. Where are the Guards?
Gui. Hold, Sir; come Colonel, I'll ask Pardon for you,
This ſoldierly Embrace makes up the Breach;
We will be ſorry, Sir, for one another.
Grill. My Lord, I know not what to anſwer you,
I'm Friends, and I am not, and ſo farewel. [*Exit.*
King. You have your Orders; yet before you go,
Take this Embrace: I court you for my Friend,
Tho *Grillon* wou'd not.
Gui. I thank you on my Knees;
And ſtill while Life ſhall laſt, will take ſtrict care
To juſtify my Loyalty to your Perſon. [*Exit.*
Q. M. Excellent Loyalty, to lock you up!
King. I ſee even to the bottom of his Soul:
And, Madam, I muſt ſay the *Guiſe* has Beauties,
But they are ſet in Night, and foul Deſign:
He was my Friend when young, and might be ſtill.
Abbot. Mark'd you his hollow Accents at the parting?
Q. M. Grave in his Smiles.
King. Death in his bloodleſs Hands.
O *Marmoutier!* now I will haſte to meet thee;

The Face of Beauty, on this riſing Horror,
Looks like the midnight Moon upon a Murder;
It gilds the dark Deſign that ſtays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Grillon *and* Polin.

Grill. HAVE then this pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your late Diſcovery of the Plot?

Pol. Not as from me, for ſtill I kennel with them,
And bark as loud as the moſt deep-mouth'd Traytor,
Againſt the King, his Government and Laws;
Whereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Proceſſion, ſeize him,
And clap the *Chilperick* in a Monaſtry.
Thus it was fix'd, as I before diſcover'd:
But when, againſt his Cuſtom, they perceiv'd
The King abſented, ſtrait the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone.

Grill. Oh, 'tis like 'em,
'Tis like their mungrel Souls; Fleſh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if ſome crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'll run and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and houl for Mercy.

Pol. But *Malicorn*, ſagacious on the point,
Cry'd, call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raiſe you above hope,
The *Guiſe* my Maſter will be here to day.
For, on bare gueſs of what has been reveal'd,
He wing'd a Meſſenger to give him notice;
Yet, ſpite of all this Factor of the Fiends

Cou'd

Cou'd urge, they ſhrink their Heads like Hinds in Storms:
But ſee, they come.

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Grill. Away I'll have amongſt 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guiſe*'s coming,
That he may ſtrait diſpatch his ſtrict Commands
To ſtop him.

1 *Sher.* Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbuſs o'th' Court, away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his Face.

Grill. Hark you, my Friends, if you are not in haſte,
Becauſe you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a general Ruin.

2 *Sh.* Ruin to the City? marry, Heav'n forbid.

Grill. Amen, I ſay; for look you, I'm your Friend:
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To ſeize him, if not kill him; for who knows,
When once your Conſcience yields, how far 'twill ſtretch?
Next, quite to daſh your firmeſt hopes in pieces,
The Duke of *Guiſe* is dead.

1 *Sher.* Dead, Colonel!

2 *Sher.* Undone, undone!

Grill. The World cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at laſt,
Should join the *Spaniard*, and ſhould fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a moſt venomous one,
Which muſt be blooded?

1 *Sher.* Blooded, Colonel!

Grill. Ay, blooded, thou moſt infamous Magiſtrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*:
But, e'er that be, fall millions miſcreant Souls,
Such Earth-born Minds as yours: for mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages paſt conſign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes, to Imperial Hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your ſickly Years,
And now you're grown up to a Booby's Greatneſs,
What, wou'd you reſt the Scepter from his Hand?

Now, by the Majeſty of Kings I ſwear,
You ſhall as ſoon be ſav'd for packing Juries.
1 *Sher.* Why, Sir, may'nt Citizens be ſav'd?
Grill. Yes, Sir,
From drowning, to be hang'd, burnt, broke o'th' wheel.
1 *Sher.* Colonel, you ſpeak us plain.
Grill. A Plague confound you,
Why ſhould I not? what is there in ſuch Raſcals,
Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my Tongue?
Now, in the Devil's Name, what makes you here,
Dawbing the Inſide of the Court like Snails,
Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns?
To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,
And what the Cabinet-Council, then to th' City,
To ſpread your monſtrous Lyes, and ſow Sedition?
Wild-fire choak you.
1 *Sher.* Well, we'll think of this,
And ſo we take our leaves.
Grill. Nay, ſtay, my Maſters;
For I'm a thinking now juſt whereabouts
Grow the two talleſt Trees in *Arden* Foreſt.
1 *Sher.* For what, pray Colonel, if we may be ſo bold?
Grill. Why to hang you upon the higheſt Branches;
'Fore God it will be ſo; and I ſhall laugh
To ſee you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,
With the honeſt Crows pecking your Traytors Limbs.
All. Good Colonel!
Grill. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,
You moving Dirt, you rank ſtark Muck o'th' World,
You Oven-Bats, you things ſo far from Souls,
Like Dogs you're out of Providence's reach,
And only fit for hanging: but be gone,
And think of Plunder —— You right Elder Sheriff,
Who carv'd our *Henry*'s Image on a Table,
At your Club Feaſt, and after ſubb'd it thro.
1 *Sher.* Mercy, good Colonel.
Grill. Run with your Noſe to Earth,
Run Blood-hound, run, and ſcent out Royal Murder.
You ſecond Rogue, but equal to the firſt
Plunder, go hang, nay take your tackling with you.

For

For theſe ſhall hold you faſt, your Slaves hang you
In the mid Region in the Sun;
[*Exeunt Sheriffs and People.*
Plunder, be gone Vipers, Aſps, and Adders.

Enter Malicorn.

Ha, but here comes a Fiend that ſoars above
A Prince o'th' Air, that ſets the Mud a moving.
Mal. Colonel, a word.
Grill. I hold no ſpeech with Villains.
Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.
Grill. No matter, I had rather die traduc'd,
Than live by ſuch a Villain's help as thine.
Mal. Hate then the Traytor, but yet love the Treaſon.
Grill. Why, are not you a Villain?
Mal. 'Tis confeſs'd.
Grill. Then in the Name of all thy Brother Devils,
What wouldſt thou have with me?
Mal. I know you're honeſt,
Therefore it is my Buſineſs to diſturb you.
Grill. 'Fore God I'll beat thee, if thou urge me farther.
Mal. Why tho you ſhou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The Pleaſure I ſhall take in your Vexation,
Will heal my Bruiſes.
Grill. Wert thou definite, Rogue,
I'faith, I think that I ſhould give thee hearing;
But ſuch a boundleſs Villany as thine
Admits no Patience.
Mal. Your Niece is come to Court,
And yields her Honour to our *Henry*'s Bed.
Grill. Thou ly'ſt, damn'd Villain. [*Strikes him.*
Mal. So, why this I look'd for.
But yet I ſwear by Hell, and my Revenge,
'Tis true, as you have wrong'd me.
Grill. Wrong'd thee, Villain!
And name Revenge! O were thou *Grillon*'s Match,
And worthy of my Sword, I ſwear by this,
One had been paſt an Oath; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee dar'ſt not turn again.

Mal. 'Tis falſe, I dare like you, but cannot act;
There is no Force in this enervate Arm.
Blaſted I was e'er born, curſe on my Stars,
Got by ſome Dotard in his pithleſs Years,
And ſent a wither'd Saplin to the World.
Yet, I have Brain, and there is my Revenge;
Therefore I ſay again theſe Eyes have ſeen
Thy Blood at Court bright as a Summer's Morn,
When all the Heav'n is ſtreak'd with dappled Fires,
And fleck'd with Bluſhes like a rifled Maid;
Nay, by the gleamy Fires that melted from her,
Faſt Sighs and Smiles, ſwoln Lips and heaving Breaſts,
My Soul preſages *Henry* has enjoy'd her.

Grill. Again thou ly'ſt; and I will crumble thee,
Thou bottled Spider, into thy primitive Earth,
Unleſs thou ſwear thy very Thought's a Lye.

Mal. I ſtand in Adamant, and thus defy thee;
Nay, draw, and with the Edge betwixt my Lips,
Even while thou rak'ſt it thro my Teeth, I'll ſwear
All I have ſaid is true, as thou art honeſt,
Or I a Villain.

Grill. Damn'd infamous Wretch,
So much below my Scorn, I dare not kill thee;
And yet ſo much my Hate, that I muſt fear thee.
For ſhould it be as thou haſt ſaid, not all
The Trophies of my laurel'd Honeſty
Shou'd bar me from forſaking this bad World,
And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.

Mal. Ha, 'tis well, and now I am reveng'd.
I was in hopes thou wouldſt have utter'd Treaſon,
And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.

Grill. Haſt thou compacted for a Leaſe of Years
With Hell, that thus thou venture'ſt to provoke me?

Mal. Perhaps I have: (How right the Blockhead hits.)
Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
Thy Niece has been before the *Guiſe*'s Miſtreſs.

Grill. Hell-hound, avant.

Mal. Forgive my honeſt Meaning. [*Exit.*

Grill. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine Honour,
And thus he lays his Baits to catch my Soul:

Ha!

Ha! but the Preſence opens; who comes here?
By Heav'n my Niece, led by *Alphonſo Corſo!*

Enter Alphonſo, Marmoutier.

Ha, *Malicorn*, is't poſſible, Truth from thee!
'Tis plain, and I in juſtifying Woman
Have done the Devil wrong.
Alph. Madam, the King,
Pleaſe you to ſit, will inſtantly attend you.
Grill. Death, Hell, and Furies! ha, ſhe comes to ſeek (him;
O Proſtitute! and on her prodigal Fleſh
She 'as laviſh'd all the Diamonds of the *Guiſe*
To ſet her off, and ſell her to the King.
Mar. O Heav'ns! did ever Virgin yet attempt
An Enterprize like mine? I that reſolv'd
Never to leave thoſe dear delightful Shades,
But act the little Part that Nature gave me,
On the green Carpets of ſome guiltleſs Grove,
And having finiſh'd it forſake the World,
Unleſs ſometimes my Heart might entertain
Some ſmall Remembrance of the taking *Guiſe*:
But that far, far from any darkning Thought,
To cloud my Honour, or eclipſe my Virtue.
Grill. Thou liſt, and if thou hadſt not glanc'd aſide,
And ſpy'd me coming, I had had it all.
Mar. By Heav'n, by all that's good——
Grill. Thou haſt loſt thy Honour.
Give me thy Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
From the bold Ruffian in the Maſſacre,
That would have ſtain'd thy almoſt Infant Honour
With Luſt, and Blood; doſt thou remember it?
Mar. I do, and bleſs the godlike Arm that ſav'd me.
Grill. 'Tis falſe, thou haſt forgot my gen'rous Action;
And now thou laugh'ſt to think how thou haſt cheated,
For all his Kindneſs, this old griſled Fool.
Mar. Forbid it Heav'n!
Grill. But oh, that thou hadſt dy'd
Ten thouſand Deaths, e'er blaſted *Grillon's* Glory,
Grillon, that ſav'd thee from a barb'rous World.

Where thou hadſt ſtarv'd, or ſold thy ſelf for Bread,
Took thee into his Boſom, foſter'd thee
As his own Soul, and lapt thee in his Heart-Strings;
And now for all my Cares, to ſerve me thus!
O 'tis too much, ye Powers! double Confuſion
On all my Wars; and oh, out, ſhame upon them,
It wrings the Tears from *Grillon*'s iron Heart,
And melts me to a Babe.

Mar. Sir, Father, heaſ me;
I come to Court, to ſave the Life of *Guiſe*.

Grill. And proſtitute thy Honour to the King.

Mar. I have look'd, perhaps, too nicely for my Sex,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State;
And to advance this dangerous Inquiſition,
I liſten'd to the Love of daring *Guiſe*.

Grill. By Arms, by Honeſty, I ſwear thou lov'ſt him.

Mar. By Heav'n that gave thoſe Arms Succeſs, I ſwear
I do not, as you think; but take it all.
I've heard the *Guiſe*, not with an Angel's Temper,
Something beyond the Tenderneſs of Pity,
And yet not Love.
Now, by the Powers that fram'd me, this is all;
Nor ſhould the World have wrought this cloſe Confeſſion,
But to rebate your Jealouſy of Honour.

Grill. I know not what to ſay, nor what to think;
There's Heav'n ſtill in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing, for thy better Angel
Still makes the Woman's Tongue his riſing Ground,
Wags there awhile, and takes his flight for ever.

Mar. You muſt not go.

Grill. Tho I have Reaſon, plain
As Day, to judge thee falſe, I think thee true:
By Heav'n, methinks I ſee a Glory round thee;
There's ſomething ſays thou wilt not loſe thy Honour:
Death, and the Devil, that's my own Honeſty:
My fooliſh open Nature, that would have
All like my ſelf, but off, I'll hence, and curſe thee.

Mar. O ſtay!

Grill. I won't.

Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.

Let

Let me conjure you, for your own Soul's Quiet,
And for the everlaſting Reſt of mine,
Stir not till you have heard my Heart's Deſign.
Guiſ. Angel, or Devil, I will——nay, at this rate
She'll make me ſhortly bring him to her Bed.
Bawd for him? No, he ſhall make me run my Head
Into a Cannon, when 'tis firing, firſt.
That's honourable Sport; but I'll retire,
And if ſhe plays me falſe, here's that ſhall mend her.
[Marmoutier *ſits.* *Song and Dance.*

Enter the King.

King. After the breathing of a Love-ſick Heart,
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.
Mar. I diſcompoſe you, Sir.
King. Thou doſt, by Heav'n;
But with ſuch charming Pleaſure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angels view.
Mar. Love me, my Lord?
King. Who ſhou'd be lov'd, but you?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and ſelf are vile,
While you are by; try me upon deſpair,
My Kingdom at the Stake, Ambition ſtarv'd;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aſpire;
So once a day I may have leave——
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.
Mar. Fear you, Sir? What is there dreadful in you?
You've all the Graces that can crown Mankind;
Yet wear 'em ſo, as if you did not know 'em:
So ſtainleſs, fearleſs, free in all your Actions,
As if Heav'n lent you to the World to pattern.
King. Madam, I find you're no Petitioner;
My People wou'd not treat me in this ſort,
Tho 'twere to gain a Part of their Deſign:
But to the *Guiſe* they deal their faithleſs Praiſe
As faſt, as you your Flattery to me;
Tho for what end I cannot gueſs, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.

Mar. Forgive you, Heav'n, that Thought: No, mighty Monarch,
The Love of all the Good, and Wonder of the Great:
I ſwear, by Heav'n, my Heart adores and loves you.
King. O, Madam, riſe.
Mar. Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this ſeditious Rout that dare deſpiſe you;
Blaſt all my Days, ye Powers, torment my Nights;
Nay, let the Miſery invade my Sex,
That cou'd not for the Royal Cauſe, like me,
Throw all their Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you like Pilgrims thro the World.
Grill. Sound Wind and Limb, 'fore God a gallant Girl. [*Aſide.*
King. What ſhall I anſwer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a kingly Heart?
For, ſo I ſwear I will be to my laſt:
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's* Angel,
Shine thro my Cares, and make my Crown ſit eaſy.
Mar. No more, Sir.
King. What ſaid you, *Marmoutier?*
Why doſt thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns?
Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impoſſible, no more.
King. No more——and with that ſtern reſolv'd Behaviour.
By Heav'n, were I a dying, and the Prieſt
Shou'd urge my laſt Confeſſion, I'd cry out,
Oh *Marmoutier!* and yet thou ſay'ſt, No more.
Mar. 'Tis well, Sir, I have loſt my Aim, farewel.
King. Come back, O ſtay, my Life flows after you.
Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a trouble to you.
You will not hear my Suit.
King. You cannot go,
You ſha'not—— O your Suit, I kneel to grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.
Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or proſtrate, if you pleaſe,
Let me intreat for *Guiſe.*
King. Ha, Madam, what!
For *Guiſe!* for *Guiſe!* that ſtubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, ſlights his Pardon,

Mocks

Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life?
Ha! and do you protect him? then the World
Is ſworn to *Henry*'s Death: Does Beauty too,
And Innocence it ſelf, conſpire againſt me?
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my laſt Drop of Blood. Come, *Guiſe*, come, Cardinal,
All you lov'd Traitors, come —— I ſtrip to meet you;
Sheath all your Daggers in curſt *Henry*'s Heart.

Mar. This I expected, but when you have heard
How far I would intreat your Majeſty,
Perhaps you'll be more calm.

King. See, I'm huſh'd;
Speak then, how far, Madam, would you command?

Mar. Not to proceed to laſt Extremities,
Before the Wound is deſperate; think alone,
For no Man judges like your Majeſty,
Take your own Methods, all the Heads of *France*
Cannot ſo well adviſe you, as your ſelf:
Therefore reſume, my Lord, your godlike Temper,
Yet do not bear more than a Monarch ſhould:
Believe it, Sir, the more your Majeſty
Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it carries.

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect Model
Of Heav'n it ſelf, an Abſtract of the Angels,
Forgive the late Diſturbance of my Soul;
I'm clear by Nature, as a rockleſs Stream,
But they dig thro the Gravel of my Heart;
Therefore let me conjure you do not go.
'Tis ſaid the *Guiſe* will come, in ſpite of me;
Suppoſe it poſſible, and ſtay to adviſe me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal Word, no more.

King. I will be eaſy
To my laſt Gaſp, as your own Virgin Thoughts,
And never dare to breathe my Paſſion more;
Yet you'll allow me now and then to ſigh
As we diſcourſe, and court you with my Eyes.

Enter

Enter Alphonſo.

Why do you wave your Hand,
And warn me hence?
So looks the poor condemn'd,
When Juſtice beckons, there's no hope of Pardon;
Sternly, like you, the Judge his Victim eyes,
And thus, like me, the Wretch deſpairing dies.
[*Exit with* Alph.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. O rare, rare Creature! by the Power that made me,
Were poſſible we cou'd be damn'd again.
By ſome new *Eve*, ſuch Virtue might relieve us;
O I cou'd claſp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
And kiſs thy Beauties to a Diſſolution.
Mar. Uncle, Brother, all the Kin,
The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
Believe, dear Sir, whate'er my Actions ſeem,
I will not loſe my Virtue for a Throne.
Grill. Why, I will carve thee out a Throne my ſelf;
I'll hew down all the Commonwealths in *Chriſtendom*,
And ſeat thee on their Necks, as high as Heav'n.

Enter Abbot Delbene.

Ab. Colonel, your Ear.
Mar. By theſe whiſpering Counſels,
My Soul preſages that the *Guiſe* is coming:
If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
I'd ſacrifice him in the City's Sight.
O Heav'ns! what was't I ſaid? Were I a Man,
I know not that, but as I am a Virgin,
If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guiſe*,
It ſhou'd be kneeling to the Throne of Mercy.
Ha! then thou lov'dſt, that thou art thus concern'd;
Down, riſing Miſchief, down, or I will kill thee,

Even

Even in thy Cauſe, and ſtrangle new-born Pity:
Yet, if he were not married! ha, what then?
His Charms prevail; no, let the Rebel die.
I faint beneath this ſtrong Oppreſſion here,
Reaſon and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judge, and ſtill let Virtue conquer;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But Reaſon over-winds and cracks the String. [*Exit.*

Ab. The King diſpatches Order upon Order,
With poſitive Command to ſtop his coming.
Yet there is Notice given to the City;
Beſides, *Bellieure* brought but a half account,
How that the *Guiſe* reply'd he would obey
His Majeſty in all, yet if he might
Have leave to juſtify himſelf before him,
He doubted not his Cauſe.

Grill. The Ax, the Ax.
Rebellion's pamper'd to a Pleuriſy,
And it muſt bleed. [*Shouts within.*

Ab. Hark, what a Shout was there?
I'll to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On purpoſe thus. Let there be Truth or Lyes
In this mad Fame, I'll bring you inſtant Word.
[*Exit* Abbot.

Manet Grillon: *Enter* Guiſe, *Cardinal* Mayen, Malicorn, *Attendants*, &c. *Shouts again.*

Grill. Death, and thou Devil *Malicorn*, is that
Thy Maſter?

Gui. Yes, *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guiſe*,
One that wou'd court you for a Friend.

Grill. A Friend!
Traitor, thou mean'ſt, and ſo I bid thee welcome;
But ſince thou art ſo inſolent, thy Blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied. [*Exit.*

Gui. The Bruiſes of his Loyalty have craz'd him.
[*Shouts louder.*

Spirit

Spirit within ſings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, *ho!*
If the Guiſe *reſolves to die,*
I charge, I warn thee let him know,
Perhaps his Head may lie too low.

Gui. Why, *Malicorn?*
Mal. (*ſtarting.*) Sir, do not ſee the King.
Gui. I will.
Mal. 'Tis dangerous.
Gui. Therefore I will ſee him,
And ſo report my Danger to the People.
Halt to your Judgment, let him, if he dare;
But more, more, more, why, *Malicorn*, again?
I thought a Look with us had been a Language;
I'll talk my Mind on any Point but this
By Glances; ha, not yet, thou mak'ſt me bluſh
At thy Delay; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,
Ambition, or a Crown.
Mal. What, *Marmoutier!*
Gui. Ay, there a General's Heart beats like a Drum,
Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head and Breaſt
Ake, as I'd been a Horſe-back forty hours.
Mal. She has ſeen the King.
Gui. I thought ſhe might. A Trick upon me, well.
Mal. Paſſion o' both ſides.
Gui. His, thou meaneſt.
Mal. On her's,
Down on her Knees.
Gui. And up again, no matter.
Mal. Now all in Tears, now ſmiling, ſad at parting.
Gui. Diſſembled, for ſhe told me this before,
'Twas all put on that I might hear, and rave.
Mal. And ſo, to make ſure Work on't, by Conſent
Of *Grillon*, who is made their Bawd——
Gui. Away.
Mal. She's lodg'd at Court.
Gui. 'Tis falſe, they do bely her.
Mal. But, Sir, I ſaw the Apartment.

Gui.

Gui. What, at Court?
Mal. At Court, and near the King; 'tis true by Heav'n,
I never play'd you foul, why ſhould you doubt me?
Gui. I wou'd thou hadſt e'er thus unmann'd my Heart;
Blood, Battels, Fire, and Death! I run, I run,
With this laſt Blow, he drives me like a Coward;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the Thought of theſe irregular Vapours,
The Blood han't burſt my Lips.
Card. Peace, Brother.
Gui. By Heav'n, I took thee for my Soul's Phyſician,
And doſt thou vomit me with this loath'd Piece?
'Tis contradiction; no, my peaceful Brother,
I'll meet him now, tho fire-arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd croſs my way. O Jealouſy of Love!
Greater than Fame; thou eldeſt of the Paſſions,
Or rather, all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where-e'er thou'rt thron'd, in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood and Ruin.
Card. Have you no Temper?
Gui. Pray, Sir, give me leave,
A Moment's Thought; ha, but I ſweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that way, 'twill not fix
On ought but Vengeance; *Malicorn*, call the People.
[*Shouts within.*
But hark, they ſhout again, I'll on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards;
Yet more, on ſuch exalted Cauſes born,
I'll wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale, while in his Courts without
The People ſhout him dead with their Alarms,
And make his Miſtreſs tremble in his Arms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter King and Council.

[*Shouts without.*

King. What mean theſe Shouts?
Ab. I told your Majeſty,

The

The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with hopes
Of their Deliverer. [*Shouts again.*
King. Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder; ſee *Alphonſo*, what's the Cauſe.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. My Lord, the *Guiſe* is come.
King. Is't poſſible! ha! *Grillon*, fanſt thou, come?
Grill. Why droops the Royal Majeſty? O Sir——
King. O Villain, Slave, wert thou my late-born Heir,
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying;
But Peace, thou feſtring Thought, and hide thy Wound;
Where is he?
Grill. With her Majeſty, your Mother;
She has taken Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With thirty thouſand Rebels at his Heels.
King. What's to be done? No pall upon my Spirits;
But he that loves me beſt, and dares the moſt
On this nice Point of Empire, let him ſpeak.
Alph. I would adviſe you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him inſtantly upon the Spot.
Ab. I like *Alphonſo*'s Counſel, ſhort, ſure Work,
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Q. M. Sir, the *Guiſe* waits.
King. He enters on his Fate.
Q. M. Not ſo, forbear, the City's up in Arms;
Nor doubt, if in their Heat you cut him off,
That they will ſpare the Royal Majeſty.
Once, Sir, let me adviſe, and rule your Fury.
King. You ſhall, I'll ſee him, and I'll ſpare him now.
Q. M. What will you ſay?
King. I know not,
Colonel *Grillon*, call the Archers in,
Double your Guards, and ſtrictly charge the *Swiſs*
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traitor. [*Ex.* Grill.

My

My Heart has ſet thee down, O *Guiſe*, in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood never to be blotted out.
Q. M. Yet you'll relent, when this hot Fit is over.
King. If I forgive him, may I ne'er be forgiven;
No, if I tamely bear ſuch Inſolence,
What act of Treaſon will the Villain ſtop at?
Seize me, they've ſworn, impriſon me's the next,
Perhaps arraign me, and then doom me dead;
But e'er I ſuffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on their ſlaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch; which implies alone
To wield the Scepter, and depend on none. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Louvre.*

A Chair of State plac'd, the King appears ſitting in it; a Table by him on which he leans, Attendance on each ſide of them: amongſt the reſt, Abbot, Grillon, *and* Bellieure. *The* Queen-Mother *enters led by the Duke of* Guiſe, *who makes his Approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair; after the third, the King riſes, and coming forward, ſpeaks.*

King. Sent you word you ſhould not come.
Gui. Sir, that I came ——
King. Why, that you came, I ſee.
Once more, I ſent you word, you ſhould not come.
Gui. Not come to throw my ſelf with all Submiſſion,
Beneath your Royal Feet, to put my Cauſe
And Perſon in the Hands of Sovereign Juſtice!
King. Now 'tis with all Submiſſion, that's the Preface,
Yet ſtill you came againſt my ſtrict Command,

You

You diſobey'd me, Duke, with all Submiſſion.
Gui. Sir, it was the laſt Neceſſity that drove me
To clear my ſelf of Calumnies and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd againſt my Innocence;
Yet had I known it was your expreſs Command,
I ſhou'd not have approach'd.
King. 'Twas as expreſs, as Words could ſignify;
Stand forth *Bellieure*, it ſhall be prov'd you know it.
Stand forth, and to this falſe Man's Face declare
Your Meſſage, word for word.
Bell. Sir, thus it was; I met him on the way,
And plain as I could ſpeak, I gave your Orders,
Juſt in theſe following Words ——
King. Enough, I know you told him;
But he has us'd me long to be contemn'd,
And I can ſtill be patient, and forgive.
Gui. And I can ask Forgiveneſs when I err;
But let my gracious Maſter pleaſe to know
The true Intent of my miſconſtru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame
From wrong Conſtructions? And ——
King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd, your Conſcience knows
You were not wrong'd; were you not plainly told,
That if you dar'd to ſet your Foot in *Paris*,
You ſhou'd be held the Cauſe of all Commotions,
That ſhou'd from thence enſue? and yet you came.
Gui. Sir, will you pleaſe with Patience but to hear me?
King. I will, and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guiſe*,
To clear you to my ſelf.
Gui. I had been told
There were in agitation here at Court,
Things of the higheſt note againſt Religion,
Againſt the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honeſt well-affected Men;
I therefore judg'd ——
King. Then you it ſeems are Judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion againſt me?

Gui.

Gui. I fear'd it might be repreſented ſo,
And came reſolv'd ——
King. To head the factious Croud.
Gui. To clear my Innocence.
King. The Means for that,
Had been your Abſence from this hot-brain'd Town ——
Where you, not I, the King ——
I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart;
Come what may come, he dies.
Q. M. ſtopping the King. What mean you, Sir?
You tremble and look pale, for Heav'n's ſake think,
'Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him.
King. Had I ten thouſand Lives, I'd venture all.
Give me way, Madam.
Q. M. Not to your Deſtruction.
The whole *Pariſian* Herd is at your Gates;
A Croud's a Name too ſmall, they are a Nation,
Numberleſs, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul inſpires 'em.
King. And that one Soul's the *Guiſe*, I'll rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.
Gui. [*aſide.*] My Fate is now i'th' Ballance, Fool within,
I thank thee for thy Foreſight.
Q. M. Your Guards oppoſe 'em.
King. Why not? a Multitude's a bulky Coward.
Q. M. By Heav'n there are not Limbs in all your Guards
For every one a Morſel.
King. *Cæſar* quell'd 'em,
But with a Look and Word.
Q. M. So *Galba* thought.
King. But *Galba* was not *Cæſar*.
Gui. I muſt not give 'em time for Reſolution. [*Aſide.*
My Journey, Sir, has diſcompos'd my Health. [*To the King.*
I humbly beg your leave I may retire,
Till your Commands recal me to your Service. [*Ex.* Guiſe.

Manent King, Queen Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

King. So, you have counſel'd well; the Traitor's gone
To mock the Meekneſs of an injur'd King. [*To Q. M.*

Why

Why did not you, who gave me part of Life,
Infuſe my Father ſtronger in my Veins?
But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
You pall'd his generous Blood with the dull Mixture
Of your *Italian* Food, and mill'd ſlow Arts
Of womaniſh Tameneſs in my Infant Youth:
Why ſtood I ſtupid elſe, and miſs'd a Blow
Which Heav'n and daring Folly made ſo fair?

Q. M. I ſtill maintain 'twas wiſely done to ſpare him.

Grill. A pox o'this unſeaſonable Wiſdom;
He was a Fool to come; if ſo, then they
Who let him go, were ſomewhat.

King. Th' Event, th' Event will ſhew us what we were.
For like a blazing Meteor hence he ſhot,
And drew a ſweeping fiery Train along.
O *Paris*, *Paris*, once my Seat of Triumph,
But now the Scene of all thy King's Misfortunes,
Ungrateful, periur'd, and diſloyal Town,
Which by my Royal Preſence I have warm'd
So long, that now the Serpent hiſſes out,
And ſhakes his forked Tongue at Majeſty.
While I ——

Q. M. While you loſe time in idle Talk,
And uſe no means for Safety and Prevention.

King. What can I do? O Mother, *Abbot*, *Grillon*!
All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain my Cauſe is deſperate.
Such an o'er-whelming Ill makes Grief a Fool,
As if Redreſs were paſt.

Grill. I'll go to the next Sheriff,
And beg the firſt Reverſion of a Rope;
Diſpatch is all my Buſineſs, I'll hang for you.

Abb. 'Tis not ſo bad, as vainly you ſurmiſe;
Some ſpace there is, ſome little ſpace, ſome ſteps
Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
But yet not arm'd, nor martial'd into Order:
Believe it, Sir, the *Guiſe* will not attempt,
Till he have roll'd his Snow-ball to a heap.

King. So then, my Lord, we're a Day off from Death,
What ſhall to-morrow do?

Abb.

Abb. To-morrow, Sir,
If Hours between ſlide not too idly by,
You may be Maſter of their Deſtiny,
Who now diſpoſe ſo loftily of your's.
Not far without the Suburbs there are quarter'd
Three thouſand *Swiſs*, and two *French* Regiments.
King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their Head.
Q. M. Send Marets to *Byron* to lead 'em up.
King. It ſhall be ſo, by Heav'n there's Life in this;
The wracking Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And ſhows a break of Sun-ſhine.
Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And ſee your Soldiers well diſpos'd within,
For ſafeguard of the *Louvre*.
Q. M. One thing more,
The *Guiſe* (his Buſ'neſs not yet fully ripe)
Will treat at leaſt for ſhow of Loyalty;
Let him be met with the ſame Arts he brings.
King. I know he'll make exorbitant Demands;
But here your part of me will come in play;
Th' *Italian* Soul ſhall teach me how to ſooth:
Ev'n *Jove* muſt flatter with an empty Hand,
'Tis time to thunder when he gripes the Brand. [*Ex.*

A Night SCENE.

Enter Malicorn.

Mal. Thus far the Cauſe of God: but God's or Devil's,
I mean my Maſter's Cauſe, and mine ſucceed:
What ſhall the *Guiſe* do next? [*A flaſh of Lightning.*

Enter the Spirit Melanax.

Mel. Firſt ſeize the King, and after murder him.
Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'ſt uncall'd to Night.
Mel. Always uncall'd, and ſtill at hand for Miſchief.
Mal. —— But why in this fanatick Habit, Devil?
Thou look'ſt like one that preaches to the Croud;

Goſpel

Goſpel is in thy Face, and outward Garb,
And Treaſon on thy Tongue.
Mel. Thou haſt me right.
Ten thouſand Devils more are in this Habit,
Sainthip and Zeal are ſtill our beſt Diſguiſe:
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtleſs Croud,
And quoting Scriptures, which as well we know,
With impious Gloſſes ban the holy Text,
And make it ſpeak Rebellion, Schiſm, Murder,
So turn the Arms of Heav'n againſt it ſelf.
Mal. What makes the Curate of St. *Euſtace* here?
Mel. Thou art miſtaken, Maſter, 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has aſſum'd the Churchman's lucky Shape,
To talk the Croud to Madneſs and Rebellion.
Mal. O true Enthuſiaſtick Devil, true!
For Lying is thy Nature, ev'n to me:
Didſt thou not tell me, if my Lord the *Guiſe*
Enter'd the Court, his Head ſhou'd then lie low?
That was a Lye; he went, and is return'd.
Mel. 'Tis falſe; I ſaid, perhaps it ſhould lie low.
And, but I chill'd the Blood in *Henry*'s Veins,
And cramm'd a thouſand ghaſtly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thruſt 'em foremoſt in his lab'ring Brain,
Ev'n ſo it wou'd have been.
Mal. Thou haſt deſerv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil; what do we next?
Mel. I ſaid, Firſt ſeize the King.
Mal. Suppoſe it done,
He's clapt within a Convent, ſhorn a Saint,
My Maſter mounts the Throne.
Mel. Not ſo faſt, *Malicorn*;
Thy Maſter mounts not, till the King be ſlain.
Mal. Not when depos'd?
Mel. He cannot be depos'd,
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there ſhone a Regal Star.
Mal. My Maſter had a ſtronger.
Mel. No, not a ſtronger, but more popular:
Their Births were full oppos'd, the *Guiſe* now ſtrongeſt

But if th' ill Influence paſs o'er *Harry*'s Head,
As in a Year it will, *France* ne'er ſhall boaſt
A greater King than he; now cut him off,
While yet his Stars are weak.
Mal. Thou talk'ſt of Stars:
Canſt thou not ſee more deep into Events,
And by a ſurer Way?
Mel. No, *Malicho*,
The ways of Heav'n are broken ſince our Fall,
Gulph beyond Gulph, and never to be ſhot:
Once we cou'd read our mighty Maker's Mind,
As in a Chryſtal Mirror, ſee th' Ideas
Of things that always are, as he is always:
Now ſhut below in this dark Sphere,
By ſecond Cauſes dimly we may gueſs,
And peep far off on Heav'n's revolving Orbs,
Which caſt obſcure Reflections from the Throne.
Mal. Then tell me thy Surmiſes of the future.
Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Juſt when the Sun was entring the Ram:
Th' aſcending Scorpion poiſon'd all the Sky,
A ſign of deep Deceit and Treachery.
Full on his Cup his angry Maſter ſat,
Conjoyn'd with *Saturn*, baleful both to Man:
Of ſecret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Striſe, Blood, and Maſſacres, expect to hear,
And all th' Events of an ill-omen'd Year.
Mal. Then flouriſh Hell, and mighty Miſchief reign,
Miſchief to ſome, to others muſt be good;
But hark, for now tho 'tis the dead of Night,
When Silence broods upon our darkned World,
Methinks I hear a murmuring hollow Sound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bells in Steeples touch'd.
Mel. 'Tis truly gueſs'd:
But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's hand,
There's not a damned Ghoſt, nor Hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo ſcape, but hither flies,
With leathern Wings they beat the dusky Skies.
To ſacred Churches all in ſwarms repair,

Some

Some croud the Spires, but moſt the hallow'd Bells,
And ſoftly toll for Souls departing Knells;
Each Chime thou hear'ſt, a future Death foretels.
Now there they perch to have 'em in their Eyes,
Till all go loaded to the nether Skies.

Mal. To-morrow then.

Mel. To-morrow let it be:
Or thou deceiv'ſt thoſe hungry [illegible] Fiends,
And *Beelzebub* will rage.

Mal. Why *Beelzebub*? haſt thou not often ſaid,
That *Lucifer*'s your King?

Mel. I told thee true:
But *Lucifer*, as he who foremoſt fell,
So now lies loweſt in th' Abyſs of Hell;
Chain'd till the dreadful Doom, in place of whom
Sits *Beelzebub*, Vicegerent of the Damn'd,
Who liſtning downward hears his roaring Lord,
And executes his Purpoſe. But no more,
The Morning creeps behind yon Eaſtern Hill;
And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves
And fooliſh Fairies from their Moon-light Play,
And laſh the Laggers from the ſight of Day. [*Deſcends.*

Enter Guiſe, Mayenne, Cardinal, *and* Archbiſhop.

May. Sullen, methinks, and ſlow the Morning breaks,
As if the Sun were liſtleſs to appear,
And dark Deſigns hung heavy on the Day.

Gui. Y'are an old Man too ſoon, y'are ſuperſtitious,
I'll truſt my Stars, I know 'em now by proof,
The Genius of the King bends under mine:
Inviron'd with his Guards, he durſt not touch me;
But aw'd and craven'd as he had been ſpell'd,
Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guiſe*, and durſt not.

Card. We have him in our Power, coopt in his Court.
Who leads the firſt Attack? Now by yon Heav'n ——
That bluſhes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll doff
This womaniſh Attire of Godly Peace,
And cry, Lie there, Lord Cardinal of *Guiſe*.

Gui.

Gui. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* too cool,
But 'tis the manlier Fault o'th' two.
Archb. Have you not heard the King, preventing Day,
Receiv'd the Guards into the City Gates,
The jolly *Swiſſes* marching to their Fifes?
The Croud ſtood gaping, heartleſs, and amaz'd,
Shrunk to their Shops, and left the Paſſage free.
Gui. I would it could be ſo, 'twas a good horror,
Firſt let 'em fear for Rapes, and ranſack'd Houſes;
That vain fright, when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their ſoft City Courages:
Cold Burghers muſt be ſtruck, and ſtruck like Flints,
E'er their hid Fire will ſparkle.
Archb. I am glad the King has introduc'd theſe Guards
Car. Your Reaſon.
Archb. They are too few for us to fear.
Our Numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not caſt in; but the pretence
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this Riſing paſs for juſt Defence.
May. Suppoſe the City ſhould not riſe.
Gui. Suppoſe as well the Sun ſhould never riſe:
He may not riſe, for Heav'n may play a trick;
But he has riſen from *Adam*'s time to ours.
Is nothing to be left to noble Hazard?
No Venture made, but all dull Certainty?
By Heav'n I'll tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather than have it on tame Terms of yielding.
I ſcorn to poach for Power.

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Guiſe.

A Lady, ſay'ſt thou, young, and beautiful,
Brought in a Chair?
Conduct her in —— [*Exit Serv.*
Card. You wou'd be left alone?
Gui. I wou'd; Retire.

Re-enter Servant with Marmoutier, *and Exit.*

Is't poſſible, I dare not truſt my Eyes: [*Starting back.*
You are not *Marmoutier!*
Mar. What am I then?
Gui. Why, any thing but ſhe.
What ſhould the Miſtreſs of a King do here?
Mar. Find him, who wou'd be Maſter of a King.
Gui. I ſent not for you, Madam.
Mar. I think, my Lord, the King ſent not for you.
Gui. Do you not fear your Viſit will be known?
Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels and Traytors;
Where-e'er I go, my Virtue is my Guard.
Gui. What Devil has ſent thee here to plague my Soul?
O that I cou'd deteſt thee now as much
As ever I have lov'd, nay, even as much
As yet in ſpite of all thy Crimes I love:
But 'tis a Love ſo mix'd with dark Deſpair,
The Smoke and Soot ſmother the riſing Flame,
And make my Soul a Furnace: Woman, Woman,
What can I call thee more? if Devil, 'twere leſs.
Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*;
But *Eve* play'd falſe, engend'ring with the Serpent,
Her own part worſe than his.
Mar. Then they got Traytors.
Gui. Yes, Angel-Traytors, fit to ſhine in Palaces,
Fork'd into Ills, and ſplit into Deceits;
Two in their very frame: 'twas well, 'twas well,
I ſaw not thee at Court, thou Baſilisk;
For if I had, thoſe Eyes, without his Guards,
Had done the Tyrant's work.
Mar. Why then, it ſeems,
I was not falſe in all; I told you, *Guiſe*,
If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court:
You ſee I kept my Promiſe.
Gui. Still thy Sex:
Once true in all thy Life, and that for Miſchief.
Mar. Have I ſaid I lov'd you?

Gui.

Gui. Stab on, Stab,
'Tis plain you love the King.
Mar. Nor him, nor you,
In that unlawful way you ſeem to mean.
My Eyes had once ſo far betray'd my Heart,
As to diſtinguiſh you from common Men;
Whate'er you ſaid or did, was charming all. (ing.
Gui. But yet it ſeems, you found a King more charm-
Mar. I do not ſay more charming, but more noble,
More truly royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in Wiſhes.
Gui. May be ſo:
But Love has oil'd your Tongue to run ſo glib,
Curſe on your Eloquence.
Mar. Curſe not that Eloquence, that ſav'd your Life;
For when your wild Ambition, which defy'd
A Royal Mandat, hurried you to Town;
When over-weening Pride of popular Power,
Had thruſt you headlong in the *Louvre* Toils,
Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majeſty
Had doom'd you to the Death you well deſerv'd.
Gui. Then was't not *Henry's* Fear preſerv'd my Life?
Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know him:
He's born to give you Fear, not to receive it.
Gui. Say this again, but add you gave not up
Your Honour as the Ranſom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.
Mar. And ſo it were.
Gui. Why ſaid you, So it were?
For tho 'tis true, methinks 'tis much unkind.
Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of Kindneſs;
If you acknowledge I have ſav'd your Life,
Be grateful in return, and do an Act
Your Honour, tho unask'd by me, requires.
Gui. By Heav'n, and you whom next to Heav'n I love,
(If I ſaid more, I fear I ſhould not lye)
I'll do whate'er my Honour will permit.
Mar. Go throw your ſelf at *Henry's* Royal Feet,
And riſe not, till approv'd a Loyal Subject.

Gui. A duteous loyal Subject I was ever.
Mar. I'll put it ſhort, my Lord, depart from *Paris.*
Gui. I cannot leave
My Country, Friends, Religion, all at ſtake;
Be wiſe, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the turn, forſake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a Merit of your Love.
Mar. No, I'll return, and periſh in thoſe Ruins;
I find thee now, ambitious, faithleſs *Guiſe*:
Farewel the baſeſt, and the worſt of Men.
Gui. Stay, or — O Heav'n! I'll force you: Stay —
Mar. I do believe
So ill of you, ſo villainouſly ill,
That if you durſt you would:
Honour you've little, Honeſty you've leſs;
But Conſcience you have none.
Yet there's a thing call'd Fame, and Mens Eſteem,
Preſerves me from your Force; once more farewel:
Look on me *Guiſe*, thou ſeeſt me now the laſt,
Tho Treaſon urge not Thunder on thy Head,
This once departing Glance ſhall flaſh thee dead. [*Exit.*
Gui. Ha, ſaid ſhe true? have I ſo little Honour?
Why then a Prize ſo eaſy, and ſo fair,
Had never 'ſcap'd my Gripe: but mine ſhe is,
For that's ſet down as ſure as *Harry*'s Fall.
But my Ambition, that ſhe calls my Crime:
Falſe, falſe, by Fate, my Right was born with me,
And Heav'n confeſs'd it in my very Frame;
The Fires that would have form'd ten thouſand Angels,
Were cram'd together for my ſingle Soul.

Enter Malicorn.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious Hours away,
The Heav'ns look gaudily upon your Greatneſs,
And the crown'd Moments court you as they fly;
Briſack and fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Swiſs*,
And folded 'em like Sheep in holy Ground,
Where now with order'd Pikes, and Colours furl'd,

They

They wait the Word that dooms 'em all to die:
Come forth and bleſs the Triumph of the Day.

Gui. So ſlight a Victory requir'd not me;
I but ſat ſtill, and nodded like a God
My World into Creation; now 'tis time
To walk abroad, and careleſly ſurvey
How the dull Mass does the Form obey.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Citizens, and Melanax *in his fanatick Habit at the Head of 'em.*

Mel. Hold, hold a little, Fellow-Citizens, and you Gentlemen of the Rabble; a word of godly Exhortation to ſtrengthen your Hands, e'er you give the Onſet.

1 *Cit.* Is this a time to make Sermons? I wou'd not hear the Devil now, tho he ſhould come in God's name to preach Peace to us.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be deſpis'd, we have all profited by godly Sermons that promote Sedition. Let the precious Man hold forth.

Omnes. Let him hold forth, let him hold forth.

Mel. To promote Sedition is my Buſineſs: It has been ſo before any of you were born, and will be ſo when you are all dead and damn'd; I have led on the Rabble in all Ages.

1 *Cit.* That's a Lye, and a loud one.

2 *Cit.* He has led the Rabble both old and young, that's all Ages: A heav'nly ſweet Man, I warrant him, I have ſeen him ſomewhere in a Pulpit.

Mel. I've ſown Rebellion every where.

1 *Cit.* How every where? That's another Lye: How far have you travell'd, Friend?

Mel. Over all the World.

1 *Cit.* That's a Rapper.

2 *Cit.* I ſay, no: For, look you Gentlemen, if he has been a Traveller, he certainly ſays true, for he may lye by Authority.

Mel. That the Rabble may depoſe their Prince, has in all Times, and in all Countries, been accounted lawful.

1 *Cit.* That's the firſt true Syllable he has utter'd: But as how, and whereby, and when may they depoſe him?

Mel. Whenever they have more Power to depoſe, than he has to oppoſe; and this they may do upon the leaſt occaſion.

1 *Cit.* Sirrah, you mince the Matter: you ſhould ſay, we may do it upon no occaſion, for the leſs the better.

Mel. Aſide. Here's a Rogue now will out-ſhoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2 *Cit.* Some Occaſion, in my mind, were not amiſs: For, look you Gentlemen, if we have no occaſion, then we have no occaſion whereby to depoſe him; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I ſtick to thoſe occaſions: For when they are gone, Good night to Godlineſs and Freedom.

Mel. When the moſt are of one ſide, as that's our Caſe, we are always in the Right; for they that are in Power will ever be the Judges: So that if we ſay, White is Black, poor White muſt loſe the Cauſe, and put on Mourning; for White is but a ſingle Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence: Therefore go on boldly, and lay on reſolutely, for your ſolemn League and Covenant; and if here be any ſqueamiſh Conſcience who fears to fight againſt the King, tho I that have known you Citizens theſe thouſand Years ſuſpect not any, let ſuch underſtand, That his Majeſty's politick Capacity is to be diſtinguiſh'd from his natural; and tho you murder him in one, you may preſerve him in the other: and ſo much for this time, becauſe the Enemy is at hand.

2 *Cit.* [*Looking out.*] Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis *Grillon* the fierce Colonel, he that devours our Wives, and raviſhes our Children.

1 *Cit.* He looks ſo grum, I don't care to have to do with him; wou'd I were ſafe in my Shop behind the Compter.

2 *Cit.* And wou'd I were under my Wife's Petticoats. Look you, Gentlemen.

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter, yeſterday paid a Bill of Exchange in Glaſs *Louis d'ors*; and you,

you, Friend, that cry, Look you Gentlemen, this very Morning was under another Woman's Petticoats, and not your Wife's.

2 *Cit.* How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight luſtily for the Cauſe of Heav'n, and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conſcience, I abſolve you both, and all the reſt of you: Now go on merrily, for thoſe that eſcape ſhall avoid killing; and thoſe who do not eſcape, I will provide for in another World.

[*Cry within on the other Side of the Stage*, Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.

Enter Grillon, *and his Party.*

Grill. Come on, Fellow-Soldiers, *Commilitones*, that's my Word, as 'twas *Julius Cæſar*'s of *Pagan* Memory; 'fore God I am no Speech-maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's Bilbo, that's a Word and a Blow, we muſt either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure Neceſſity for your comfort: Now if any Man can be ſo unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with your Souls, as to ſtand ſtill like a good Chriſtian, and offer his Weeſon to a Butcher's Whittle, I ſay no more, but that he may be ſay'd, and that's the beſt can come on him.

[*Cry on both Sides*, Vive le Roy, Vive Guiſe. *They fight.*

Mel. Hey for the Duke of *Guiſe* and Property, up with Religion and the Cauſe, and down with thoſe arbitrary Rogues there: Stand to't, you aſſociated Cuckolds.

[*Citizens go back.*

O Rogues, O Cowards, damn theſe half-ſtrain'd Shopkeepers, got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers? twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em.

[*They all run off*, Melanax *with them, the* 1 *and* 2 *Citizen taken.*

Grill. Poſſeſs your ſelves of the Place, *Maubert*, And hang me up thoſe two Rogues for an Example.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* O ſpare me, ſweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new ſet up.

Grill. I'll be your Cuſtomer, and ſet you up a little (better, Sirrah,
Go hang him at the next Sign-poſt:
What have you to ſay for your ſelf, Scoundrel?
Why were you a Rebel?

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill Meaning to the Government; all that I did was pure Obedience to my Wife.

Grill. Nay, if thou haſt a Wife that wears the Breeches,
Thou ſhalt be condemn'd to live:
Get thee home for a Hen-peck'd Traitor ———
What, are we encompaſs'd? Nay, then face this way;
We'll ſell our Skins to the faireſt Chapmen.

Enter Aumale *and Soldiers on the one ſide, Citizens on the other.* Grillon *and his Party are diſarm'd.*

1 *Cit.* Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel, and hang him up at the next Sign-poſt: Nay, when I am in Power, I can make Examples too.

Omnes. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal.

[*Pull and hale him.*

Grill. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traitors, Cuckolds; 'ſwounds what do you make of a Man? Do you think Legs and Arms are ſtrung upon a Wire, like a Jointed-Baby? Carry me off quickly, you were beſt, and hang me decently, according to my firſt Sentence.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg or an Arm is one Man's Burden: Give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby I'll carry it for a Token to my ſovereign Lady.

Grill. 'Tis too little, in all Conſcience, for her; Take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute* whom I ſav'd, O the Conſcience of a Shopkeeper!

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, for your ſaving me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt's paid; but for your ſpeaking Treaſon againſt my anointed Wife, that's a new Reckoning between us.

Enter Guiſe *with a General's Staff in his Hand*, Mayenne, *Cardinal*, *Archbiſhop*, Malicorn, *and Attendants*.

Omnes. Vive *Guiſe*.

Gui. I thank you Country-men, the Hand of Heav'n [*Bowing and Bareheaded.*
To all our Safeties has appear'd this Day,
Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,
But ſtain your Triumph with no Chriſtian Blood,
French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.

Card. What mean you, Brother, by this godly Talk,
Of ſparing Chriſtian Blood? why theſe are Dogs;
Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus'* Ear,
Mere Dogs that neither can be ſav'd nor damn'd.

Archb. Where have you learnt to ſpare inveterate Foes?

Gui. You know the Book.

Archb. And can expound it too:
But Chriſtian Faith was in the Nonage then,
And *Roman* Heathens lorded o'er the World:
What Madneſs were it for the weak and few,
To fight againſt the many and the ſtrong?
Grillon muſt die, ſo muſt the Tyrant's Guards,
Leſt gathering Head again, they make more Work.

Mal. My Lord, the People muſt be fleſh'd in Blood,
To teach 'em the true Reliſh, dip 'em with you —
Or they'll perhaps repent.

Gui. You are Fools! to kill 'em were to ſhew I fear'd 'em:
The Court diſarm'd, diſheartned, and beſieg'd,
Are all as much within my Power, as if
I grip'd 'em in my Fiſt.

May. 'Tis rightly judg'd:
And let me add, who heads a popular Cauſe,
Muſt proſecute that Cauſe by popular Ways:
So whether you are merciful or no,
You muſt affect to be.

Gui. Diſmiſs thoſe Priſoners; *Grillon*, you are free;
I do not ask your Love, be ſtill my Foe.

Grill. I will be ſo: But let me tell you, *Guiſe*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too;

I'll give you back your Life when next we meet,
Till then I am your Debtor.

Gui. That's till Dooms-Day.

[Grillon *and his Exeunt one way, Rabble the other.*

Haſte, Brother, draw out fifteen thouſand Men,
Surround the *Louvre*, leſt the Prey ſhould 'ſcape.
I know the King will ſend to treat,
We'll ſet the Dice on him in high Demands,
No leſs than all his Offices of Truſt,
He ſhall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clip'd,
So long he ſhall not paſs.

Card. What do we talk
Of paring, clipping, and ſuch tedious Work,
Like thoſe that hang their Noſes o'er a Potion,
And qualm, and keck, and take it down by Sips?

Archb. Beſt make advantage of this popular Rage,
Let in th' o'er-whelming Tide on *Harry*'s Head.
In that promiſcuous Fury who ſhall know,
Among a thouſand Swords, who kill'd the King?

Mar. O my dear Lord, upon this only Day
Depends the Series of your following Fate:
Think your good Genius has aſſum'd my Shape
In this prophetick Doom.

Gui. Peace, croaking Raven,
I'll ſeize him firſt, then make him a led Monarch;
I'll be declar'd Lieutenant-General
Amidſt the three Eſtates that repreſent
The glorious, full, majeſtick Face of *France*,
Which in his own deſpite the King ſhall call:
So let him reign my Tenant during Life,
His Brother of *Navarre* ſhut out for ever,
Branded with Hereſy, and barr'd from Sway,
That when *Valois* conſum'd in Aſhes lies,
The *Phœnix* Race of *Charlemain* may riſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *The Louvre.*

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, Grillon.

King. Diſmiſt with ſuch Contempt?
Grill. Yes, Faith, we paſt like beaten *Romans* under-neath the Fork.
King. Give me my Arms.
Grill. For what?
King. I'll lead you on.
Grill. You are a true Lion, but my Men are Sheep;
If you run firſt, I'll ſwear they'll follow you.
King. What, all turn'd Cowards? Not a Man in *France*
Dares ſet his Foot by mine, and periſh by me?
Grill. Troth I can't find 'em much inclin'd to periſhing.
King. What can be left in danger, but to dare?
No matter for my Arms, I'll go bare-fac'd,
And ſeize the firſt bold Rebel that I meet.
Ab. There's ſomething of Divinity in Kings,
That ſits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.
Grill. True, *Abbot*, but the Miſchief is, you Church-men
Can ſee that ſomething further than the Crowd; (men
Theſe Muſquet Bullets have not read much Logick,
Nor are they given to make your nice Diſtinctions:
[*One enters, And gives the Queen a Note, ſhe reads.*
One of 'em poſſibly may hit the King
In ſome one part of him that's not Divine;
And ſo the mortal Part of his Majeſty wou'd draw
The Divinity of it into another World, ſweet Abbot.
Q. M. 'Tis equal Madneſs to go out or ſtay;
The Reverence due to Kings is all transferr'd
To haughty *Guiſe*, and when new Gods are made,
The old muſt quit the Temple; you muſt fly.
King. Death, had I Wings, yet I would ſcorn to fly.
Grill. Wings, or no Wings, is not the Queſtion:
If you won't fly for't, you muſt ride for't,
And that comes much to one.
King. Forſake my regal Town!
Q. M. Forſake a Bedlam!

This

This Note informs me, fifteen thouſand Men
Are marching to encloſe the *Louvre* round.
Ab. The Buſineſs then admits no more diſpute;
You, Madam, muſt be pleas'd to find the *Guiſe*,
Seem eaſy, fearful; yielding what you will,
But ſtill prolong the Treaty all you can,
To gain the King more time for his eſcape.
Q. M. I'll undertake it — Nay, no Thanks, my Son;
My Bleſſing ſhall be given in your Deliverance;
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravel'd,
And *Guiſe* is to begin his Work again. [*Exit Q. M.*
King. I go this Minute.

Enter Marmoutier.

Nay then, another Minute muſt be given.
O how I bluſh, that thou ſhouldſt ſee the King
Do this low Act that leſſens all his Fame:
Death, muſt a Rebel force me from my Love!
If it muſt be ——
Mar. It muſt not, cannot be.
Grill. No, nor ſhall not Wench, as long as my Soul wears a Body.
King. Secure in that, I'll truſt thee; ſhall I truſt thee?
For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty:
Farewel, thou mayſt behold me King again,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then Farewel;
I'll ſay't as comfortably as I can:
But Oh curs'd *Guiſe*, for preſſing on my Time,
And cutting off ten thouſand more Adieus.
Mar. The Moments that retard your Flight are Traytors.
Make haſte my Royal Maſter to be ſafe,
And ſave me with you, for I'll ſhare your Fate.
King. Wilt thou go too?
Then I am reconcil'd to Heav'n again:
O welcome thou good Angel of my Way,
Thou Pledge and Omen of my ſafe Return;
Not *Greece*, nor hoſtile *Juno* cou'd deſtroy
The Hero that abandon'd burning *Troy*,

He

He 'ſcap'd the Dangers of the dreadful Night,
When loaded with his Gods he took his Flight.
[*Ex. King leading her.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Caſtle of* Blois.

Enter Grillon, *and* Alphonſo Corſo.

Grill. WElcome, Colonel, welcome to *Blois.*

Alph. Since laſt we parted at the Barricadoes,
The World's turn'd upſide down.

Grill. No, Faith, 'tis better, now 'tis downſide up; Our Part o'th' Wheel is riſing, tho but ſlowly.

Alph. Who look'd for an Aſſembly of the States?

Grill. When the King was eſcaped from *Paris*, and got out of thy Toils, 'twas time for the *Guiſe* to take 'em down, and pitch others, that is, to treat for the Calling of a Parliament, where being ſure of the major Part, he might get by Law what he had miſſed by Force.

Alph. But why ſhould the King aſſemble the States, to ſatisfy the *Guiſe* after ſo many Affronts?

Grill. For the ſame Reaſon that a Man in a Duel ſays he has received Satisfaction, when he is firſt wounded, and afterwards diſarm'd.

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Paris*?

Grill. Becauſe no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*: This *Blois* is a very little Town, and the King can draw it after him.
But *Paris* is a damn'd unweildy Bulk, and when the Preachers draw againſt the King, a Parſon in a Pulpit is a deviliſh Fore-horſe.
Beſides, I found in that Inſurrection, what dangerous Beaſts theſe Townſmen are; I tell you, Colonel, a Man-had,

had better deal with ten of their Wives, than with one zealous Citizen:

O your inſpir'd Cuckold is moſt implacable.

Alph. Is there any ſeeming Kindneſs between the King and the Duke of *Guiſe?*

Grill. Yes, moſt wonderful: They are as dear to one another, as an old Uſurer, and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very loyal to the *Guiſe*, and the *Guiſe* is very gracious to the King: Then the Cardinal of *Guiſe*, and the Archbiſhop of *Lions*, are the two Pendants, that are always hanging at the royal Ear: They eaſe his Majeſty of all the Spiritual Buſineſs, and the *Guiſe* of all the Temporal; ſo that the King is certainly the happieſt Prince in *Chriſtendom*, without any Care upon him: So yielding up every thing to his loyal Subjects, that he's infallibly in the Way of being the greateſt and moſt Glorious King in all the World.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a ſharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the Opening of the Parliament, admoniſh'd Men of their Duties, pardon'd what was paſt, but ſeem'd to threaten Vengeance if they perſiſted for the future.

Grill. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together: He promiſing to unite himſelf to them, and they to obey him, according to the Laws; yet the very next Morning they went on, in purſuance of their old Commonwealth Deſigns, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now I am dull enough to think they have broken their Oaths.

Grill. Ay, but you are but one private Man, and they are the Three States; and if they vote that they have not broken their Oaths, who is to be Judge?

Alph. There's one above.

Grill. I hope you mean in Heav'n, or elſe you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament-time; but here comes the Maſter, and my Niece.

Alph. Heav'n preſerve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treaſon.

Grill. O yes, you may pray for him; the Preachers of the *Guiſe*'s Side do that moſt formally: Nay, you may be

be ſuffer'd civilly to drink his Health, be of the Court, and keep a Place of Profit under him: For, in ſhort, 'tis a judg'd Caſe of Conſcience, to make your beſt of the King, and to ſide againſt him.

Enter King *and* Marmoutier.

King. *Grillon*, be near me,
There's ſomething for my Service to be done,
Your Orders will be ſudden, now withdraw.

Grill. aſide. Well, I dare truſt my Niece, even tho' ſhe comes of my own Family; but if ſhe cuckolds my good Opinion of her Honeſty, there's a whole Sex fall'n under a general Rule without one Exception.

[*Exeunt* Grill. *and* Alph.

Mar. You bid my Uncle wait you.

King. Yes.

Mar. This Hour.

King. I think it was.

Mar. Something of Moment hangs upon this Hour.

King. Not more on this, than on the next and next,
My time is all ta'en up on Uſury;
I never am before-hand with my Hours,
But every one has work before it comes.

Mar. There's ſomething for my Service to be done,
Thoſe were your Words.

King. And you deſire their Meaning.

Mar. I dare not ask, and yet perhaps may gueſs.

King. 'Tis ſearching there where Heav'n can only pry,
Not Man, who knows not Man but by ſurmiſe;
Nor Devils, nor Angels of a purer Mould,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought.
I tell thee *Marmoutier*, I never ſpeak
Not when alone, for fear ſome Fiend ſhould hear,
And blab my Secrets out.

Mar. You hate the *Guiſe*.

King. True, I did hate him.

Mar. And you hate him ſtill.

King. I am reconcil'd.

Mar.

Mar. Your Spirit is too high;
Great Souls forgive not Injuries, till Time
Has put their Enemies into their Power,
That they may ſhew Forgiveneſs is their own;
For elſe 'tis fear to puniſh that forgives:
The Coward, not the King.
King. He has ſubmitted.
Mar. In ſhow, for in effect he ſtill inſults.
King. Well, Kings muſt bear ſometimes.
Mar. They muſt, till they can ſhake their Burden off,
And that's, I think, your Aim.
King. Miſtaken ſtill:
All Favours, all Preferments, paſs thro them,
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they pleaſe.
Mar. Theſe are your Arts to make 'em more ſecure,
Juſt ſo your Brother us'd the Admiral.
Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.
King. What ſaid you, ha! what mean you, *Marmoutier?*
Mar. Nay, what mean you? That Start betray'd you,
King. This is no Vigil of St. *Bartholomew*, (Sir.
Nor is *Blois Paris.*
Mar. 'Tis an open Town.
King. What then?
Mar. Where you are ſtrongeſt.
King. Well, what then?
Mar. No more. but you have Power, and are provok'd.
King. O! thou haſt ſet thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will ſting thee dead.
Mar. Can I unknow it?
King. No, but keep it ſecret.
Mar. Think, Sir, your Thoughts are ſtill as much your own,
As when you kept the Key of your own Breaſt:
But ſince you let me in, I find it fill'd
With Death and Horror; you would murder *Guiſe.*
King. Murder! what Murder! uſe a ſofter Word,
And call it Sovereign Juſtice.
Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:
But Juſtice bears the godlike Shape of Law,
And Law requires Defence, an equal Plea
Betwixt th' Offender and the righteous Judge.

King.

King. Yes, when th' Offender can be judg'd by Law;
But when his Greatneſs overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Juſtice in the laſt Appeal,
And forc'd by ſtrong Neceſſity may ſtrike:
In which indeed they aſſert the Publick Good,
And like ſworn Surgeons, lop the gangreen'd Limb;
Unpleaſant wholeſom Work.

Mar. If this be needful.

King. Ha, didſt not thou thy ſelf, in fathoming
The Depth of my Deſigns, drop there the Plummet?
Didſt thou not ſay, Affronts, ſo great, ſo publick,
I never could forgive?

Mar. I did, but yet——

King. What means but yet? 'Tis Evidence ſo full,
If the laſt Trumpet ſounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I ſhould meet the Saints half way;
And in the face of Heav'n maintain the Fact.

Mar. Maintain it then to Heav'n, but not to me;
Do you love me?

King. Can you doubt it?

Mar. Yes, I can doubt it, if you can deny:
Love begs once more this great Offender's Life:
Can you forgive the Man you juſtly hate,
That hazards both your Life and Crown to ſpare him?
One whom you may ſuſpect I more than pity,
(For I wou'd have you ſee that what I ask,
I know is wond'rous difficult to grant)
Can you be thus extravagantly good?

King. What then? For I begin to fear my Firmneſs,
And doubt the ſoft Deſtruction of your Tongue.

Mar. Then in return, I ſwear to Heav'n, and you,
To give you all the Preference of my Soul:
No Rebel-Rival to diſturb you there,
Let him but live, that he may be my Convert.

[*King walks awhile, then wipes his Eyes, and ſpeaks.*

King. You've conquer'd, all that's paſt ſhall be forgiv'n,
My laviſh Love has made a laviſh Grant:
But know this Act of Grace ſhall be my laſt.
Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
Let him deſiſt, and tempt Revenge no farther:

For

For by yon Heav'n, that's conſcious of his Crimes,
I will no more by Mercy be betray'd.
[*Deputies appearing at the Door.*
The Deputies are ent'ring. You muſt leave me:
Thus Tyrant Buſineſs all my Hours uſurps,
And makes me live for others.
Mar. Now Heav'n reward you with a proſperous Reign,
And grant you never may be good in vain. [*Exit.*

Enter Deputies of the three States, Cardinal of Guiſe, *and Archbiſhop of* Lyons *at the Head of 'em.*

King. Well, my good Lords, what Matters of Importance
Employ'd the States this Morning?
Archb. One high Point
Was warmly canvas'd in the Commons Houſe,
And will be ſoon reſolv'd.
King. What was't?
Card. Succeſſion.
King. That's one high Point indeed, but not to be
So warmly canvas'd, or ſo ſoon reſolv'd.
Card. Things neceſſary muſt ſometimes be ſudden.
King. No ſudden Danger threatens you, my Lord.
Archb. What may be ſudden, muſt be counted ſo:
We hope, and wiſh your Life; but yours, and ours,
Are in the Hand of Heav'n.
King. My Lord, they are:
Yet in a natural Way I may live long,
If Heav'n and you my Loyal Subjects pleaſe.
Archb. But ſince good Princes, like your Majeſty,
Take care of Dangers merely poſſible,
Which may concern their Subjects, whoſe they are,
And for whom Kings are made——
King. Yes, we for them,
And they for us, the Benefits are mutual,
And ſo the Ties are too.
Card. To cut things ſhort,
The Commons will decree to exclude *Navarre*
From the Succeſſion of the Realm of *France*.

King.

King. Decree, my Lord! What, one Eſtate decree!
Where then are the other two, and what am I?
The Government is caſt up ſomewhat ſhort,
The Clergy and Nobility caſhier'd,
Five hundred popular Figures on a row,
And I my ſelf that am, or ſhould be King,
An o'er-grown Cypher ſet before the Sum:
What Reaſons urge our Sovereigns for th' Excluſion?
Archb. He ſtands ſuſpected, Sir, of Hereſy.
King. Has he been call'd to make his juſt Defence?
Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.
King. To whom?
Card. The Commons.
King. What is't thoſe Gods the Commons do not know?
But Hereſy, you Churchmen teach us Vulgar,
Suppoſes obſtinate, and ſtill perſiſting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected; has this Courſe been us'd?
Archb. We grant it has not, but——
King. Nay give me leave,
I urge from your own Grant it has not been:
If then in proceſs of a petty Sum,
Both Parties having not been fully heard,
No Sentence can be giv'n;
Much leſs in the Succeſſion of a Crown,
Which after my Deceaſe, by Right inherent,
Devolves upon my Brother of *Navarre*.
Card. The Right of Souls is ſtill to be preferr'd;
Religion muſt not ſuffer for a Claim.
King. If Kings may be excluded, or depos'd,
Whene'er you cry Religion to the Croud,
That Doctrine makes Rebellion orthodox,
And Subjects muſt be Traitors to be ſav'd.
Archb. Then Hereſy's entail'd upon the Throne.
King. You would entail Confuſion, Wars and Slaughters;
Thoſe Ills are certain, what you name contingent.
I know my Brother's Nature, 'tis ſincere,
Above Deceit, no Crookedneſs of Thought,
Says what he means, and what he ſays, performs;
Brave, but not raſh; ſucceſsful, but not proud.

So

So much acknowledging, that he's uneaſy,
Till every petty Service be o'er-paid.
Archb. Some ſay revengeful.
King. Some then libel him:
But that's what both of us have learnt to bear.
He can forgive, but you diſdain Forgiveneſs:
Your Chiefs are they no Libel muſt profane:
Honour's a ſacred thing in all but Kings;
But when your Rhymes aſſaſſinate our Fame,
You hug your nauſeous, blunt'ring Ballad Wits,
And pay 'em as if Nonſenſe were a Merit,
If it can mean but Treaſon.
Archb. Sir, we have many Arguments to urge——
King. And I have more to anſwer; let 'em know
My Royal Brother of *Navarre* ſhall ſtand
Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
God, and good Men will never fail his Cauſe,
And all the bad ſhall be conſtrain'd by Laws.
Archb. Since gentle Means t'exclude *Navarre* are vain,
To-morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd,
To make the Duke of *Guiſe* Lieutenant-General;
Which Power moſt graciouſly confirm'd by you,
Will ſtop this headlong Torrent of Succeſſion,
That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it:
In hope you'll not oppoſe what muſt be done,
We wiſh you, Sir, a long and proſperous Reign.
[*Exeunt omnes but the* King.
King. To-morrow *Guiſe* is made Lieutenant-General,
Why then to-morrow I no more am King;
'Tis time to puſh my ſlacken'd Vengeance home,
To be a King, or not to be at all.
The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
Even Heav'n is wearied with repeated Crimes,
Till Lightning flaſhes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

Enter Grillon *to him.*

Grill. 'Tis juſt the pointed Hour you bid me wait.

King.

King. So juſt, as if thou wert inſpir'd to come;
As if the Guardian Angel of my Throne,
Who had o'er-ſlept himſelf ſo many Years,
Juſt now was rouz'd, and brought thee to my Reſcue.
Grill. I hear the *Guiſe* will be Lieutenant-General.
King. And canſt thou ſuffer it?
Grill. Nay, if you will ſuffer it, then well may I.
If Kings will be ſo civil to their Subjects, to give up all things tamely, they firſt turn Rebels to themſelves, and that's a fair Example for their Friends.; 'ſlife Sir, 'tis a dangerous Matter to be loyal on the wrong Side, to ſerve my Prince in ſpite of him: if you'll be a Royaliſt your ſelf, there are Millions of honeſt Men will fight for you; but if you won't, there are few will hang for you.
King. No more: I am reſolv'd.
The Courſe of things can be withheld no longer
From breaking forth to their appointed End:
My Vengeance, ripen'd in the Womb of Time,
Preſſes for Birth, and longs to be diſclos'd.
Grillon, the *Guiſe* is doom'd——to ſudden Death:
The Sword muſt end him; has not thine an Edge?
Grill. Yes, and a Point too; I'll challenge him.
King. I bid thee kill him. [*Walking.*
Grill. So I mean to do.
King. Without thy Hazard.
Grill. Now I underſtand you, I ſhou'd murder him;
I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hangman.
King. Doſt thou not hate him?
Grill. Yes.
King. Haſt thou not ſaid,
That he deſerves it?
Grill. Yes, but how have I
Deſerv'd to do't? Murder?
King. 'Tis no Murder:
'Tis Sovereign Juſtice urg'd from Self-Defence.
Grill. 'Tis all confeſs'd, and yet I dare not do't.
King. Go, thou art a Coward.
Grill. You are my King.
King. Thou ſay'ſt thou dar'ſt not kill him.

Grill;

Grill. Were I a Coward, I had been a Villain,
And then I durſt ha' don't.
King. Thou haſt done worſe in thy long Courſe of Arms,
Haſt thou ne'er kill'd a Man?
Grill. Yes, when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.
King. Haſt thou not plunder'd from the helpleſs Poor?
Snatch'd from the ſweating Labourer his Food?
Grill. Sir, I have eaten and drunk in my own Defence,
When I was hungry and thirſty.
I have plunder'd,
When you have not paid me——
I have been content with a Farmer's Daughter,
When a better Whore was not to be had.
As for cutting off a Traitor, I'll execute him lawfully
In my own Function, when I meet him in the Field;
But for your Chamber-Practice, that's not my Talent.
King. Is my Revenge unjuſt, or tyrannous?
Heav'n knows, I love not Blood.
Grill. No, for your Mercy is your only Vice.
You may diſpatch a Rebel lawfully;
But the Miſchief is, that Rebel
Has given me my Life at the Barricadoes,
And till I have return'd his Bribe,
I am not upon even Terms with him.
King. Give me thy Hand, I love thee not the worſe.
Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conſcience.
Thou ſhalt not do this Act, thou'rt e'en too good;
But keep my Secret, for that's Conſcience too.
Grill. When I diſcloſe it, think I am a Coward.
King. No more of that, I know thou art not one:
Call *Lognac* hither ſtrait, and St. *Malin*;
Bid *Larchant* find ſome unſuſpected Means
To keep Guards doubled at the Council-Door,
That none paſs in or out, but thoſe I call:
The reſt I'll think on further, ſo farewel.
Grill. Heav'n bleſs your Majeſty.
Tho I'll not kill him for you, I'll defend you when he's
For the honeſt Part of the Job let me alone. (kill'd,

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The

The SCENE *opens, and diſcovers Men and Women at a Banquet,* Malicorn *ſtanding by.*

Mal. This is the ſolemn annual Feaſt I keep,
As this day twelve Years on this very Hour
I ſign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell;
I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleaſure,
Three things which mortal Men do covet moſt.
And, faith, I over-ſold it to the Fiend:
What, one and twenty Years, nine yet to come,
How can a Soul be worth ſo much to Devils?
O how I hug my ſelf, to out-wit theſe Fools of Hell!
And yet a ſudden Damp I know not why,
Has ſeiz'd my Spirits, and like a heavy Weight
Hangs on their active Springs: I want a Song
To rouze me, my Blood freezes; Muſick there!

A SONG *and Dance.*

Shepherdeſs. *Tell me,* Thirſis, *tell your Anguiſh,*
Why you ſigh, and why you languiſh,
When the Nymph whom you adore,
Grants the Bleſſing of poſſeſſing,
What can Love and I do more?

Shepherd. *Think it's Love beyond all meaſure,*
Makes me faint away with Pleaſure;
Strength of Cordial may deſtroy,
And the Bleſſing of poſſeſſing
Kills me with exceſs of Joy.

Shepherdeſs. Thirſis, *how can I believe you?*
But confeſs, and I'll forgive you:
Men are falſe, and ſo are you;
Never Nature fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd. *Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,*
Still poſſeſſing, ſtill deſiring,

Fit

Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever ſhining, and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.
[Loud knocking at the Door.

Enter Servant.

Mal. What Noiſe is that?
Serv. An ill-look'd ſurly Man,
With a hoarſe Voice, ſays he muſt ſpeak with you.
Mal. Tell him I dedicate this Day to Pleaſure,
I neither have, nor will have Buſineſs with him. [*Ex. Serv.*
What louder yet, what ſaucy Slave is this? [*Knocks louder.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. He ſays you have, and muſt have Buſineſs with him;
Come out, or he'll come in, and ſpoil your Mirth.
Mal. I wo'nt.
Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him ſo.
[*Knocks again more fiercely.*
My Hair ſtands up in Briſtles when I ſee him;
The Dogs run into Corners; the Spade-Bitch
Bayes at his Back, and howls.
Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thy ſelf. [*Ex. Serv.*
[*Scene cloſes upon the Company.*

Enter Melanax, *an Hour-Glaſs in his Hand almoſt empty.*

How dar'ſt thou interrupt my ſofter Hours?
By Heav'n I'll ram thee in ſome knotted Oak,
Where thou ſhalt ſigh and groan to whiſtling Winds
Upon the lonely Plain;
Or I'll confine thee deep in the Red Sea groveling on the Sands,
Ten thouſand Billows rolling o'er thy Head.
Mel. Ho, ho, ho.
Mal. Laugh'ſt thou, malicious Fiend?
I'll ope my Book of bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,

Like

Like Parchment on a flame.
Mel. Thou canſt not do't,
Behold this Hour-Glaſs.
Mal. Well, and what of that?
Mel. See'ſt thou theſe ebbing Sands?
They run for thee, and when their Race is run,
Thy Lungs, the Bellows of thy mortal Breath,
Shall ſink for ever down, and heave no more.
Mal. What, reſty Fiend?
Nine Years thou haſt to ſerve.
Mel. Not full nine Minutes.
Mal. Thou ly'ſt, look on thy Bond, and view the Date.
Mel. Then wilt thou ſtand to that without Appeal?
Mal. I will, ſo help me Heav'n.
Mel. So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the Bond.*
There, Fool, behold, who lyes, the Devil or thou?
Mal. Ha! One and twenty Years are ſhrunk to twelve.
Do my Eyes dazzle?
Mel. No, they ſee too true:
They dazzled once, I caſt a Miſt before 'em;
So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull ſight
Appear'd full Twenty one.
Mal. There's Equity in Heav'n for this; a Cheat!
Mel. Fool, thou haſt quitted thy Appeal to Heav'n,
To ſtand to this.
Mal. Then I am loſt for ever.
Mel. Thou art.
Mal. O why was I not warn'd before?
Mel. Yes to repent, then thou hadſt cheated me.
Mal. A Day, but a Day, but half a Day, an Hour:
For ſix Minutes I'll forgive nine Years.
Mel. No, not a moment's Thought beyond my time.
Diſpatch, 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor ſingle Fare.
Mal. So pitileſs?
But yet I may command thee, and I will:
I love the *Guiſe* even with my lateſt Breath,
Beyond my Soul, and my loſt Hopes of Heav'n;
I charge thee by my ſhort-liv'd Power, diſcloſe
What Fate attends my Maſter.

Mel. If he goes
To Council when he next is call'd, he dies.
Mel. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Go, give my Lord my laſt adieu,
Say I ſhall never ſee his Eyes again:
But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,
Bid him believe my lateſt Breath, he dies. [*Exit Serv.*
The Sands run yet, O do not ſhake the Glaſs.
[*The Devil ſhakes the Glaſs.*
I ſhall be thine too ſoon; cou'd I repent,
Heav'n's not confin'd to Moments; Mercy, Mercy.
Mel. I ſee thy Prayers diſpers'd into the Winds,
And Heav'n has puſt 'em by:
I was an Angel once of foremoſt Rank,
Stood next the ſhining Throne, and with'd but half,
So almoſt gaz'd I Glory in the Face
That I could bear it, and ſtar'd farther in.
'Twas but a moment's Pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell; but Man, baſe Earth-born Man,
Sins paſt a Sum, and might be pardon'd more:
And yet 'tis juſt, for we were perfect Light,
And ſaw our Crimes; Man in his Body's Mire,
Half-ſoul, half-clod, ſinks blindful into Sin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Luſts within.
Mal. Then I have hope.
Mel. Not ſo, I preach'd on purpoſe
To make thee loſe this moment of thy Prayer,
Thy Sand creeps low; Deſpair, Deſpair, Deſpair.
Mal. Where am I now? Upon the brink of Life
The Gulph before me, Devils to puſh me in,
And Heav'n behind me cloſing all its Doors.
A thouſand Years for ev'ry Hour I've paſt,
O cou'd I 'ſcape ſo cheap! But Ever, Ever,
Still to begin an endleſs round of Woes,
To be renew'd for Pains, and laſt for Hell?
Yet can Pains laſt, when Bodies cannot laſt?
Can earthy Subſtance endleſs Flames endure?

Or

Or when one Body wears, and flits away,
Do Souls thruſt forth another Cruſt of Clay?
To ſence and guard their tender Forms from Fire ——
I feel my Heart-ſtrings rend, I'm here, I'm gone.
Thus Men too careleſs of their future State,
Diſpute, know nothing, and believe too late.
[*A flaſh of Lightning, they ſink together.*

Enter Duke of Guiſe, Cardinal, Aumale.

Card. A dreadful Meſſage from a dying Man,
A Propheſy indeed!
For Souls juſt quitting Earth, peep into Heav'n,
Make ſwift Acquaintance with their Kindred Forms,
And Partners of immortal Secrets grow.
Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the ſecurer ſide:
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is ſuch,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.

Enter Archbiſhop.

Gui. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,
I have provok'd my Sov'reign paſt a Pardon,
It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me:
Then if he dares but to be juſt, I die,
'Tis too much odds againſt me, I'll depart,
And finiſh Greatneſs at ſome ſafer time.
Arch. By Heav'n 'tis *Harry's* Plot to fright you hence,
That, Coward-like, you might forſake your Friends.
Gui. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorne.*
Arch. Yes, the Court-Devil, no doubt:
If you depart, conſider, good my Lord,
You are the Mother-ſpring that moves our Fabrick,
Which once remov'd, our Motion is no more.
Without your Preſence, which buoys up our Hearts,
The League will ſink beneath a Royal Name:
Th' inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings,
Will ſoon be ſhaken off; things done, repeal'd;
And things undone, paſt future Means to do.
Card. I know not, I begin to taſte his Reaſons.

Archb. Nay, were the Danger certain of your ſtay,
An Act ſo mean would loſe you all your Friends,
And leave you ſingle to the Tyrant's Rage:
Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.

Gui. Since more I am confirm'd, I'll ſtand the ſhock;
Where-e'er he dares to call, I dare to go.
My Friends are many, faithful and united,
He will not venture on ſo rank a Deed;
And now I wonder I ſhould fear that Force,
Which I have us'd to conquer and contemn.

Enter Marmoutier.

Archb. Your Tempter comes, perhaps, to turn the Scale;
And warn you not go.

Gui. O fear her not,
I will be there. [*Exeunt Archbiſhop and Cardinal.*
What can ſhe mean, Repent?
Or is it caſt betwixt the King and her.
To ſound me? Come what will, it warms my Heart
With ſecret Joy, which theſe my ominous Stateſmen
Left dead within me. Ha!. ſhe turns away.

Mar. Do you not wonder at this Viſit, Sir?

Gui. No, Madam, I at laſt have gain'd the Point
Of mightieſt Minds, to wonder now at nothing.

Mar. Believe me, *Guiſe*, 'twere gallantly reſolv'd,
If you cou'd carry't on the Inſide too.
Why came that Sigh uncall'd? For love of me?
Partly, perhaps, but more for thirſt of Glory,
Which now again dilates it ſelf in Smiles,
As if you ſcorn'd that I ſhould know your purpoſe.

Gui. I change, 'tis true, becauſe I love you ſtill;
Love you, O Heav'n, ev'n in my own Deſpite,
I tell you all even at that very Moment,
I know you ſtraight betray me to the King.

Mar. O *Guiſe*, I never did; but, Sir, I come
To tell you, I muſt never ſee you more.

Gui.

Gui. The King's at *Blois*, and you have reason for't,
Therefore what am I to expect from Pity,
From your's, I mean, when you behold me slain?
Mar. First answer me, and then I'll speak my Heart;
Have you, O *Guise*, since your last solemn Oaths,
Stood firm to what you swore? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o'er awhile, because again
I tell you I must never see you more.
Gui. Never! she's set on by the King to sift me.
Why by that Nerve then, all I have sworn
Is true, as that the King designs to end me.
Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints you live.
Gui. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by Heads grown white
This very Day he means to cut me off. (in Council,
Mar. By Heav'n then you're forsworn, you've broke
your Vows.
Gui. —— By your the Justice of the Earth, I have not.
Mar. By your Dissembler of the World, you have;
I know the King.
Gui. —— I do believe you, Madam.
Mar. —— I have try'd you both.
Gui. —— Not me, the King you mean.
Mar. —— Do these o'erboiling Answers suit the *Guise*?
But go to Council, Sir, there shew your Truth,
If you are innocent you're safe; but O
If I shou'd chance to see you stretch'd along,
Your Love, O *Guise*, and your Ambition gone,
That venerable Aspect pale with Death,
I must conclude you merited your End. (der.
Gui. —— You must, you will, and smile upon my Mur-
Mar. Therefore if [illegible] are conscious of a Breach,
Confess [illegible] to me [illegible] me to the King,
He has promis'd [illegible] conquer his Revenge,
And place you [illegible]; therefore if you're right,
Make me [illegible] by Asseverations:
But speak [illegible] Heart, and O resolve me truly.
Gui. [illegible] Madam, I ha' thought, and trust you with
[illegible] Soul;
You saw [illegible] my parting with my Brother,

The Prelate too of *Lyons*, 'twas debated
Warmly againſt me that I ſhould go on.
Mar. Did I not tell you, Sir?
Gui. True, but in ſpite
Of thoſe Imperial Arguments they urg'd,
I was not to be work'd from ſecond Thought;
There we broke off; and, mark me, if I live,
You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.
Mar. Go then. O Heav'n! why muſt I ſtill ſuſpect you?
Why heaves my Heart? and why o'erflow my Eyes?
Yet if you live, O *Guiſe*, there, there's the Cauſe,
I never ſhall converſe, nor ſee you more.
Gui. O ſay not ſo, for once again I'll ſee you;
Were you this very Night to lodge with Angels,
Yet ſay not never; for I hope by Virtue
To merit Heaven, and wed you late in Glory.
Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluſe for ever.
Gui. Ha! Stay till Morning Tapers are too dim;
Stay till the Sun riſes to ſalute you;
Stay till I lead you to that diſmal Den
Of Virgins, buried quick, and ſtay for ever.
Mar. Alas! your Suit is vain, for I have vow'd it:
Nor was there any other way to clear
Th' imputed Stains of my ſuſpected Honour.
Gui. Hear me a Word, one Sigh, one Tear at parting,
And one laſt Look; for, O my earthly Saint,
I ſee your Face pale, as the Cherubims
At *Adam*'s Fall.
Mar. O Heav'n! I now confeſs
My Heart bleeds for thee, *Guiſe*.
Gui. Why, Madam, why?
Mar. Becauſe by this Diſorder,
And that ſad Fate that bodes upon [illegible] Brow,
I do believe you love me more th[illegible]
Gui. Without an Oath I do, there[illegible]ercy,
And think not Death cou'd make me tr[illegible]s:
Be pitiful to thoſe Infirmities
Which thus unman me, ſtay till the Cou[illegible]r;
If you are pleas'd to grant an Hour or two
To my laſt Prayer, I'll thank you as my Saint;

If you refuſe me, Madam, I'll not murmur.
Mar. Alas, my *Guiſe!* O Heav'n what did I ſay?
But take it, take it, if it be too kind,
Honour may pardon it, ſince it's my laſt.
Gui. O let me crawl, vile as I am, and kiſs
Your ſacred Robe. Is't poſſible, your Hand!
[*She gives him her Hand.*
O that it were my laſt expiring Moment,
For I ſhall never taſte the like again.
Mar. Farewel, my Proſelyte, your better Genius.
Watch your Ambition.
Gui. I have none but you;
Muſt I ne'er ſee you more?
Mar. I have ſworn you muſt not:
Which Thought thus rocks me here, melts my Reſolves,
[*Weeps.*
And makes me loiter when the Angels call me.
Gui. O ye Celeſtial Dews! O Paradiſe!
O Heav'n! O Joys! ne'er to be taſted more.
Mar. Nay, take a little more, cold *Marmoutier*,
The temperate devoted *Marmoutier*
Is gone, a laſt Embrace I muſt bequeath you.
Gui. And O let me return it with another.
Mar. Farewel for ever; ah, *Guiſe*, tho now we part,
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls ſhall meet — Farewel — and *Io's* ſing above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier Spirits prove,
But all are bleſt, and all enjoy an everlaſting Love.
[*Exit* Mar.

Guiſe *ſolus.*

Gui. Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are you fled? There's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Metal, and my Spirit's gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's bed-rid with an Ague,
I wiſh my Flesh were off: What now! thou bleed'ſt!
Three and no more! What then? and why what then?
But juſt three Drops! and why not juſt three Drops,
As well as four or five, or five and twenty?

Enter

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord, your Brother and the Archbiſhop wait you.

Gui. I come; down Devil, Ha! muſt I ſtumble too? Away ye Dreams, what if I thunder'd now? Or if a Raven croſs'd me in my way, Or now it comes, becauſe laſt Night I dreamt The Council-Hall was hung with Crimſon round, And all the Ceiling plaſter'd o'er with Black. No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rolling Lakes, Fathomleſs Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night, Fantoms be gone; if I muſt die, I'll fall True Politician, and defy you all.

SCENE *the Court before the Council-Hall.*

Grillon, Larchant, *Soldiers plac'd, People crowding.*

Grill. Are your Guards doubled, Captain?
Larch. Sir, they are.
Grill. When the *Guiſe* comes, remember your Petition, Make way there for his Eminence: Give back, Your Eminence comes late.

Enter two Cardinals, Counſellors, the Cardinal of Guiſe, *Archbiſhop of* Lyons, *laſt the* Guiſe.

Gui. Well, Colonel, are we Friends?
Grill. Faith, I think not.
Gui. Give me your Hand.
Grill. No, for that gives a Heart.
Gui. Yet we ſhall claſp in Heav'n.
Grill. By Heav'n we ſhall not, Unleſs it be with Gripes.
Gui. True *Grillon*, ſtill.
Larch. My Lord.

Gui.

Gui. Ha, Captain, you are well attended;
If I miſtake not, Sir, your Number's doubled.
Lanſh. All theſe have ſerv'd againſt the Hereticks,
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their Wounds and loſt Arrears.
Gui. It ſhall be done.
Again my Heart, there is a Weight upon thee,
But I will ſigh it off: Captain, Farewel.
[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Guiſe, &c.
Grill. Shut the Hall-door, and bar the Caſtle-gates:
March, march there, cloſe yet, Captain, to the Door.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *The Council-Hall.*

Gui. I do not like my ſelf to day.
Archb. —— A Qualm, he dares not.
Card. —— That's one Man's thought, he dares,
and that's another's.

Enter Grillon.

Gui. O *Marmoutier*, Ha, never ſee thee more!
Peace my tumultuous Heart, why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal circling of my *Blood?*
I'll ſtand it while I may; O mighty Nature!
Why this Alarm, why doſt thou call me on
To fight, yet rob my Limbs of all their uſe? (*Swoons.*
Card. He's fall'n, chafe him: He comes again.
Gui. I beg your Pardons, Vapours, no more.
Grill. Th' Effects
Of laſt Night's Lechery with ſome working Whore.

Enter Revol.

Rev. My Lord of *Guiſe*, the King would ſpeak with
Gui. Cardinal, O *Lyons!* but no more, (you.
Yes, one Word more, thou haſt a Privilege
[*To the Cardinal.*
To ſpeak with Mechiſe, O therefore tell her,

If never thou beholdſt me breathe again,
Tell her I ſigh'd it laſt,— O *Marmoutier.* [*Exit bowing.*
Card. You will have all things your own way, my Lord;
By Heav'n, I have ſtrange horror on my Soul.
Archb. I ſay again, that *Henry* dares not do't.
Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him,
I know he ſcorns to ſtoop to mean Revenge;
But when ſome mightier Miſchief ſhocks his Tower,
He ſhoots at once with Thunder on his Wings,
And makes it Air; but hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.
Gui. within] Murderers, Villains!
Archb. I hear your Brother's Voice; run to the Door.
Card. Help, help, the *Guiſe* is murder'd.
Archb. Help, help.
Grill. Ceaſe your vain Cries, you are the King's Priſoners;
Take 'em, *Dugaſt*, into your Cuſtody.
Card. We muſt obey, my Lord, for Heav'n calls us.
[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *draws, behind it a Traverſe.*

The Guiſe *is aſſaulted by Eight: They ſtab him in all Parts, but moſt in the Head.*

Gui. O Villains! Hell-hounds! Hold:
Murder'd, O baſely, and not draw my Sword!
[*Half draws his Sword, is held.*
Dog, *Logniack*; but my own Blood choaks me.
Down, Villain, down, I'm gone: O *Marmoutier!*
[*Flings himſelf on him* — *Dies.*

The Traverſe is drawn. The King riſes from his Chair, comes forward with his Cabinet Council.

King. Ope the Cloſet, and let in the Council;
Bid *Dugaſt* execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be anſwer'd on your Lives.

Enter

Enter Queen-Mother, *followed by the Counſellors.*

Sir, Madam, you are welcome, how goes your Health?
Q. M. A little mended, Sir; what have you done?
King. That which has made me King of *France*, for
The King of *Paris* at your Feet lies dead. (there
Q. M. You have cut out dangerous Work, but make
With Speed and Reſolution. (it up
King. Yes; I'll wear
The Fox no longer, but put on the Lion;
And ſince I could reſolve to take the Heads
Of this great Inſurrection, you the Members
Look to't, beware, turn from your Stubborneſs,
And learn to know me, for I will be King.
Grill. 'Sdeath, how the Traitors lowr, and quake, and droop,
And gather to the Wing of his Protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cauſe.
King. Be witneſs, Heav'n, I gave him treble Warning;
[*Looking upon* Guiſe.
He's gone: no more, diſperſe, and think upon't,
Beware my Sword, which if I once unſheath,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
Nought ſhall atone the Vows of ſpeedy Juſtice,
Till Fate to Ruin every Traitor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of indulgent Kings.
[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Volume.

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